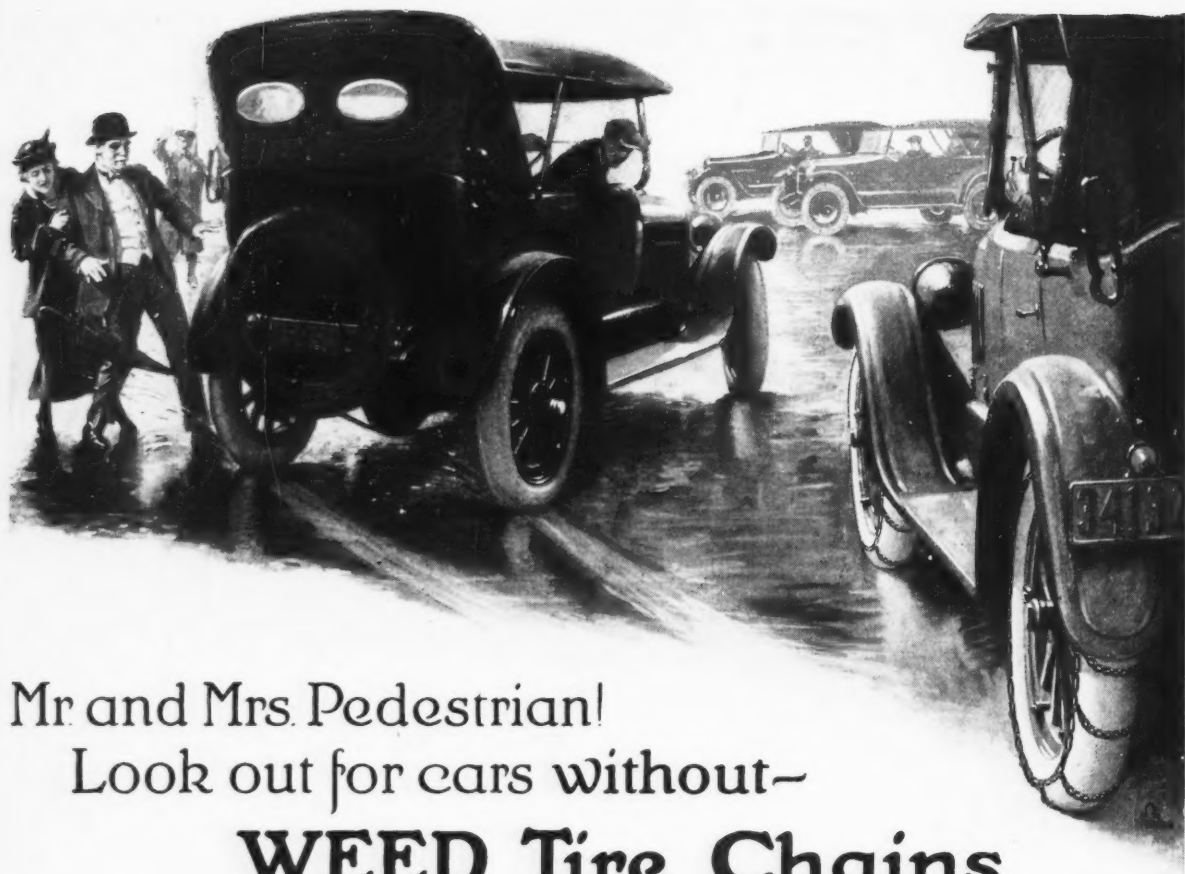


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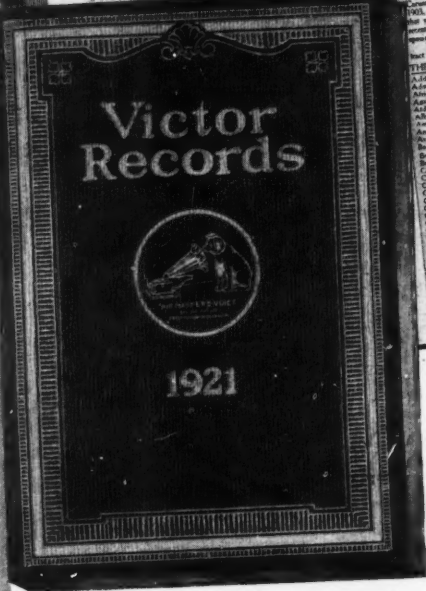
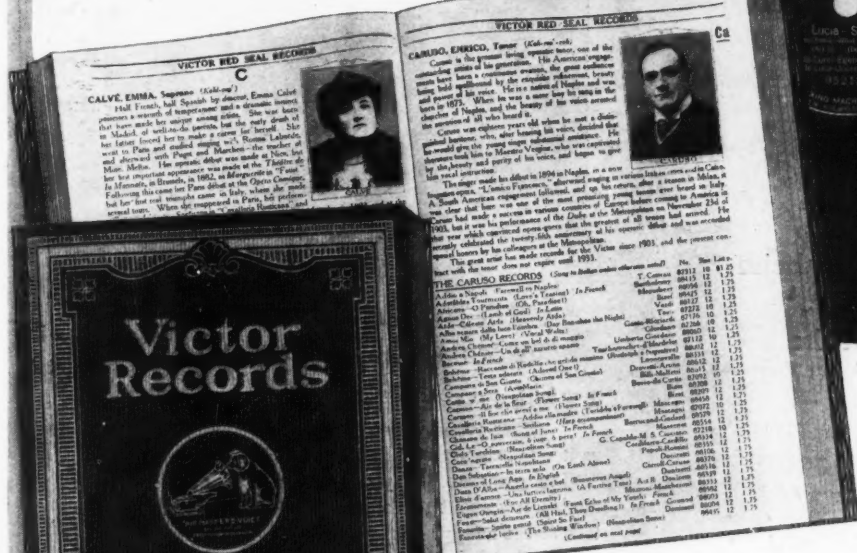
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A Story She Had To Write

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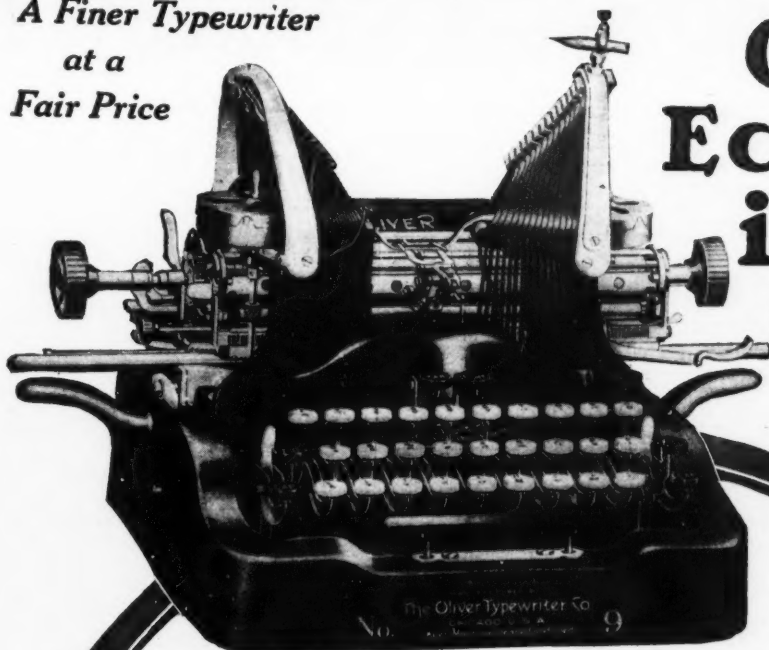
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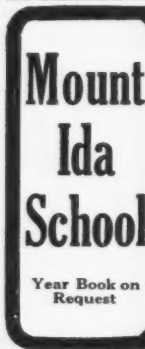
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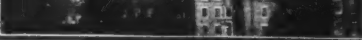
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(Continued on page 126)

In writing COSMOPOLITAN give tuition, location and kind of school desired.

"The Better Way"

An informal page by the Business Department devoted to Cosmopolitan's writers, illustrators, editors, advertisers, readers and ideals.

On the Importance of reading fiction

THE amount and range of experience that come to the ordinary man is of necessity limited. Most of us are tied to a particular locality, move in a society representing only a few of the myriad human types that exist, spend the majority of our waking hours attending to a more or less monotonous series of duties or enjoying a small variety of recreations.

In such a life there is often no great range of opportunity; and the most adventurous career touches, after all, but a few points in the infinite complex of existence. But we have our imaginations, and it is to these that the artist appeals.

The discriminating reader of fiction can enormously enlarge his experience of life through his acquaintance with the new tracts brought within his vision by the novelist, at second hand, it is true, but the vivid writer can often bring before our mental eyes scenes and persons whom we can realize and understand with a greater thoroughness than those we perceive directly through our senses. . . .

Now, familiarity with well-described characters in fiction not only makes us acquainted with a much wider variety of human beings and enables us to understand them, but it provides us with a kind of emotional gymnastics, increasing our capacity for putting ourselves wholeheartedly and clear-mindedly in the other man's place.

Thus such familiarity is a corrective of both provincialism and selfishness, broadening the outlook and enlarging the emotional range through the development of the imagination.

Professor W. A. Neilson
in *The Harvard Classics*

YOU may never before have heard of Jared.

He was nine hundred and sixty-two years old when he died, within seven years of the age later reached by his distinguished grandson, the late Methuselah.

Had Jared been able to hang on just a few more years—had he been just a trifle more careful of his diet and always remembered to put on his muffler and his overshoes every time he went out on a cold rainy day—his name, instead of Methuselah's, would now be synonymous with old age.

Only seven short years stood between Jared and everlasting re-

nown! But so it is. There is no second money in the Hall of Fame.

Either you reach the heights or you don't. Either posterity refers to you, or it passes you by unnoticed and unrecognized in the broad light of noonday.

Methuselah, Ananias, Nero, Charles the First, Daniel—all were handed or acquired leadership while other more or less meritorious or meretricious performers of their day languished in oblivion.

There is, we feel sure, a lesson of some kind here, but what it is we are not prepared to say.

Whittle your own moral.

Short Stories

IN the leisurely days of our grandsires a novel of six or seven hundred pages held no terrors for the reader.

Richardson, Fielding, Smollett, Sue, and even Alexander Dumas, Hugo and Thackeray thought nothing of writing on into the second and even the third volume.

But tastes have changed. And authors have been quick to change with them.

Today we demand more action and less description; more insight, and less detail; more careful selection and less expansiveness.

Perhaps the change is unfortunate—perhaps, on the other hand, it is developing a more carefully chiseled art. But at any rate the short story—with its vivid, rapid strokes—holds first place in the modern reader's regard.

And Cosmopolitan, printing as it does the best work of the most eminent short-story writers of our time, shares the universal popularity they enjoy.

ADVERTISING has done a great public service in disseminating trade facts. It has been, and is, a tremendous force in fostering convenient and progressive living. It has become an authentic and essential guide in the myriad markets of the world. It has taught the economy of discriminate buying. It announces simply and directly to the multitude those improvements and discoveries in science and art that for so many centuries were known only to the few. In making the world better housed, better fed, better dressed, it has increased the world's capacity for happiness.

Enrichments

PERHAPS you have sometimes wondered how people ever got along in the ancient world without the conveniences you enjoy today.

What their homes must have been like before the year 1180, when window glass was first discovered.

How grandmother managed to get about, or read her Bible, before that summer day, 1249 A. D., when an Italian inventor made the first pair of spectacles.

Or what men did with themselves after dinner

before the Indian and his pipe of tobacco were known.

But did it ever occur to you what it would have meant to the knight in his lonely castle, or the pioneer in his isolated cabin, to have received a magazine like Cosmopolitan every month?

Life is so rich in interest today that we sometimes forget what an important rôle magazines play in making home-life pleasant, and the fireside a place of interest and romance.

Nearly Everybody Worth While Reads Cosmopolitan.



The Job Is Ready—When You Are!

WHY not *prepare* for that bigger job, so that when the time comes you can go after it and *swing* it?

Schwab could never have directed an undertaking as vast as the Bethlehem Steel Corporation—at the time he started to learn the steel business.

Vail had vision and courage—but in order to solve the *controlling* problems of the great industry he founded, he first had to work out the lesser problems. It is the *only* way men get ahead.

"When I really began to try myself out," said a millionaire publisher in a recent interview, "I was *astonished* to find what I could do. I had thought I was a failure. I discovered that as I kept handling bigger and bigger problems I developed ability I never *dreamed* I possessed. I tell my son that with his chance he ought to be President."

Business Ability is Problem Ability

And so it seems to those veterans who have blazed their own trail to success. They were baffled at times—just as you, perhaps, are baffled. They were dismayed by their ignorance, their clumsiness; but they believed in their own future and they grew by the only practical method in the world—the *problem* method. As one new problem after another came up, they tackled it and *downed* it—and with each new test the mind of the victor became keener for the next. Men GROW!

And you can grow—by the selfsame problem method, *lifted out* of actual business life, organized, systematized and unfolded to you, problem by problem, just as fast as you can grasp it. You, too, can develop your latent ability. Who can tell where you will stop, once your mental muscles get into action!

You Can Train by the "Problem Method"

Business training by the LaSalle Problem Method is as fascinating as the strategy of a foot ball game. Four hundred and fifty business experts have joined forces to present in the most interesting form the actual problems which the

business executive—the expert accountant, the traffic manager, the trained correspondent, for example—is compelled to master, *and the principles whereby he solves them.*

The La Salle member chooses the position for which he wants to qualify; then, under expert guidance, he tackles the problems one by one. He is not asked to memorize facts, he is taught to master *principles*—and to clinch them in his mind by applying them to actual business situations. His progress is as fast as he wants to make it, for he pursues the work in the quiet of his own home without losing an hour from work or a dollar of pay.

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motion—adding to their total annual earnings over \$100,000,000.

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Make up your mind today to *double your earnings in 1921*; choose the position you want to fill; then check and mail the coupon below. It will bring you full particulars regarding the La Salle "Problem Method," also your free copy of the La Salle booklet, "Ten Years' Promotion in One"—a book which has marked the turning point in the careers of thousands of ambitious men and women. It may easily mean as much to you.

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The Largest Business Training Institution in the World

*"Out of the crowd of faces, one face,
exquisite, flower-like in its charm"*

The face that one remembers in a crowd



SUDDENLY—out of the crowds of faces—one face so exquisite, so flower-like in its charm, that it stamps itself forever upon the memory.

Innate distinction—daintiness—breeding—are nowhere more clearly expressed than in the possession of a fresh, beautiful skin.

Don't let your skin become pale, fallow, lifeless—marred by blackheads or ugly little blemishes. Every girl owes it to herself to keep her skin so clear, so soft and smooth, that at first glance it awakens admiration and delight. Remember—you yourself are responsible for the condition of your skin—you can make it what you will. For every day it is changing—old skin dies and new skin takes its place. By the right treatment you can free this new skin from the defects that trouble you and give it the lovely clearness it should have.

What a skin specialist would tell you

Perhaps you are continually made uncomfortable by the appearance of little blemishes which you attribute to something wrong in your blood. But a skin specialist would tell you that blemishes are generally caused by infection from bacteria and parasites, which are carried into the pores by dust and dirt in the air.

To free your skin from this distressing trouble, begin tonight to use this treatment:

Just before you go to bed, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap, finishing with a dash of cold water. Then dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy, cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse carefully, first with clear hot water, then with cold.

The first time you use this treatment you will notice it leaves your skin with a slightly drawn, tight feeling. This means your skin is responding, as it should, to a more thorough and stimulating cleansing than it has been accustomed to. After a few treatments, the drawn sensation will disappear. Your face will emerge from its nightly bath soft, smooth and glowing. Use it every night and see how much clearer and lovelier your skin becomes.

This is only one of the famous Woodbury treatments for improving the skin. Get the booklet of famous treatments that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Study the treatment recommended for your particular type of skin—then begin at once to use it regularly.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. The booklet of treatments is wrapped around each cake. Get a cake today—begin your treatment tonight. The same qualities that give it its unusually beneficial effect on the complexion make it extremely desirable for general use. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment and for general cleansing use.

"Your treatment for one week"

A beautiful little set of the Woodbury skin preparations sent to you for 25 cents

Send 25 cents for this dainty miniature set of Woodbury's skin preparations containing your complete Woodbury treatment for one week.

You will find, first, the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Woodbury's Facial Powder, with directions telling how they should be used. Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1601 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

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The Golden Age

By Meredith Nicholson

LET us be fair to Youth! In all ages it has been the habit of the elders to bewail the ways and the manners of the new generation. The father who waded breast-high in snow to the little log schoolhouse is grieved if his son seems slow to take advantage of the opportunities offered by a kindlier time.

The conceit of Age is as deplorable as vanity and waywardness in Youth. Fortunately, the world continues to move right along. The pulse of life beats quicker every year. Even the most confirmed pessimist would hardly vote to restore the conditions of fifty or a hundred years ago.

Youth must be convinced that its tasks and obligations are great, but not in terms of discouragement. Laggards, ne'er-do-wells, and failures have littered the shores of the river of Time in every period of history. There is no reason for believing that the casualty list is increasing.

Every lad who answered the call to the colors in the world-war was a refutation of the plaint that there has been a weakening of the American fiber. Let us challenge the coming generation to high endeavor, not thwart and stifle it at the threshold with predictions of calamity.

It is in the blood of young America to strive and to succeed. The best powers of our young men and women are not evoked by depressing forebodings, but by friendly, stimulating counsel.

Lowell describes the elation with which young men left Emerson's lectures, striding resolutely through the frosty night with their heads high. They had heard from one of the greatest of teachers that "the soul refuses limits, and always affirms an optimism, never a pessimism."

So nigh is grandeur to our dust,
So near is God to man,
When duty whispers low, "Thou must,"
The youth replies, "I can."

The Golden Age is ahead, not behind us. The Fortunate Isles are no elusive, vanishing mirage, but a definite, attainable goal for the Youth of twentieth-century America.



A BOY AND HIS DAD

By Edgar A. Guest

Decoration by M. L. Bower.

A BOY and his dad on a fishing-trip—
There is a glorious fellowship!
Father and son and the open sky
And the white clouds lazily drifting by,
And the laughing stream as it runs along
With the clicking reel like a martial song,
And the father teaching the youngster gay
How to land a fish in the sportsman's way.

I fancy I hear them talking there
In an open boat, and the speech is fair.
And the boy is learning the ways of men
From the finest man in his youthful ken.
Kings, to the youngster, cannot compare
With the gentle father, who's with him there.
And the greatest mind of the human race
Not for one minute could take his place.

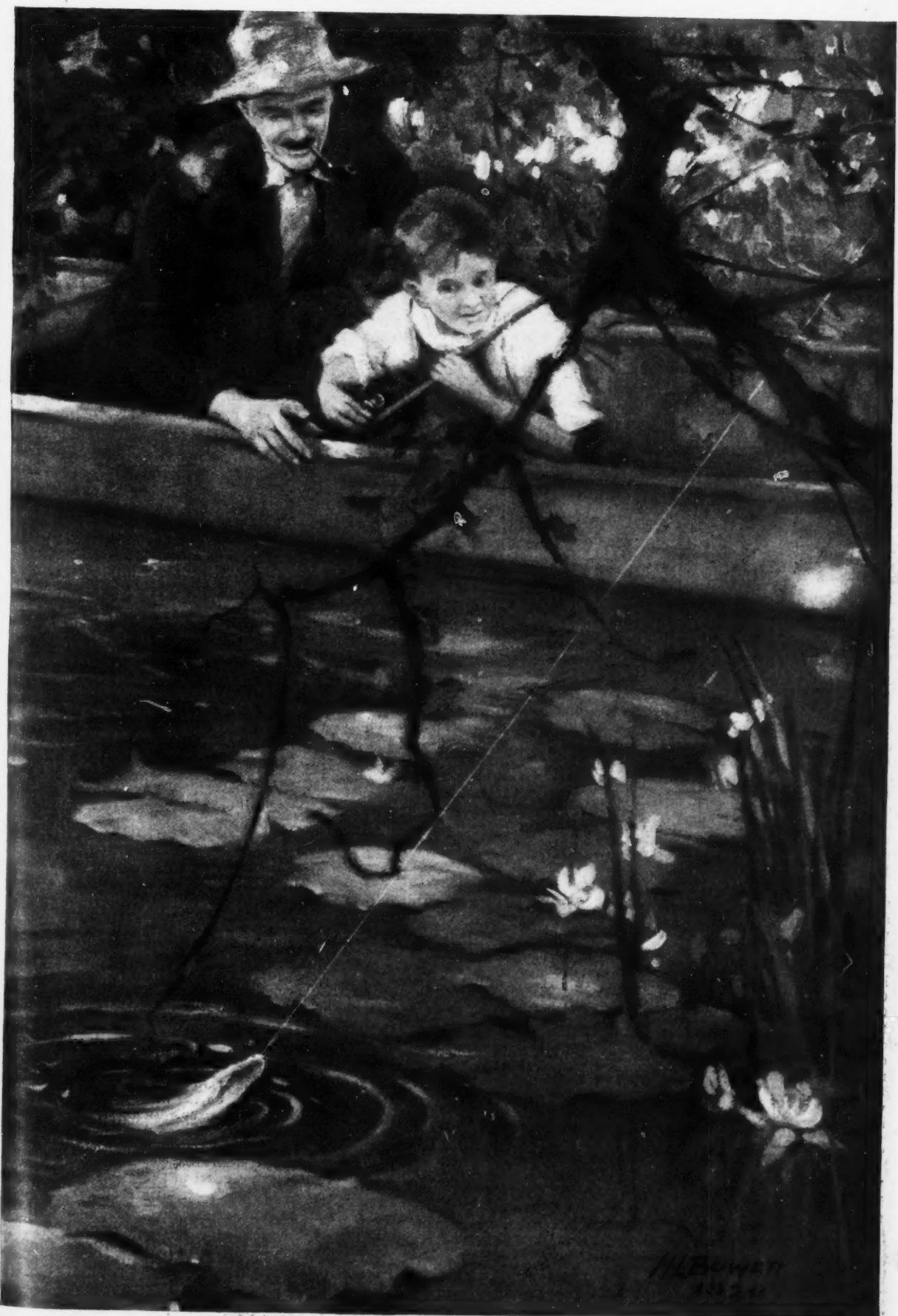
Which is happier, man or boy?
The soul of the father is steeped in joy.
For he's finding out, to his heart's delight,
That his son is fit for the future fight.
He is learning the glorious depths of him,
And the thoughts he thinks and his every whim,
And he shall discover, when night comes on,
How close he has grown to his little son.

A boy and his dad on a fishing-trip—
Builders of life's companionship!
Oh, I envy them, as I see them there
Under the sky in the open air,
For out of the old, old long-ago
Come the summer days that I used to know,
When I learned life's truths from my father's lips
As I shared the joy of his fishing-trips.

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The Pride

Beginning—

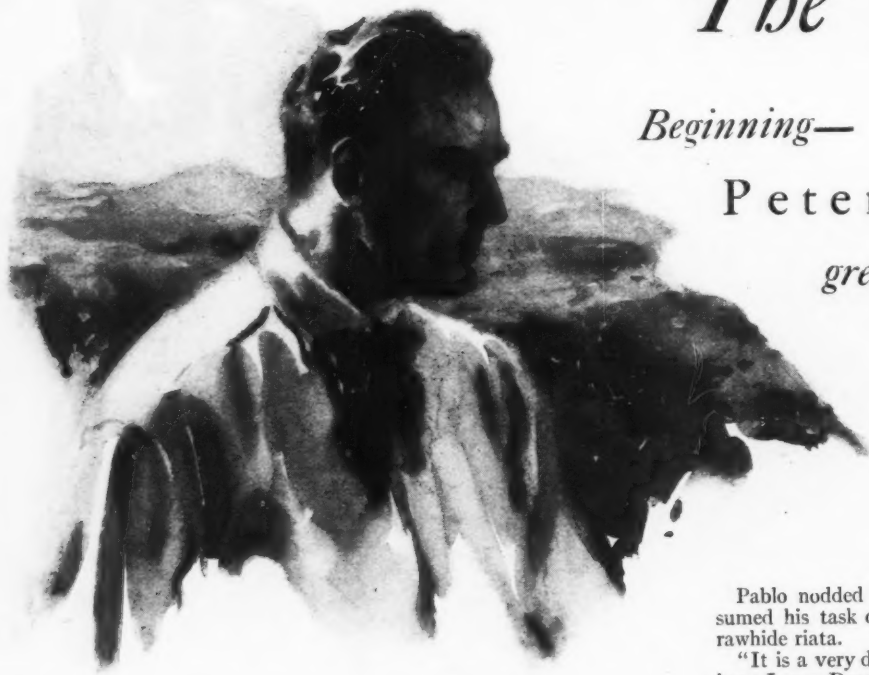
Peter B. Kyne's
greatest novel

Illustrated

by

H. R.

Ballinger



"Don Mike" Farrel—the man

FOR the first time in sixty years, Pablo Artelan, major-domo of the Rancho Palomar, was troubled of soul at the approach of winter. Old Don Miguel Farrel had observed signs of mental travail in Pablo for a month past, and was at a loss to account for them. He knew Pablo possessed one extra pair of overalls, brand-new, two pairs of boots which young Don Miguel had bequeathed him when the Great White Father at Washington had summoned the boy to the war in April of 1917, three Chambray shirts in an excellent state of repair, half of a fat steer jerked, a full bag of Bayo beans, and a string of red chilli-peppers pendant from the rafters of an adobe shack which Pablo and his wife, Carolina, occupied rent free. Certainly (thought old Don Miguel) life could hold no problems for one of Pablo's race thus pleasantly situated.

Coming upon Pablo this morning, as the latter sat in his favorite seat under the catalpa tree just outside the wall of the ancient adobe compound, where he could command a view of the white wagon-road winding down the valley of the San Gregorio, Don Miguel decided to question his ancient retainer.

"My good Pablo," he queried, "what has come over thee of late? Thou art of a mien as sorrowful as that of a sick steer. Can it be that thy stomach refuses longer to digest thy food? Come; permit me to examine thy teeth. Yes, by my soul; therein lies the secret. Thou hast a toothache and decline to complain, thinking that, by thy silence, I shall be saved a dentist's bill." But Pablo shook his head in negation. "Come!" roared old Don Miguel. "Open thy mouth!"

Pablo rose creakily and opened a mouth in which not a tooth was missing. Old Don Miguel made a most minute examination, but failed to discover the slightest evidence of deterioration.

"Blood of the devil!" he cried, disgusted beyond measure. "Out with thy secret! It has annoyed me for a month."

"The ache is not in my teeth, Don Miguel. It is here." And Pablo laid a swarthy hand upon his torso. "There is a sadness in my heart, Don Miguel. Two years has Don Mike been with the soldiers. Is it not time that he returned to us?"

Don Miguel's aristocratic old face softened.

"So that is what disturbs thee, my Pablo?"

Pablo nodded miserably, seated himself, and resumed his task of fashioning the hondo of a new rawhide riata.

"It is a very dry year," he complained. "Never have I seen December arrive before the grass in the San Gregorio was green with the October rains. Everything is burned; the streams and the springs have dried up, and for a month I have listened to

hear the quail call on the hillside yonder. But I listen in vain. The quail have moved to another range."

"Well, what of it, Pablo?"

"How our beloved Don Mike enjoyed the quail-shooting in the fall! Should he return now to the Palomar, there will be no quail to shoot." He wagged his gray head sorrowfully. "Don Mike will think that, with the years, laziness and ingratitude have descended upon old Pablo. Truly, Satan afflicts me." And he cursed with great depth of feeling—in English.

"Yes, poor boy," old Don Miguel agreed; "he will miss more than the quail-shooting when he returns—if he should return. They sent him to Siberia to fight the Bolsheviks."

"What sort of country is this where Don Mike slays our enemy?" Pablo queried.

"It is always winter there, Pablo. It is inhabited by a wild race of men with much whiskers."

"Ah, our poor Don Mike! And he a child of the sun!"

"He but does his duty," old Don Miguel replied proudly. "He adds to the fame of an illustrious family, noted throughout the centuries for the gallantry of its warriors."

"A small comfort, Don Miguel, if our Don Mike comes not again to those that love him."

"Pray for him," the old Don suggested piously.

Fell a silence. Then,

"Don Miguel, yonder comes one over the trail from El Toro."

Don Miguel gazed across the valley to the crest of the hills. There, against the sky-line, a solitary horseman showed. Pablo cupped his hands over his eyes and gazed long and steadily.

"It is Tony Moreno," he said, while the man was still a mile distant. "I know that scuffling cripple of a horse he rides."

Don Miguel seated himself on the bench beside Pablo and awaited the arrival of the horseman. As he drew nearer, the Don saw that Pablo was right.

"Now, what news does that vagabond bear?" he muttered. "Assuredly he brings a telegram; otherwise the devil himself could not induce that lazy wastrel to ride twenty miles."

"Of a truth you are right, Don Miguel. Tony Moreno is the only man in El Toro who is forever out of a job, and the agent of the telegraph company calls upon him always to deliver messages of importance."

A Man Fights Best for the Things He Loves. And Writes Best. So Mr. Mighty Drama of His Beloved California and Its

of Palomar

A
romance of the
New West
by
one who loves it



Kay Parker—
the girl

With the Don, he awaited, with vague apprehension, the arrival of Tony Moreno. As the latter pulled his sweating horse up before them, they rose and gazed upon him questioningly. Tony Moreno, on his part, doffed his shabby sombrero with his right hand and murmured courteously, "Buenas tardes, Don Miguel."

Pablo he ignored. With his left hand, he caught a yellow envelop as it fell from under the hat.

"Good-afternoon, Moreno." Don Miguel returned his salutation with a gravity he felt incumbent upon one of his station to assume when addressing a social inferior. "You bring me a telegram? He spoke in English, for the sole purpose of indicating to the messenger that the gulf between them could not be spanned by the bridge of their mother tongue. He suspected Tony Moreno very strongly of having stolen a yearling from him many years ago.

Tony Moreno remembered his manners, and dismounted before handing Don Miguel the telegram.

"The delivery charges?" Don Miguel queried courteously.

"Nothing, Don Miguel." Moreno's voice was strangely subdued. "It is a pleasure to serve you, señor."

"You are very kind." And Don Miguel thrust the telegram, unopened, into his pocket. "However," he continued, "it will please me, Moreno, if you accept this slight token of my appreciation." And he handed the messenger a five-dollar bill. The don was a proud man, and disliked being under obligation to the Tony Morenos of this world. Tony protested, but the don stood his ground, silently insistent, and, in the end, the other pouched the bill, and rode away. Don Miguel seated himself once more beside his retainer and drew forth the telegram.

"It must be evil news," he murmured, with the shade of a tremor in his musical voice; "otherwise, that fellow could not have felt so much pity for me that it moved him to decline a gratuity."

"Read, Don Miguel!" Pablo croaked. "Read!"

Don Miguel read. Then he carefully folded the telegram and replaced it in the envelop; as deliberately, he returned the envelop to his pocket. Suddenly his hands gripped the bench, and he trembled violently.

"Don Mike is dead?" old Pablo queried softly. He possessed all the acute intuition of a primitive people.

Don Miguel did not reply; so presently Pablo turned his head and gazed up into the master's face. Then he knew—his fingers trembled slightly as he returned to work on the hondo, and, for a long time, no sound broke the silence save the song of an oriole in the catalpa tree.

Suddenly, the sound for which old Pablo had waited so long burst forth from the sage-clad hillside. It was a cock quail

calling, and, to the majordomo, it seemed to say: "Don Mike! Come home! Don Mike! Come home!"

"Ah, little truant, who has told you that you are safe?" Pablo cried in agony. "For Don Mike shall not come home—no, no—never any more!"

His Indian stoicism broke at last; he clasped his hands and fell to his knees beside the bench, sobbing aloud.

Don Miguel regarded him not, and when Pablo's babbling became incoherent, the aged master of Palomar controlled his twitching hands sufficiently to roll and light a cigarette. Then he reread the telegram.

Yes; it was true. It was from Washington, and signed by the adjutant-general; it informed Don Miguel José Farrel, with regret, that his son, First Sergeant Miguel José Maria Federico Noriaga Farrel, Number 765,438, had been killed in action in Siberia on the fourth instant.

"At least," the old don murmured, "he died like a gentleman. Had he returned to the Rancho Palomar, he could not have continued to live like one. Oh, my son, my son!"

He rose blindly and groped his way along the wall until he came to the inset gate leading into the patio; like a stricken animal retreating to its lair, he sought the privacy of his old-fashioned garden, where none might intrude upon his grief.

II

FIRST SERGEANT MICHAEL JOSEPH FARREL entered the orderly-room and saluted his captain, who sat, with his chair tilted back, staring mournfully at the opposite wall.

"I have to report, sir, that I have personally delivered the battery records, correctly sorted, labeled, and securely crated, to the demobilization office. The typewriter, field-desk, and stationery have been turned in, and here are the receipts."

Kyne Has Put a Whole-hearted Part of Himself into Every Page of This Problem—a Problem Vital to Every American.

The captain tucked the receipts in his blouse pocket.

"Well, Sergeant. I dare say that marks the completion of your duties—all but the last formation." He glanced at his wrist-watch. "Fall in the battery and call the roll. By that time, I will have organized my farewell speech to the men. Hope I can deliver it without making a fool of myself."

"Very well, sir."

The first sergeant stepped out of the orderly-room and blew three long blasts on his whistle—his signal to the battery to "fall in." The men came out of the demobilization-shacks with alacrity and formed within a minute; without command, they "dressed" to the right and straightened the line. Farrel stepped to the right of it, glanced down the long row of silent, eager men, and commanded,

"Front!"

Nearly two hundred heads described a half-circle.

Farrel stepped lithely down the long front to the geometrical center of the formation, made a right-face, walked six paces, executed an about-face, and announced complainingly:

"Well, I've barked at you for eighteen months—and finally you made it snappy. On the last day of your service, you manage to fall in within the time-limit and dress the line perfectly. I congratulate you." Covert grins greeted his ironical sally. He continued: "I'm going to say good-bye to those of you who think there are worse tops in the service than I. To those who did not take kindly to my methods, I have no apologies to offer. I gave everybody a square deal, and for the information of some half-dozen Hot-spurs who have vowed to give me the beating of my life the day we should be demobilized, I take pleasure in announcing that I will be the first man, to be discharged, that there is a nice clear space between these two demobilization-shacks and the ground is not too hard, that there will be no guards to interfere, and if any man with the right to call himself 'Mister' desires to air his grievance, he can make his engagement now, and I shall be at his service at the hour stipulated. Does anybody make me an offer?" He stood there, balanced nicely on the balls of his feet, cool, alert, glancing interestedly up and down the battery front. "What?" he bantered, "Nobody bids? Well, I'm glad of that. I part friends with everybody. Call rolls!"

The section-chiefs called the rolls of their sections and reported them present. Farrel stepped to the door of the orderly-room.



"He does but his duty," old Don Miguel replied proudly. "He adds to the fame of,

"The men are waiting for the captain," he reported. "Sergeant Farrel," that bedeviled individual replied frantically, "I can't do it. You'll have to do it for me."

"Yes, sir; I understand."

Farrel returned to the battery, brought them to attention, and said:

"The skipper wants to say good-bye, men, but he isn't up to the job. He's afraid to tackle it; so he has asked me to wish you light duty, heavy pay, and double rations in civil life. He has asked me to say to you that he loves you all and will not soon forget such soldiers as you have proved yourselves to be."

"There for the Skipper! Give him three and a tiger!" somebody pleaded, and the cheers were given with a hearty generosity which even the most disgruntled organization can develop on the day of demobilization.

The skipper came to the door of the orderly-room.

"Good-by, good luck, and God bless you, lads!" he shouted, and fled with the discharges under his arm, while the battery "counted off" and, in command of Farrel (the lieutenants had already been demobilized), marched to the pay-tables. As they emerged from the paymaster's shack, they scattered singly, in



an illustrious family, noted throughout the centuries for the gallantry of its warriors"

little groups, back to the demobilization-shacks. Presently, bearing straw suitcases, "tin" helmets, and gas-masks (these latter articles presented to them by a paternal government as souvenirs of their service), they drifted out through the Presidio gate, where the world swallowed them.

Although he had been the first man in the battery to receive his discharge, Farrel was the last man to leave the Presidio. He waited until the captain, having distributed the discharges, came out of the pay-office and repaired again to his deserted orderly-room; whereupon the former first sergeant followed him.

"I hesitate to obtrude, sir," he announced, as he entered the room, "but whether the captain likes it or not, he'll have to say good-bye to me. I have attended to everything I can think of, sir; so, unless the captain has some further use for me, I shall be jogging along."

"Farrel," the captain declared, "if I had ever had a doubt as to why I made you top cutter of B battery, that last remark of yours would have dissipated it. Please do not be in a hurry. Sit down and mourn with me for a little while."

"Well, I'll sit down with you, sir, but I'll be hanged if I'll be mournful. I'm too happy in the knowledge that I'm going home."

their religion seriously, never permitted it to interfere with a *fiesta*. They were what might be called 'regular fellows.'"

"Your Catalonian ancestors? Why, I thought you were black Irish, Farrel?"

"The first of my line that I know anything about was a lieutenant in the force that marched overland from Mexico to California under command of Don Gaspar de Portola. Don Gaspar was accompanied by Fray Junipero Serra. They carried a sword and a cross respectively, and arrived in San Diego on July first, 1769. So, you see, I'm a real Californian."

"You mean Spanish-Californian."

"Well, hardly in the sense that most people use that term, sir. We have never intermarried with Mexican or Indian, and until my grandfather Farrel arrived at the ranch and refused to go away until my grandmother Noriaga went with him, we were pure-bred Spanish blonds. My grandmother had red hair, brown eyes, and a skin as white as an old bleached-linen napkin. Grandfather Farrel is the fellow to whom I am indebted for my saddle-colored complexion."

"Siberia has bleached you considerably. I should say you're an ordinary brunet now."

"Where is your home, sergeant?"

"In San Marcos County, in the southern part of the state. After two years of Siberia and four days of this San Francisco fog, I'm fed up on low temperatures, and, by the holy poker, I want to go home. It isn't much of a home—just a quaint, old, crumbling adobe ruin, but it's home, and it's mine. Yes, sir; I'm going home and sleep in the bed my great-great-grandfather was born in."

"If I had a bed that old, I'd fumigate it," the captain declared. Like all regular army officers, he was a very devil of a fellow for sanitation. "Do you worship your ancestors, Farrel?"

"Well, come to think of it, I have rather a reverence for 'the ashes of my fathers and the temples of my gods.'"

"So have the Chinese. Among Americans, however, I thought all that sort of thing was confined to the descendants of the Pilgrim Fathers."

"If I had an ancestor who had been a Pilgrim Father," Farrel declared, "I'd locate his grave and build a garbage-incinerator on it."

"What's your grouch against the Pilgrim Fathers?"

"They let their religion get on top of them, and they took all the joy out of life. My Catalonian ancestors, on the other hand, while taking

Farrel removed his overseas cap and ran long fingers through his hair.

"If I had a strain of Indian in me, sir," he explained, "my hair would be straight, thick, coarse, and blue-black. You will observe that it is wavy, a medium crop, of average fineness, and jet-black."

The captain laughed at his frankness.

"Very well, Farrel; I'll admit you're clean-strain white. But tell me: How much of you is Latin and how much Farrel?"

It was Farrel's turn to chuckle now.

"Seriously, I cannot answer that question. My grandmother, as I have stated, was pure-bred Castilian or Catalanian, for I suppose they mixed. The original Michael Joseph Farrel (I am the third of the name) was Tipperary Irish, and could trace his ancestry back to the fairies—to hear him tell it. But one can never be quite certain how much Spanish there is in an Irishman from the west, so I have always started with the premise that the result of that marriage—my father—was three-fifths Latin. Father married a Galvez, who was half Scotch; so I suppose I'm an American."

"I should like to see you on your native heath, Farrel. Does your dad still wear a conical-crowned sombrero, bell-shaped trousers, bolero jacket, and all that sort of thing?"

"No, sir. The original Mike insisted upon wearing regular trousers and hats. He had all of the prejudices of his race, and regarded folks who did things differently from him as inferior people. He was a lieutenant on a British sloop-of-war that was wrecked on the coast of San Marcos County in the early 'Forties. All hands were drowned, with the exception of my grandfather, who was a very contrary man. He swam ashore and strolled up to the hacienda of the Rancho Palomar, arriving just before luncheon. What with a twenty-mile hike in the sun, he was dry by the time he arrived, and in his uniform, although somewhat bedraggled, he looked gay enough to make a hit with my great-grandfather Noriaga, who invited him to luncheon and begged him to stay a while. Michael Joseph liked the place; so he stayed. You see, there were thousands of horses on the ranch and, like all sailors, he had equestrian ambitions."

"Great snakes! It must have been a sizable place."

"It was. The original Mexican grant was twenty leagues square."

"I take it, then, that the estate has dwindled in size."

"Oh, yes, certainly. My great-grandfather Noriaga, Michael Joseph I, and Michael Joseph II shot craps with it, and bet it on horse-races, and gave it away for wedding-dowries, and, in general, did their little best to put the Farrel posterity out in the mesquite with the last of the Mission Indians."

"How much of this principality have you left?"

"I do not know. When I enlisted, we had a hundred thousand acres of the finest valley and rolling grazing-land in California and the hacienda that was built in 1782. But I've been gone two years, and I haven't heard from home for five months."

"Mortgaged?"

"Of course. The Farrels never worked while money could be raised at ten per cent. Neither did the Noriagas. You might as well attempt to yoke an elk and teach him how to haul a cart."

"Oh, nonsense, Farrel! You're the hardest-working man I have ever known."

Farrel smiled boyishly.

"That was in Siberia, and I had to hustle to keep warm. But I know I'll not be home six months before that delicious *mañana* spirit will settle over me again, like mildew on old boots."

The captain shook his head.

"Any man who can see so clearly the economic faults of his race and nevertheless sympathize with them is not one to be lulled to the ruin that has overtaken practically all of the old native California families. That strain of Celt and Gael in you will triumph over the easy-going Latin."

"Well, perhaps. And two years in the army has helped tremendously to eradicate an inherited tendency toward procrastination."

"I shall like to think that I had something to do with that," the officer answered. "What are your plans?"

"Well, sir, this hungry world must be fed by the United States for the next ten years, and I have an idea that the Rancho Palomar can pull itself out of the hole with beef cattle. My father has always raised short-legged, long-horned scrubs, descendants of the old Mexican breeds, and there is no money in that sort of stock. If I can induce him to turn the ranch over to me, I'll try to raise sufficient money to buy a couple of car-loads of pure-bred Hereford bulls and grade up that scrub stock; in four or five years I'll have steers that will weigh eighteen hun-

dred to two thousand pounds on the hoof, instead of the little eight-hundred-pounders that have swindled us for a hundred years."

"How many head of cattle can you run on your ranch?"

"About ten thousand—one to every ten acres. If I could develop water for irrigation in the San Gregorio valley, I could raise alfalfa and lot-feed a couple of thousand more."

"What is the ranch worth?"

"About eight per acre is the average price of good cattle-range nowadays. With plenty of water for irrigation, the valley-land would be worth five hundred dollars an acre. It's as rich as cream, and will grow anything—with water."

"Well, I hope your dad takes a back seat and gives you a free hand, Farrel. I think you'll make good with half a chance."

"I feel that way also," Farrel replied seriously.

"Are you going south to-night?"

"Oh, no. Indeed not! I don't want to go home in the dark, sir." The captain was puzzled. "Because I love my California, and I haven't seen her for two years," Farrel replied, to the other's unspoken query. "It's been so foggy since we landed in San Francisco I've had a hard job making my way round the Presidio. But if I take the eight-o'clock train to-morrow morning, I'll run out of the fog-belt in forty-five minutes and be in the sunshine for the remainder of the journey. Yes, by Jupiter—and for the remainder of my life!"

"You want to feast your eyes on the countryside, eh?"

"I do. It's April, and I want to see the Salinas valley with its oaks; I want to see the bench-lands with the grape-vines just budding; I want to see some bald-faced cows clinging to the Santa Barbara hillsides, and I want to meet some fellow on the train who speaks the language of my tribe."

"Farrel, you're all Irish. You're romantic and poetical, and you feel the call of kind to kind. That's distinctly a Celtic trait."

"*Quien sabe?* But I have a great yearning to speak Spanish with somebody. It's my mother tongue."

"There must be another reason," the captain bantered him.

"Sure there isn't a girl somewhere along the right of way and you are fearful, if you take the night-train, that the porter may fail to waken you in time to wave to her as you go by her station?"

Farrel shook his head.

"There's another reason, but that isn't it. Captain, haven't you been visualizing every little detail of your home-coming?"

"You forget, Farrel, that I'm a regular-army man, and we poor devils get accustomed to being uprooted. I've learned not to build castles in Spain, and I never believe I'm going to get a leave until the old man hands me the order. Even then, I'm always fearful of an order recalling it."

"You're missing a lot of happiness, sir. Why, I really believe I've had more fun out of the anticipation of my home-coming than I may get out of the realization. I've planned every detail for months, and, if anything slips, I'm liable to sit right down and bawl like a kid."

"Let's listen to your plan of operations, Farrel," the captain suggested. "I'll never have one myself, in all probability, but I'm child enough to want to listen to yours."

"Well, in the first place, I haven't communicated with my father since landing here. He doesn't know I'm back in California, and I do not want him to know until I drop in on him."

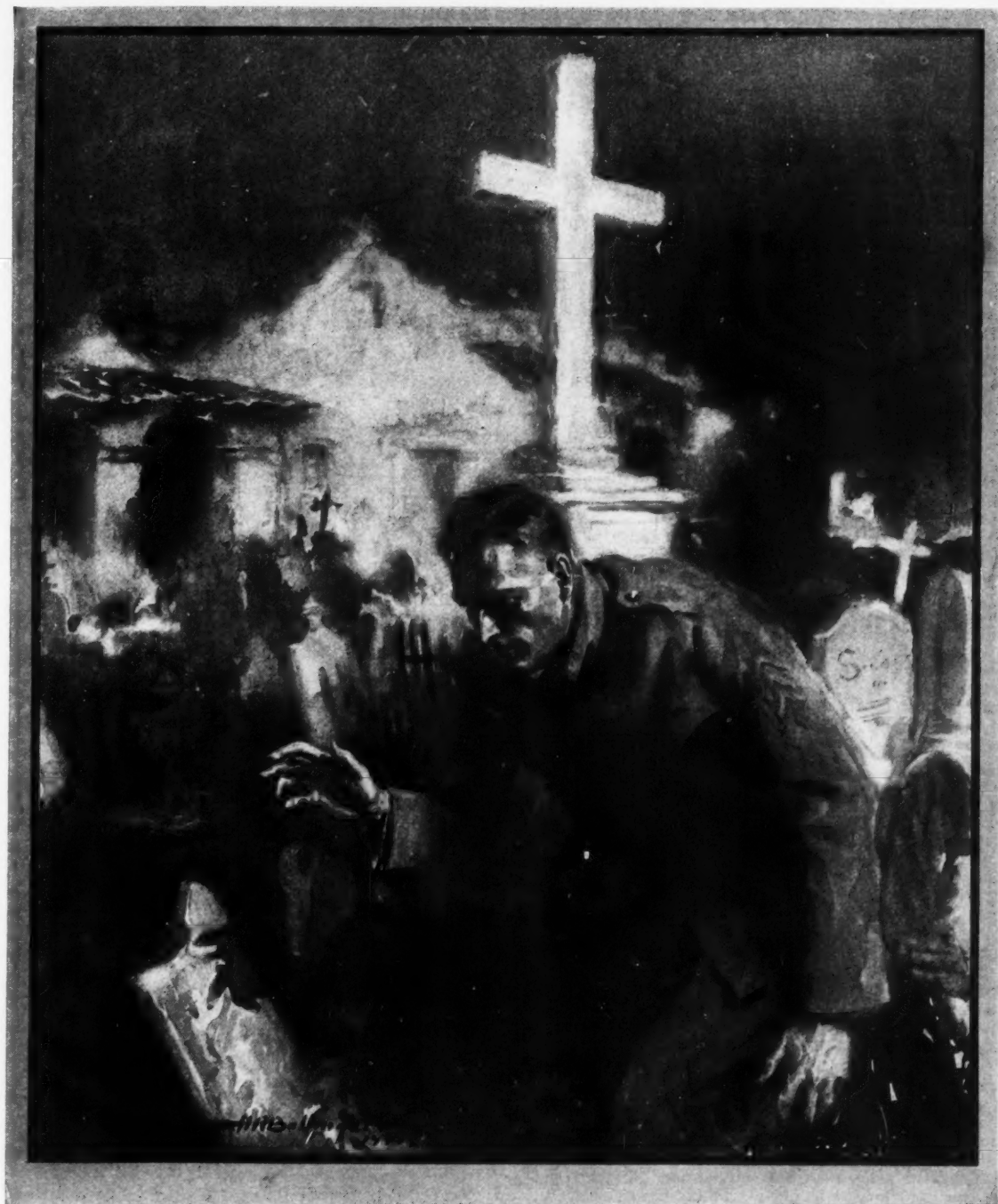
"And your mother, Farrel?"

"Died when I was a little chap. No brothers or sisters. Well, if I had written him or wired him when I first arrived, he would have had a week of the most damnable suspense, because, owing to the uncertainty of the exact date of our demobilization, I could not have informed him of the exact time of my arrival home. Consequently, he'd have had old Carolina, our cook, dishing up nightly fearful quantities of the sort of grub I was raised on. And that would be wasteful. Also, he'd sit under the catalpa tree outside the western wall of the hacienda and never take his eyes off the highway from El Toro or the trail from Sespe. And every night after the sun had set and I'd failed to show up, he'd go to bed heavy-hearted. Suspense is hard on an old man, sir."

"On young men, too. Go on."

"Well, I'll drop off the train to-morrow afternoon about four o'clock at a lonely little flag-station called Sespe. After the train leaves Sespe, it runs southwest for almost twenty miles to the coast, and turns south to El Toro. Nearly everybody enters the San Gregorio from El Toro, but via the short-cut trail from Sespe, I can hike it home in three hours and arrive absolutely unannounced and unheralded."

"Now, as I pop up over the mile-high ridge back of Sespe, I'll be looking down on the San Gregorio while the last of the sunlight



The last scion of that ancient house knelt in the mold of his father's grave and made the sign of the cross

still lingers there. You see, sir, I'm only looking at an old picture I've always loved. Tucked away down in the heart of the valley, there is an old ruin of a mission—the Mission de la Madre Dolorosa—the Mother of Sorrows. The light will be shining on its dirty white walls and red-tiled roof, and I'll sit me down in the shade of a manzanita bush and wait, because that's my valley and I know what's coming.

"Exactly at six o'clock, I shall see a figure come out on the roof of the mission and stand in front of the old gallows-frame on which hang eight chimes that were carried in on mules from the City of Mexico when Junipero Serra planted the cross of Catholicism at San Diego, in 1679. That distant figure will be Brother Flavio, of the Franciscan Order, and the old boy is going to ramp up and down in front of those chimes with a hammer and give me a concert. He'll bang out 'Adeste Fideles' and 'Gloria in Excelsis.' That's a cinch, because he's a creature of habit. Occasionally he plays 'Lead, Kindly Light' and 'Ave Maria!'"

Farrel paused, a faint smile of amusement fringing his handsome mouth. He rolled and lighted a cigarette and continued:

"My father wrote me that old Brother Flavio, after a terrible battle with his own conscience and at the risk of being hove out of the valley by his indignant superior, Father Dominic, was practising 'Hail, The Conquering Hero Comes!' against the day of my home-coming. I wrote father to tell Brother Flavio to cut that out and substitute 'In the Good Old Summer-time' if he wanted to make a hit with me. Awfully good old hunks, Brother Flavio! He knows I like those old chimes, and, when I'm home, he most certainly bangs them so the melody will carry clear up to the Palomar."

The captain was gazing with increasing amazement upon his former first sergeant. After eighteen months, he had discovered a man he had not known heretofore.

"And after the 'Angelus'—what?" he demanded.

Farrel's smug little smile of complacency had broadened.

The Pride of Palomar

"Well, sir, when Brother Flavio pegs out, I'll get up and run down to the Mission, where Father Dominic, Father Andreas, Brother Flavio, Brother Anthony, and Brother Benedict will all extend a welcome and muss me up, and we'll all talk at once and get nowhere with the conversation for the first five minutes. Brother Anthony is just a little bit—ah—nutty, but harmless. He'll want to know how many men I've killed, and I'll tell him two hundred and nineteen. He has a leaning toward odd numbers, as tending more toward exactitude. Right away, he'll go into the chapel and pray for their souls, and while he's at this pious exercise, Father Dominic will dig up a bottle of old wine that's too good for a nut like Brother Anthony, and we'll sit on a bench in the mission garden in the shade of the largest bougainvillea in the world and tuck away the wine. Between tucks, Father Dominic will inquire casually into the state of my soul, and the information thus elicited will scandalize the old saint. The only way I can square myself is to go into the chapel with them and give thanks for my escape from the Bolsheviks.

"By that time, it will be a quarter of seven and dark, so Father Dominic will crank up a prehistoric little automobile my father gave him in order that he might spread himself over San Marcos County on Sundays and say three masses. I have a notion that the task of keeping that old car in running-order has upset Brother Anthony's mental balance. He used to be a blacksmith's helper in El Toro in his youth, and therefore is supposed to be a mechanic in his old age."

"Then the old padre drives you home, eh?" the captain suggested.

"He does. Providentially, it is now the cool of the evening. The San Gregorio is warm enough, for all practical purposes, even on a day in April, and, knowing this, I am grateful to myself for timing my arrival after the heat of the day. Father Dominic is grateful also. The old man wears thin sandals, and on hot days he suffers continuous martyrdom from the heat of that little motor. He is always begging Satan to fly away with that hot-foot accelerator.

"Well, arrived home, I greet my father alone in the patio. Father Dominic, meanwhile, sits outside in his flivver and permits the motor to roar, just to let my father know he's there, although not for money enough to restore his mission would he butt in on us at that moment.

"Well, my father will not be able to hear a word I say until Padre Dominic shuts off his motor; so my father will yell at him and ask him what the devil he's doing out there and to come in, and he quick about it, or he'll throw his share of the dinner to the hogs. We always dine at seven; so we'll be in time for dinner. But before we go in to dinner, my dad will ring the bell in the compound, and the help will report. Amid loud cries of wonder and delight, I shall be welcomed by a mess of mixed breeds of assorted sexes, and old Pablo, the majordomo, will be ordered to pass out some wine to celebrate my arrival. It's against the law to give wine to an Indian, but then, as my father always remarks on such occasions: 'To hell with the law! They're my Indians, and there are damned few of them left.'

"Padre Dominic, my father, and I will, in all probability, get just a little bit jingled at dinner. After dinner, we'll sit on the porch flanking the patio and smoke cigars, and I'll smell the lemon verbenas and heliotrope and other old-fashioned flowers modern gardeners have forgotten how to grow. About midnight, Father Dominic's brain will have cleared, and he will be fit to be trusted with his accursed automobile; so he will snort home in the moonlight, and my father will then carefully lock the patio gate with a nine-inch key. Not that anybody ever steals anything in our country, except a cow once in a while—and cows never range in our patio—but just because we're hell-benders for conforming to custom. When I was a boy, Pablo Artelan, our majordomo, always slept athwart that gate, like an old watch-dog. I give you my word I've climbed that patio wall a hundred times and dropped down on Pablo's stomach without wakening him. And, for a quarter of a century, to my personal knowledge, that patio gate has supported itself on a hinge and a half. Oh, we're a wonderful institution, we Farrels!"

"What did you say this Pablo was?"

"He used to be a majordomo. That is, he was the foreman of the ranch when we needed a foreman. We haven't needed Pablo for a long time, but it doesn't cost much to keep him on the pay-roll, except when his relatives come to visit him and stay a couple of weeks."

"And your father feeds them?"

"Certainly. Also, he houses them. It can't be helped. It's an old custom."

"How long has Pablo been a pensioner?"

"From birth. He's mostly Indian, and all the work he ever did never hurt him. But, then, he was never paid very much. He was born on the ranch and has never been more than twenty miles from it. And his wife is our cook. She has relatives, too."



The captain burst out laughing.

"But surely this Pablo has some use," he suggested.

"Well, he feeds the dogs, and in order to season his *frijoles* with the salt of honest labor, he saddles my father's horse and leads him round to the house every morning. Throughout the remainder of the day, he sits outside the wall and, by following the sun, he manages to remain in the shade. He watches the road to proclaim the arrival of visitors, smokes cigarettes, and delivers caustic criticisms on the younger generation when he can get anybody to listen to him."

"How old is your father, Farrel?"

"Seventy-eight."

"And he rides a horse!"

"He does worse than that," Farrel laughed. "He rides a horse that would police you, sir. On his seventieth birthday, at a rodeo, he won first prize for roping and hog-tying a steer."

"I'd like to meet that father of yours, Farrel."

"You'd like him. Any time you want to spend a furlough on the Palomar, we'll make you mighty welcome. Better come in the fall for the quail-shooting." He glanced at his wrist-watch and sighed. "Well, I suppose I'd do well to be toddling along. Is the captain going to remain in the service?"

The captain nodded.

"My people are hellbenders on conforming to custom, also," he added. "We've all been field-artillerymen."

"I believe I thanked you for a favor you did me once, but to prove I meant what I said, I'm going to send you a horse, sir. He is a chestnut with silver points, six years old, sixteen hands high, sound as a Liberty Bond, and bred in the purple. He is beautifully reined, game, full of ginger, but gentle and sensible. He'll weigh ten hundred in condition, and he's as active as a cat. You can win with him at any horse-show and at the head of a battery. *Dios!* He is every inch a *caballero!*"

"Sergeant, you're much too kind. Really——"

"The things we have been through together, sir—all that we have been to each other—never can happen again. You will add greatly to my happiness if you will accept this animal as a souvenir of our very pleasant association."

"Oh, son, this is too much! You're giving me your own private mount. You love him. He loves you. Doubtless he'll know you the minute you enter the pasture."

Farrel's fine white teeth flashed in a brilliant smile.

"I do not desire to have the captain mounted on an inferior horse. We have many other good horses on the Palomar. This one's name is Panchito; I will express him to you some day this week."

"Farrel, you quite overwhelm me. A thousand thanks! I'll treasure Panchito for your sake as well as his own."

The soldier extended his hand, and the captain grasped it.

"Good-by, Sergeant. Pleasant green fields!"

"Good-by, sir. Dry camps and quick promotion."

following morning. Of the three, one was a girl, and, as Farrel entered, carrying the souvenirs of his service—a helmet and gas-mask—she glanced at him with the interest which the average civilian manifests in any soldier obviously just released from service and homeward bound. Farrel's glance met hers for an instant with equal interest; then he turned to stow his impedimenta in the brass rack over his seat. He was granted an equally swift but more direct appraisal of her as he walked down the



Presently the girl's brown eyes were turned casually in Farrel's direction. Instantly he rose, fixed her with a comprehending look, nodded almost imperceptibly toward the chair he was vacating, and returned to his seat inside the car

The descendant of a *conquistador* picked up his straw suitcase, his helmet, and gas-mask. At the door, he stood to attention and saluted. The captain leaped to his feet and returned this salutation of warriors; the door opened and closed, and the officer stood staring at the space so lately occupied by the man who, for eighteen months, had been his right hand.

"Strange man!" he muttered. "I didn't know they bred his kind any more. Why, he's a feudal baron!"

III

THERE were three people in the observation-car when Michael Joseph Farrel boarded it a few minutes before eight o'clock the

observation-car to the rear platform, where he selected a chair in a corner that offered him sanctuary from the cold, fog-laden breeze, lighted a cigar, and surrendered himself to contemplating, in his mind's eye, the joys of home-coming.

He had the platform to himself until after the train had passed Palo Alto, when others joined him. The first to emerge on the platform was a Japanese. Farrel favored him with a cool, contemptuous scrutiny, for he was a Californian and did not hold the members of this race in a tithe of the esteem he accorded other Orientals. This Japanese was rather shorter and thinner than the majority of his race. He wore large, round tortoise-shell spectacles, and clothes that proclaimed the attentions of the very best tailors; a gold-band ring, set with one blue-white diamond and two exquisite sapphires, adorned the pudgy finger of his right hand. Farrel judged that his gray beaver hat must have cost at least fifty dollars.

"We ought to have Jim Crow cars for these cock-sure sons of Nippon," the ex-soldier growled to himself. "We'll come to it yet if something isn't done about them. They breed so fast they'll have us crowded into back seats in another decade."

He had had some unpleasant clashes with Japanese troops in Siberia, and the memory of their studied insolence was all the more poignant because it had gone unchallenged. He observed, now, that the Japanese passenger had

(Continued on page 110)



Lloyd watched him digging. Neither man spoke at all. The minister could hear

Buried Madness

Illustrated by M. L. Bower

NOW and then the oily surface of a placid sea is stirred to circling currents. It bubbles, and seems for an instant to boil; and the observer knows thereby that somewhere underneath has been enacted one of those swift and relentless dramas which make up the lives of the fishes that dwell therein. Now and then, in like fashion, the soft tranquillity of a meadow is broken. The grasses sway and bend; the bushes stir, and sometimes a squeak or a cry of deadly pain does further evidence the tragedy that has occurred there. And now and then, in some pleasant human community, a stark and dreadful incident ruptures all the surface-peace; so that one may guess that here, too, all is not so smooth as the seeming. It was in this fashion that the matter of the grave in Sinai churchyard gave some hint to all the world of the flux of human passions with which I have to deal.

Old Davy Davis, who found time from his little farm to do a sexton's part about Sinai church, discovered the grave; and he brought his troubled fears in the matter to Lloyd Hughes. Lloyd was the young minister, newly come to the sober congregation among the hills. Davy chose an evening after service, when the worshipers, family by family, had driven homeward and Lloyd was blowing out the big oil-lamp that hung above his pulpit.

"There's a thing," said Davy, in whispering hurry; "there's a thing that I want you should know."

The young man turned in some small surprise.

"Eh, Davy?" he asked. "What is it now?"

"A grave," Davy told him. "There's a grave in the churchyard, out by the fence at the edge o' the hill."

"A grave?" Lloyd smiled a little. "Is not the churchyard the place for graves, Davy?"

Davy wagged his head.

"For honest graves, likely," he agreed. "But them I dig, and have digged for fourteen years, with my boy, now and then, for helping. This is no grave of my digging, Lloyd."

The younger man considered for an instant, studying old Davy's troubled countenance. Then he took his hat, and he said to Davy,

"Show it to me."

Thus they came out upon the high steps of the church, came out into a flood of moonlight. The carriage-shed to the right was like a cave of blackness in that bright illumination. The white stones in the churchyard before them seemed each hallowed by the flowing silver rays. A few low trees lay leftward along the fence; and beyond these trees Lloyd could see the dip of the steep valley and the stark slopes on either hand. A white mist lay in the valley lands and seemed to move and stir in a warm and friendly way.

"Along out to the fence," Davy whispered. And they went, side by side, between the rows of stones, to the further part of the churchyard, not yet fully given over to the uses of the dead.

Davy was a good sexton—a careful and an orderly man. Even in this remote part, the grass was close-cropped and trimmed, and the turf was smooth. Here the old man stopped, and his one hand tightened upon the minister's arm, and, with his other hand, he pointed.

"There! See there!" he said. "The sod has sunk."



Davy's breath expelled with a low, grunting sound at each toss of loosened clods

This story, by Ben Ames Williams, strikingly illustrates the reasons why Cosmopolitan is America's greatest magazine. It gives you the things worth while.

The minister bent to scrutinize the place. In the bright light of the moon, he was able to trace the outlines of a rectangle, some four or five feet long, some two feet wide, within which, it was clear, the sod had been cut and lifted, and then replaced. Here and there the line of demarcation showed; here and there a square of sod, cut too thin, had withered. And the whole was depressed more deeply in the middle than at the sides. Lloyd brushed his hands together as he rose; he met the sexton's eye.

"None of your digging, Davy?"

"None of my knowing at all, sir."

The minister bowed his head, considering; and there was some measure of trouble in his eyes. All about them, the night was very still—very bright, but very still. So still that they could catch the distant murmur of sound when one of the home-going buggies of the congregation crossed the lower creek bridge. That must have been a full long mile away. No house near save old Davy's, a quarter-mile down the road. And before them this strange and secret grave.

Lloyd touched the sexton's arm.

"Davy," he asked, "where do you keep your digging-tools?"

"Behind the *ty bach*, in my box there." Davy's eyes were wide, shining nervously.

"Bring them," said the minister.

The old sexton stared at the younger man.

"You're not a mind to—open it, Lloyd?"

"Just that, Davy."

"A black thing!"

Lloyd shook his head.

"A black thing, if done blackly, Davy. But in all reverence—This is holy earth. We will turn it reverently. For th's is a matter that cannot be left to sleep, Davy man."

In the end, Davy, convinced against his will, stumped away through the churchyard to fetch pickax and spade; and the young minister, left alone, stood very still, his eyes upon the patch of sunken sod before him. When Davy came slowly back again, his tool's upon his shoulder, Lloyd would have taken the spade to loose the sod; but Davy put his hand aside.

"If it's done, I'll do it," he declared. "My hands are used to the tough earth o' this bit hereabout. Do you take seat. I'll not be overlong."

The minister nodded his assent. Behind him, and to one side, there was an isolated stone. He sat down upon this, elbows upon his knees, hands clasped, and old Davy slowly laid aside his coat and his vest and took off his stiff white collar.

"I'll get clay upon my britches, like," he grumbled, half to himself. But there was no longer any reluctance in the man.

Lloyd watched him digging. Davy lifted the sod with care, piece by piece; he laid it at one side, then loosened the earth with slow pick-strokes that were deceptively effective, and took his shovel to toss the broken earth aside, and then took pick again. Neither man spoke at all. The minister could hear Davy's breath expelled with a low, grunting sound at each stroke, at each toss of loosened clods.

Abruptly, as the sexton drove his pick into the earth, Lloyd was conscious of a new quality in the sound. His nerves drew taut; he looked toward Davy, and the old man stood up and

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wiped his brow with a wide red handkerchief, and said unevenly: "Not deep at a'l, sir. Something here."

He was standing in the grave, and Lloyd rose and crossed to watch. His blood began to stir more swiftly with impatience; his thoughts began to form conjectures. He put them aside. It was one of the young man's mental habits to go slowly, to form opinion only upon fact confirmed. He had been quite sure of the necessity of opening this hidden grave; he told himself that what they should find might demand grimmest action. But, in the mean time, his mind was open, elastic, ready for any turn.

Davy, it seemed, moved with provoking deliberation. After that stroke which had sounded hollow upon wood, he tempered his blows, careful to give no further scar to what lay here. And, presently, he climbed out of the grave and knelt beside it, using his spade gently. Lloyd, bending with him, saw something take shape in the excavation—a dark thing like a casket, some three or four feet long, and half as wide. Davy leaned far down to tug at one end of this object with his hands. Lloyd saw it yield. He bent to help. Between them, they lifted it out and laid it gently down upon the turf.

No casket, certainly. A chest, rather. Well and neatly made, with dovetailed corners and brass hinges, and a brass lock upon the front. Surprisingly light, too.

"Empty," Davy panted. "There's no more than the heft of the box itself. Now, what— Now, why—"

Lloyd was examining the chest, the lock.

"A screw-driver, Davy?"

"There's one in my box. I'll bring it along."

A skilled worker of wood had made this chest. So much Lloyd saw, while Davy was on his way for the new tool and back again. The lock was a hasp; a padlock fastened it. "The hinges—" he told himself, and, when Davy came, the minister loosened the screws which held them till he could twist these screws out with his fingers and lift the lid and swing it half around.

The two men were on their knees, the little chest between them, as the lid gave way. Old Davy bent with eager curiosity to see; Lloyd saw full as much, but without bending. Saw a garment—a woman's gown, of white silk and soft lace, all finely sewed, and laid here so tenderly, its every fold arranged. A bit of some withered flower upon the bosom. And the minister stood up with a swift, unconscious movement—stood erect, with deeply burning, thoughtful eyes.

Old Davy, careful that his soiled hands should not mar the white loveliness before him, looked up at the minister.

"Grave-clothes, man," he whispered huskily. "The garments of the grave."

Lloyd turned away. He walked a dozen paces to the fence that marked the churchyard's boundary. He stood by it, his hands upon the topmost board. They did not rest upon the board; they gripped it tensely. There was no relaxation in his attitude, and his countenance was stern with thought. The old sexton watched him, a little awed by his silence; he moved uneasily when Lloyd turned again. Lloyd said:

"Close the lid, Davy. I will take it home with me. And—fill the grave."

"You'll not put it back again?"

"No, Davy."

The sexton began deliberately to replace the screws.

"A dark business, sir," he said.

Lloyd, surprisingly, smiled; and his voice was gentle.

"Not dark, Davy," he demurred. "Say, rather, light that illumines what has been dark and much beclouded. Light in dark places, Davy. Making many things clear."

Davy would have questioned him. But Lloyd seemed to repent his word; he would say no more. Before they left, he conjured Davy to silence. But Davy was given to loquacity, and the matter of the grave was, in due time, noised abroad.

Nevertheless, it remained to most men utter mystery, as it was to Davy Davis. One of those isolated incidents, breaking the placid monotony of life, which hint at hidden turmoil beneath outward calm. That to Lloyd Hughes it brought not mystery but understanding—a sorrowful understanding—and a lofty decision is to be attributed to certain episodes which, since those who might be wounded by the telling lie long since in Sinai churchyard, may here, at last, be mustered forth for all to see.

Enoch Lewis had been minister of Sinai church for many a year ago; he had been called "old Enoch" since men now in robust middle life were boys. But the years of his weakness were upon him; he was dying as an old tree dies, and young Lloyd

Hughes had come to take up the old man's tasks and powers. Lloyd was Sinai-born, but his father and his mother were long dead, and he had been away, schooling for the years of his manhood. So, when he came back, there was no home for him save with some of the congregation, and no place so fitting as in Enoch's house and under Enoch's guiding hand. He dwelt there at the first, and Margaret, Enoch's daughter, tended and cared for the two of them and saw that their wants were filled.

The young man found much in the old minister to admire; he liked talking with the other. And, on the whole, it seemed that Enoch fancied Lloyd. They spent long hours together, spent them, for the most part, in a shed behind the house, where Enoch was accustomed to go to do odd jobs of carpentry, to mend broken bureau drawers, to tinker with the wooden works of the clock that habitually stood upon the mantel in the dining-room. Enoch was skilled in these tasks; his stiff, blunt fingers had a magic with tools. And Lloyd used to watch him by the hour, while he listened to the other's stern and somber words.

The young man marked, one day, that Enoch's tools were in disorder, that he seemed to have no settled place for keeping any one of them, and he said casually,

"You should have a chest, sir, to stow your things away."

Enoch swung on him at that, with the stiff abruptness of age, studied him with scowling eyes, and, at length, he grumbled slowly:

"You're overconcerned, young man. I know my needs."

If Lloyd found some companionship in Enoch, he found a deeper pleasure in Margaret day by day. She was no girl, as Enoch had called her—no child, but a woman, maturely beautiful. This beauty that Lloyd perceived was not so much of the flesh as of the spirit—a loveliness tinged with grief profound, that he glimpsed now and again in her eyes, in the twist of her slow and gentle smile. He found her singularly simple and sweet and kind. Found himself seeking her out, watching for her rare moments of leisure so that he might be at her side.

She was the child of Enoch's old age—no older where years were concerned than Lloyd himself; yet she was, in many ways, infinitely more mature. There were times when, to his questions, she answered with a smile he could not read, a smile that hinted at infinite wisdom, yet told nothing at all.

She occupied those hours when the duties of the household did not command her in knitting and in sewing. Lloyd watched her, one day, making a shirt for Enoch. She was using a strong blue cloth, fit for use and wear; her thread was stout, her needle heavy. Yet he saw that the stitches which she took were fine as fine; and, presently, he asked:

"May I look at it? May I see the work you are doing?"

Margaret, faintly surprised, lifted her head in a questioning fashion; nevertheless, she slipped the needle through the coarse cloth, to hold it more securely, and passed the loose stuff across to him. He had to bend low to see the microscopic stitches where she had been working; they were miraculously regular and smooth.

"Like the work of a machine," he told her. Then amended that. "But no—no machine could do so well. Nevertheless, one would save you much time and labor."

She shook her head faintly as he handed the unfinished garment back to her.

"I have much time," she told him. "And this is work that is pleasant for me to do."

He nodded; but, a moment later, he exclaimed:

"The stitches are so close and small! It seems unfair to waste them on so rough a cloth. They should be set in fine stuff—set in silk, in lace, and sewed in silken thread."

He was looking toward her as he spoke, and the man was shocked at the slow change that crept across her countenance. Her eyes met his—eyes deep with some strange, mysterious renunciation. Her lips scarce moving, as though she spoke to herself, he heard her say,

"I thought so, once upon a—"

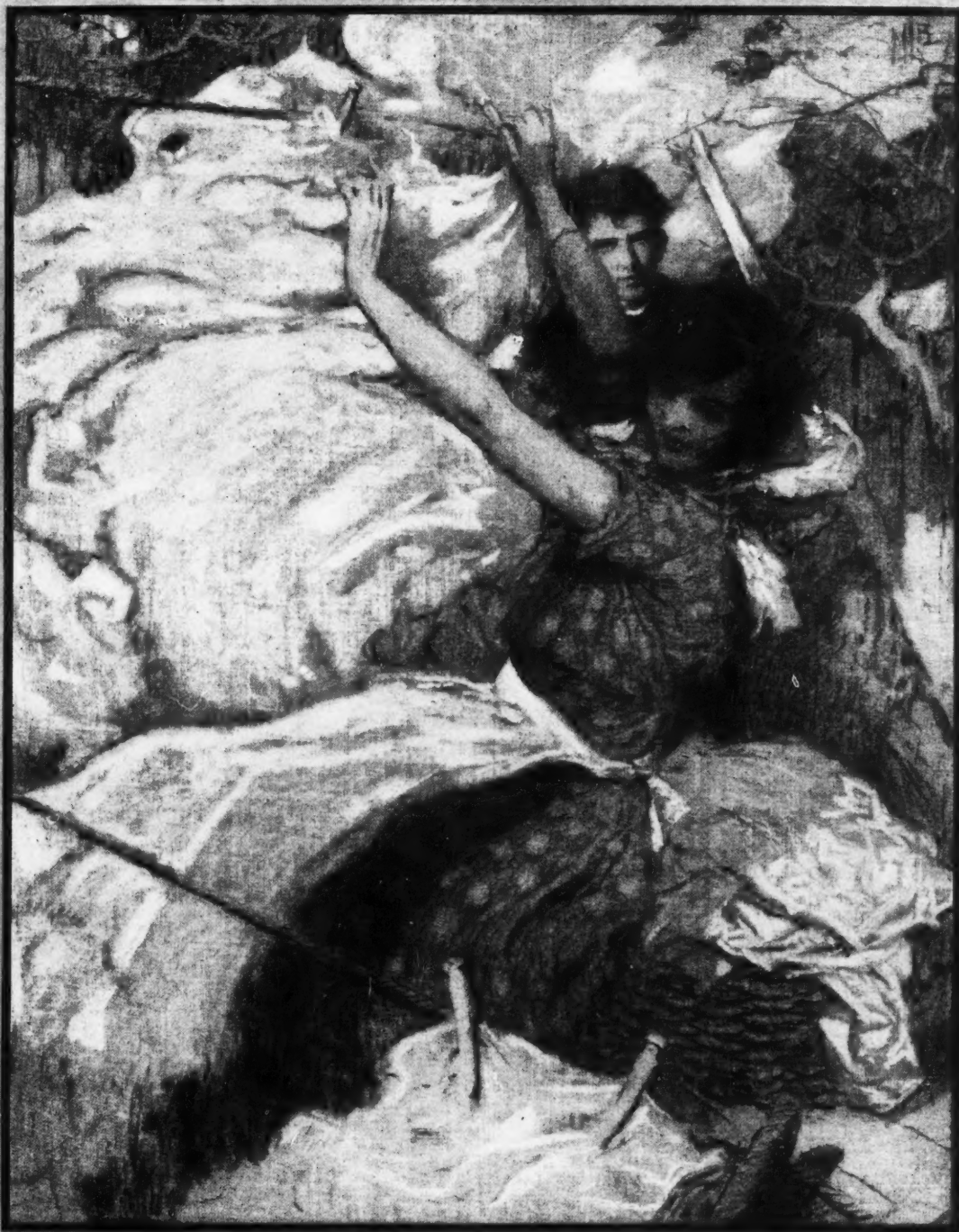
She shook her head abruptly, drew the back of her hand across her eyes, smiled at him, said no more. And Lloyd could not bring himself to question her.

When he had been in that house for some five weeks, he woke, one night, in his dark room, and knew that he loved Margaret. And the young man sat up in his bed as though he would have gone at once to tell her so. He slept no more till dawn.

But in the following days he did not tell her. There was in her some mysterious aloofness that forbade.

One evening, after supper, when they three, Enoch and Margaret and himself, were in the sitting-room together, Lloyd said to them,

"I will be getting out of your way now in a day or two."



Lloyd found Margaret busy in the side yard, hanging out freshly-tubbed garments, and he stopped to speak a word with her before he asked where her father might be

His stay in their home had been in the nature of an interlude while he found a more permanent lodging. They had taken him in as a guest, permitting him no payment at all. Nevertheless, both Enoch and Margaret were surprised. Margaret, at the moment, was sewing, her needle busy; she looked toward him with a slow lift of her head, without speaking; but Enoch said, in his harsh and measured tones:

"You're not in our way. The house is big enough for all."

Lloyd smiled.

"Of course. But, after all, I can't stay here indefinitely."

The old man's gaunt head moved in reluctant assent; he asked,

"Where are you minded to go?"

"I've been talking with Dan Jones," Lloyd told him. "He

lives all alone, you know, with just Mary Evans to care for him. He's willing I should come, and share and share."

He saw the sudden stiffening of the cords in Enoch's neck, the suddenly lowering brows; and he was conscious that Margaret, across the table, had paused for a moment in her sewing. Her needle was still. He looked toward her, saw her hands idle in her lap, met her eyes with something in them so profoundly moving that he was abashed, and drew his own glance away. Enoch was staring straight before him, and the big hand he rested on the table was clenched and hard. Yet neither spoke to him, and their very silence seemed to compel Lloyd to speak. He said, in a tone that was involuntarily apologetic:

"Dan used to be a big boy when I was a little one, I remember.

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Before I went away to school. I always liked him. And I stopped at his house the other day. He was very kind to me."

Enoch uttered a sound that could not be identified. Margaret sat still as stone, and Lloyd, puzzled and uncomfortable, saw that she was watching her father with some trace of apprehension, as though afraid of what he might do. Lloyd loved her—and he was not afraid of Enoch. There was something like defiance in his voice when he said again:

"So I am going to live with him. You've been bothered by me long enough—too long, I'm afraid. No doubt I should have gone before now."

Margaret said, in scarce more than a whisper.

"Oh—no."

But, still, she watched old Enoch, eyes no longer turned at all toward Lloyd.

And Enoch spoke abruptly. His gnarled hand did not stir; there was no movement in him. Yet it was as though he struck the board a smashing blow, so vigorous was his tone.

"Dan Jones!" he cried. "No fit company for you!"

Lloyd, surprised in spite of the warning that might have been read in their demeanor, nevertheless answered, steadily enough.

"I have believed all men fit company for those of—our vocation, sir."

"A godless man!" Enoch ejaculated. "A wicked and a godless man!"

The young minister's lips drew firm; they were a little whiter than their wont.

"I have not found him so," he gently protested.

"You have not found him so?" Enoch stumped to his feet, his face working with scorn. "He does not even come to the church of a Sabbath day!"

Lloyd nodded; and he smiled a little, in a friendly way.

"I know, sir," he agreed. "But if he will not come to the church, it is certain the church must go to him."

Enoch stood for a moment, a stark figure; and Lloyd could see in his eyes that he was groping for some word to say. Then, by little, his countenance softened; his eyes touched Margaret lightly, swung to Lloyd. There was something almost wistful in his tone.

"Eh," he said slowly. "But I was hoping you would stay—" He broke off in mid-sentence; he looked at Margaret again. "Tis time for worship!" he exclaimed harshly. "Time for prayers." And he turned toward the front room to get the big Bible.

While he was gone, Margaret went into the kitchen to perform some task, and Enoch was back before her. He waited for a moment, but Margaret was slow in coming; and the gaunt old man stumped to the kitchen door and said, with grim authority:

"Come, girl. Would you hinder the worship of God?"

Lloyd, marking this, thought Enoch's anger was not so much because she had delayed God's worship as because she had delayed Enoch Lewis. It is no new thing, for men who have long served Deity to arrogate to themselves some shadow of authority divine.

While Enoch chose and read a passage, Lloyd sat with thoughtful eyes; and Margaret was still, hands hidden in the stuff of her sewing, where it lay in her lap. Afterward, they knelt while the old man prayed, and, when he rose, he looked no more at either one of them, but went slowly through the door into the front hall and so to his room. Each door he closed behind him; the sound of his feet was deadened till they heard it no more.

Lloyd might have followed the old man's example, might have taken his lamp and gone up-stairs to bed; but Margaret made no move to go. She had resumed her work, and he could see the glint of light upon her thimble as she took each careful stitch. He thought she might speak, might offer some small explanation; he waited for word from her, watching her while he waited, forgetting his waiting in watching her. The lamp was between them, at her side; its light was bright upon her. He could see how smooth the skin of her cheek, how sweet the droop of her

lips, how rich the depths of her heavy hair. It was as though there was a palpable beauty hovering about her; Lloyd had a curious fancy that, if he stretched forth his hand, he might feel this beauty upon his fingers, heartening and warm. He checked his thoughts and curbed them, for fear the beat of his emotions might, without word from him, strike home upon her heart. For he could not bear to tell her that he loved her. And he wondered why this inhibition lay so strong upon his lips.

In the end, it was he who spoke, gently in apology.

"I—did not guess, did not know," he said. "He does not like Dan Jones."

She did not lift her eyes from her work; and he was conscious of a careful and restrained precision in her voice as she answered,

"No; my father does not like—Dan Jones."

"Should I have known?"

Margaret shook her head.

"There was no way you had of knowing. Dan would not tell you so."

He was so absorbed in his inquiry that if there were hint for



He was looking toward her as he spoke, and the man was nance. Her lips scarce moving, as though she spoke to She shook her head abruptly, smiled at him, said no

him in her way of fashioning Dan's name, he was not conscious of it. He asked intently,

"Why?"

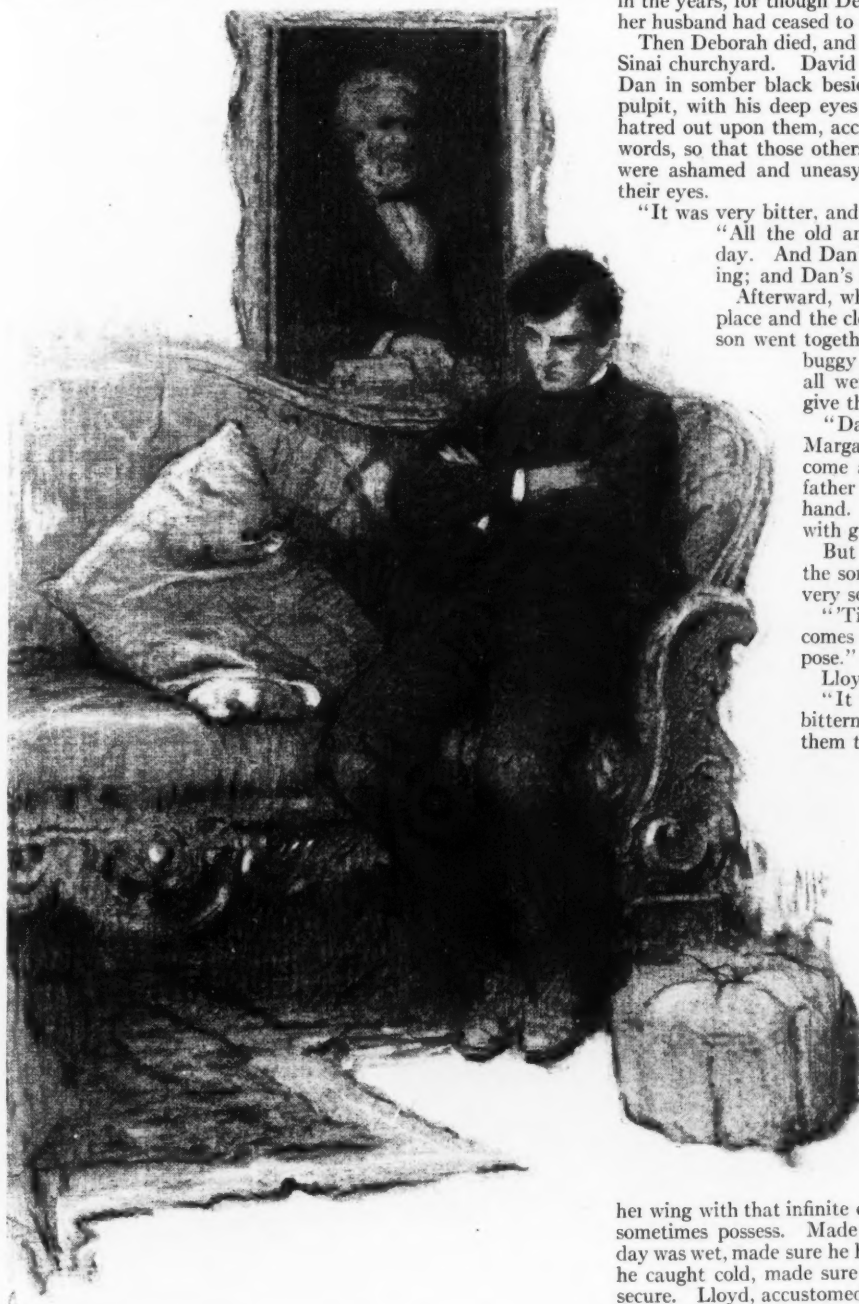
Her bosom lifted with something like a soundless sigh; she met his eyes for an instant.

"A—very old story," she said. "Strange. Hard to understand—unless you understand my father."

"I—think I understand your father," he told her, when he saw she did not mean to go on; and she was encouraged by his word. He saw that she would speak, and presently she did so.

Told him, in broken paragraphs that left much for him to guess, the ancient, ugly tale.

It had begun when Enoch and Dan's father were young men, when Enoch first took the pulpit of Sinai church and began his



shocked at the slow change that crept across her countenance, he heard her say, "I thought so, once upon a—"
more. And Lloyd could not bring himself to question her

ministry there. Two young men and a girl. Deborah Evans was her name. She preferred Dan's father in the end. "He was David Jones, Soar, you know," Margaret explained; and Lloyd nodded to show he knew the name.

Enoch married them, uttering the words of the service in a voice that was full of a young man's bitter and angry grief. And Enoch nursed her image in his heart, and nursed his grudge against the man she had preferred—until, a dozen years later, he took wife of his own, so that those who considered the matter supposed he had forgotten Deborah Evans long before.

His wife bore him Margaret, and when Margaret was halfway to womanhood, her mother died. Thereafter, she told Lloyd, old Enoch had grown more bitter day by day, and now and again his ancient grudge against Dan's father boiled to the surface in his talk with her at home. It had fattened somewhat in the years, for though Deborah came regularly to Sinai church, her husband had ceased to come.

Then Deborah died, and old Enoch buried her—buried her in Sinai churchyard. David was in Sinai church that day, his son Dan in somber black beside him. And old Enoch in the high pulpit, with his deep eyes flaming hot, had poured his ancient hatred out upon them, accusing and denouncing in unmeasured words, so that those others of the congregation who were there were ashamed and uneasy, and knew not which way to turn their eyes.

"It was very bitter, and very terrible," Margaret told Lloyd.

"All the old anger in my father was let loose that day. And Dan's father sat with head bowed, unmoving; and Dan's cheeks were red as fire."

Afterward, when the coffin had been lowered to its place and the clods began to fall, David Jones and his son went together to the carriage-shed and took their buggy and drove homeward. And because all were afraid of Enoch, none followed to give them any comforting.

"Dan's father died that winter," said Margaret. "After the funeral, he did not come abroad again. It was as though my father had charged his wife's death to his hand. He was broken, and he was weary with grief for her, and he was growing old."

But old Enoch's anger had descended to the son, had become a part of the minister's very soul.

"Times," said Margaret wistfully, "it comes out of him in a way you'd never suppose."

Lloyd nodded slowly.

"It is those we wrong against whom our bitterness most persists. It is easy to forgive them that trespass against us."

"Yes, yes; it is so," Margaret agreed. "Dan has no—no hate for him."

The young man cried impatiently:

"The thing should have been forgotten years ago! It should have been dead and buried long before this day!"

"Aye," said Margaret gently, a twist of humor in her quiet smile. "But 'tis not. 'Tis very much alive. As you have seen here but a bit ago."

Lloyd, in due time, moved his few belongings to Dan's home and established himself there. Mary Evans, sister of Dan's mother, lived with him and cared for him and for his home. She took Lloyd under

her wing with that infinite capacity for mothering which spinsters sometimes possess. Made sure that he wore rubbers when the day was wet, made sure he had greased flannel at his throat when he caught cold, made sure his socks were darned, his buttons all secure. Lloyd, accustomed to doing for himself for many years, was more comfortable and content than he had ever been before.

He found Dan congenial; they had that capacity for spending hours of silence together which goes with friendship. They shared a love for the out-of-doors, and were accustomed—when the farm-tasks could spare them—to tramp off together to some hilltop, and sit where they could overlook the misty countryside, speaking when they chose, but for the most part without words.

Lloyd still went frequently to Enoch's house, still saw Margaret as often as there was pretext for the seeing. Found in her new depths of steadfast charm with each encounter. When he spoke to her of Dan, she listened with more than usual attention, and, in like fashion, Dan attended closely whenever Lloyd mentioned Margaret to him. That the young minister did not—except subconsciously—mark these things may perhaps be attributed to the fact that Margaret had utterly taken possession

of his mind and heart, that he thought of little else, whether with her or apart from her.

He never spoke to Dan of Enoch's enmity, nor did Dan ever bring that ugly topic into the light of day.

So, presently, there came a warm and sunny afternoon when Lloyd went by invitation to Enoch's house for supper, and sat with Margaret and old Enoch about the familiar board. The old man was weary that evening—faintly broken and unsteady. He said he would not go to meeting that night; he was overtired. Lloyd saw, with some concern, that this was indeed true. The fire was going out of the man.

After supper, he talked with Enoch for a little, while Margaret washed the dishes; then, because it was very warm, they went out into the yard beside the house and sat there for a space in the cooler airs of early evenings, and the moon rose and shone upon them. It lent a new witchery to Margaret, which is the way of the moon. Lloyd found himself leaning forward in his chair while he talked with her; he was conscious that he was faintly trembling. And it seemed to him that Margaret's eyes were gentle, and very kind.

Then Enoch, who had been long silent, stirred where he sat; and Lloyd turned and saw that the old man was watching him and watching Margaret with something like approval in his stern eyes. Lloyd could read him ever so plainly. He rose, exclaiming that he must be on his way to Sinai church. Margaret would stay with her father. They saw him stride away.

It was no more than a half-mile walk, over the shoulder of a hill, through old Davy Davis' sheep-pasture. Yet on this walk through the late dusk, with the moon rendering all about as bright as day, Lloyd had time to measure himself. He knew that he loved Margaret; he knew—this evening had told him—that Enoch saw this and was glad. Margaret herself—she had ever been gentle and very kind to him; he could win her, would win her, for his own. With this determination strong upon him, shining in his eyes, hot in his blood, he came to Sinai, and found the congregation gathering, and went in, after some words with this man and with that, to his high pulpit under the big, hot lamp. Those who heard him marked the exaltation in his mood that night. He was a man uplifted and afire—

But when they were gone, old Davy took him out and showed him that hidden grave in Sinai churchyard; and when Lloyd walked home to Dan Jones' farm afterward, bearing the unearthed chest beneath his arm, the dim outline of the cross that was to be laid upon his shoulders was already taking shape before his eyes.

In order that the clay which smeared it should not soil his garments, Lloyd had wrapped the chest which he and Davy had dug up in an old newspaper they found in the *ty back*. At home, he found Dan Jones reading by the lamp in the sitting-room; and Lloyd's impulse was to strip away the wrappings then, and ask Dan if he had ever seen this box before. But he held his hand, laid his bundle down, sat for a little while with Dan, exchanging casual words. Dan did not ask what Lloyd had brought home; there were few questions between these two. And presently both rose, and Lloyd lighted his own lamp, and they separated, each going to his room.

Lloyd took his burden with him; he laid it upon his bed, and set the lamp near while he unwrapped the chest. The clay and dirt upon it were dry; he was able to brush the most of it away, and he moistened his towel and wiped the box clean of the rest, bundling up small clods and dust in the newspaper and laying them aside.

Then he bent to scrutinize the chest before him. He gave it

an attention as acute as though it had been mystery to him. His thoughts were already far ahead; he had, in some measure, read the riddle and knew what he must do. Nevertheless, the mechanical examination of this thing that he and Davy had brought to light served to steady the hammering of his heart, to quiet his thoughts; it was like an anchor in the whirling storm of his emotions.

A well-made little box, as he had seen. The corners dove-tailed; the lid was snug-fitting and secure. No sharp edges anywhere, but all smoothed and rounded by much usage, and polished by the laying-on of hands through year and year. The brass hinges and the lock were tarnished and were dull; nevertheless, they were in good repair.

Davy had not wedged home too tightly the screws that held the cover. Lloyd untwisted them between his fingers now, starting one or two with his knife-blade. When he was able to move the lid, he pushed it aside and took out, ever so tenderly, the soft gown that lay within the chest. Took it out upon his two hands, and held it closer to the lamp while he bent to scrutinize the fabric, to mark the tiny stitches along the seams. No work of a machine, but the sweet and ordered spacing which only a loving hand can give. Such stitches as Lloyd had seen before, and full, it seemed to Lloyd, of hopes and dreams plain for all to read.

"Blind, Davy," he said whimsically, half to himself. "Not grave-clothes, Davy, but a bridal gown."

He laid the garment at one side, turned his attention to the box again; and at once he saw that which he expected to find. The dark wood, colored by age, was marked off in squares and rectangles by lighter streaks, as the paper on a wall is splotched where a picture has overlong been hung. Studying these markings, Lloyd could reconstruct the interior of the chest as it had

formerly been. He was not long in confirming the thing he had already guessed. This chest had been made by a skilful worker in woods; it had been divided into compartments, fitted with slotted brackets, arranged as a receptacle for tools. All terribly plain. The young man pushed himself back from the bed where the thing lay; he rose and strode slowly across the room, eyes intent on nothing, thoughts tumultuous.

Understanding poured in upon him in that hour; it was as he had told Davy—the discovery of the chest and its contents shed light in dark places, lent significance to incidents that had gone unremarked, made clear many things by which he had been vaguely puzzled, without even putting a name to his perplexities, during the weeks since he had come to Sinai. Understanding poured in upon him, and a stern anger, and—a stern necessity.

There was never any indecision in Lloyd during that long night; there was never any doubt of what he must set himself to do. Yet his very decision was agony for the man; first moments of renunciation are not sweet. And this was renunciation—of so much he was sure. That he loved Margaret, he knew; that old Enoch was his friend, he knew. It was a choice that was presented to him. There were two cups, and one that he must drink. It was a choice, and yet no choice; for, Lloyd being what he was, there was, after all, but one cup he could choose, but one thing he could do.

No sleep for him that night at all. Dan, in the next room, heard him once walking to and fro, and called inquiry; but Lloyd answered cheerfully that all was well, and Dan was presently asleep again. Thereafter, Lloyd held himself

still; he stood for hours on end like a man of stone, so wrapped in thought he hardly seemed to breathe—turned with slow feet at last, and slipped gently to his knees beside the bed, and buried his head in his arms. Prayer.

(Continued on page 124)



WATCH Ben Ames Williams. He has gone far ahead, but not as far as he will. He has "both feet on the ground"—a six-footer, hard-muscled young chap of thirty-one, an athlete and hunter who spends his winters in Boston and his summers in Maine. His father is owner of the Jackson (Ohio) *Standard Journal*; Ben Williams himself was a newspaper man for six years. He wrote for four years before he sold his first story. Then, suddenly, he was hailed as a "find." Watch him!



Ethel was merciless. "I've often wondered what father saw in you. You're his favorite actor, you know. Is it true that actors aren't a bit clever, but only seem so because the authors write bright things for them to say?"

Man-handling Ethel

The love-story of a twentieth-century Queen of Sheba

By Frank R. Adams

Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell

IT must be what you feed her that makes her get like that," decided her father sagely. "Has she had a lot of raw meat lately?"

"You think this is something to be funny about, don't you?" Mrs. Hoyt replied. "You don't have to be around with Ethel all day long, as I do. She never picks up her clothes or does a thing to help in any way, and she speaks to me as if I were something she had bought for almost nothing at a slave market."

Hoyt, *père*, viewed his wife with tolerant eyes. She had been his domestic shock-absorber for twenty-five years, and he half sensed that this appeal to him for help was caused by something extraordinary in the way of family earthquakes.

"She has always been pleasant enough to me," Mr. Hoyt hazarded, "and I—"

"Humph," sniffed the lady of the house. "You're a man, and I suppose that even her own father would share a trifle in Ethel's tolerance merely because he wears trousers and buttons his coat on the unhandy side."

Ethel herself interrupted any further discussion of her qualities. She entered the dining-room, late for dinner. It had been her tardiness which had started her mother off on the subject of her habits. She sank, as she rather imagined Elsie Ferguson would do it, languidly into her chair.

"Mackerel for dinner!" she sighed, with petulant disdain.

"Your father adores it," suggested Mrs. Hoyt reprovingly.

Ethel said nothing, but pushed the plate away, and, with an air of resignation, buttered a square inch of bread and ate that with the mien of a martyr. Mr. Hoyt scowled.

"You eat your fish, young lady."

Ethel looked up, surprised at this show of interest on the part of her parent. Usually, he represented to her solely the donor of her pocket-money. Her clothing and sustenance she had never considered as coming particularly from him. Their source was a vaguely understood charge-account. She failed to make any move that indicated fear and trembling at her father's sudden harshness.

"I said, 'Eat your fish,'" he repeated.

"Pardon me for not replying," the girl said icily. "I heard you the first time, but I hardly considered that you were addressing me in that tone."

"Great guns!" exploded the head of the Hoyt family. "You either eat that fish or go to your room and retire at once without any dinner."

"It gives me great pleasure," said Ethel grandly, rising to her feet, "not to have to sit at this table any longer. The smell of that fish is odious."

At the door, she paused to bow—just a little bow. It made a better exit, and she swept up the stairs with her head high and with an imaginary train rippling over the steps behind her.

"You see—don't you?" said Mrs. Hoyt. It was impossible entirely to keep the pleasure out of her voice. The downfall of a

Man-handling Ethel

friend or even a husband can hardly be viewed without the temptation to say, "I told you so."

"What is the matter with her?" Mr. Hoyt demanded.

"An acute attack of beauty and what I believe is called 'charm,'" the wife diagnosed. "Some one has told Ethel that she has inherited her mother's features and complexion and some of her father's well-known wit, and the consciousness of it has made her dramatize herself into a Queen of Sheba, with her foot figuratively on the neck of an adoring masculine world. As I tried to tell you a little while ago, there are only two classes of people in Ethel's mind. One of them consists of herself and all the males in creation. The other is a negligible rabble of jealous women."

"Come now," said Mr. Hoyt; "surely you judge her too harshly."

"If you think so, suppose you read a few pages of her diary. You will find it under the mattress in her bed. I wouldn't have thought of reading it except that I heard the maid chuckling this morning while she was in there making up her room, and, of course, I took the book away from her. It's clever."

"It would be," Mr. Hoyt interjected.

"But, in some places, it's unintentionally funny. Here's what she wrote yesterday. I copied it out to show to you. Listen:

"I believe I can win any man in the world. Cleopatra must have felt like that. But I don't think Cleopatra had as much of that *je-ne-sais-quoi* which attracts men as I have. Cleopatra, you know, had the resources of an entire country to draw from, the gold of the nation, an army, thousands of slaves to do her bidding, while I have no one—absolutely no one—to aid me, nothing but sheer personality."

"The strange thing about it is that she knows how silly it sounds, because, in the very next paragraph, she says:

"I don't think I am really so very charming. It must be that other women are singularly lacking in attraction and that men are fools. That seems to be the inevitable, logical conclusion."

Mr. Hoyt lighted a forbidden after-dinner cigar and contemplated his family problem in silence.

"Did you, as a girl, go about doing fool things like that?" he demanded of the lady of the house.

"Well, I never was quite so silly."

"Wait a minute! Didn't you have this idea that all of us poor simps of men were just waiting for you to walk on our necks?"

"Why, I wouldn't put it just that way."

"Of course you wouldn't! But it seems to me I can recollect a sort of a queenly disdain with which you treated the men of the world when you were about eighteen. What was it cured you of it?"

"Getting one of my own," promptly replied Mrs. Hoyt.

"Correct answer," admitted her husband complacently.

"That's what we must find for Ethel—a young, domineering personality who will bust her neck whenever she pulls any of this fool stuff on him."

His wife regarded him suspiciously.

"Is that your idea of what you did?" she inquired.

"I am not going to tell you what I did. It's one of the secrets of my sex, and, in the eternal conflict, it wouldn't be fair to give away to one of the enemy the strategic secrets of our side." Then, changing the subject, "Do you think there is any danger of Ethel's fainting from lack of food."

"Don't let that worry you. She's been out to tea with that

new young man of hers from Princeton. That's why she was late. She has probably had about four dishes of ice-cream sprinkled with nuts, maple-sirup, chocolate, and assorted fruits, to say nothing of four or five kinds of French pastry and a couple of cocktails served in demi-tasses——"

"What!" exploded Mr. Hoyt. "You don't mean to say that Ethel would drink?"

"Why, yes. All the younger set do. I haven't just worked out



"My dear Miss Hoyt," Naila began, for her, almost flustered, "I never

the psychology of it yet, but I think that, since the passing of the prohibition amendment, a young man's enterprise and also the measure of his devotion is gaged by his ability to secure forbidden stimulants. The very expense and difficulties attending make them an especial tribute. I remember very distinctly I rather snobbishly encouraged you because you always sent orchids instead of roses and violets. It's the same idea."

Mr. Hoyt regarded his wife with respect.

"My dear, I am beginning to suspect that I married a woman with brains. But what you tell me about Ethel is rather overwhelming. Haven't you tried to stop her?"

"From drinking cocktails?"

"Yes."

"A year ago she promised me she wouldn't ever again—that was when I first knew about it. It's only recently that she has stepped over the line again, and I haven't said anything to her about it, because I don't want her to have to lie to me. She uses a very strong perfume with the false idea that it is more noticeable than the cocktail flavor."

"It seems," mused Hoyt, "that growing-up nowadays is a much more complicated and dangerous process than it used to be. A girl's mind ought not to be such a mess of trash as Ethel's seems to be."

"We must do something about it," his wife conceded. "But I have to admit frankly that I am at my wit's end. She has little respect for the intelligence of women other than herself, and right now I come under that broad classification: 'other

"Why—er— it seems to me that Ethel ought to meet up with some member of my own justly celebrated sex who would treat her like a worm."

"But every man she meets instantly succumbs. Mind you—I don't believe she is as attractive as she thinks she is, but there is something about the girl which makes slaves of the poor masculine fish. I don't see how we can do anything about it when every man she meets only turns her head the more."

"But look at the kind of men she knows—mere tad-boys, with no more important idea in their brains than how to raise a dinky mustache. I do think our child is out of her class with undergraduates. She's too bright for them, which is quite natural with her heritage. But pit her against a more mature intellect, a man who knows a low submarine trick or two about scuttling the female heart, and Ethel will be hollering for mercy and promising to be good just the way she used to when she was six and I ruined my best razor-strop in private conference with her."

"But where will you find a man like that—who would be in the least interested in Ethel? You have to remember that she really is very young."

"Leave that to me," finished Ethel's father complacently. He was beginning to have an idea. "I shall take great pleasure in aiding our darling Ethel to dismount from her very, very high horse."

That evening, Mr. Hoyt made one of his infrequent visits to The Lambs. The Lambs, of New York, as you doubtless know, is a social organization among

actors. It also includes among its members officers of the army and of the navy. Officers of the army and navy haven't any money, either; so there is a third class of members, called "non-professional," who are not excluded from the club if they happen to have quite a lot of kale. William Hoyt was one of this last class. He enjoyed his membership hugely, and had made many lasting friendships within the historic walls of the club; but, of late, his visits had become rather infrequent. He was usually pretty tired evenings, and, besides, he suspected that his wife disapproved. But this evening he had gone for a purpose, and as his eye roved over the room, it lighted upon the object of his visit almost immediately.

"Ernie," he said, gripping the shoulder of the aforesaid object, "I want you."

"Is this an individual arrest or is the entire club pinched?" asked Ernie, with mock apprehension.

"This is a private affair," returned Hoyt genially. "Do you know any place in this building where we can have an uninterrupted conference?"



dreamed but what you were a new beauty out of the chorus. Seeing you with Ernie——"

women.' I know I sound bitter and horrid, Will, but I've been fighting this all alone, and I'm just about discouraged."

Will Hoyt, husband, parent, and provider, knew what was expected of him; so he let his wife weep a little on his shoulder, and then, while they stood there together in the dining-room, solemnly promised to take the problem in hand personally and to provide a satisfactory solution almost immediately. Both of them knew that he hadn't an idea in mind, and that, in all probability, he could do no more with Ethel than her mother had, but such is the survival of the cave-idea that the wife immediately felt comfortable and hopeful at his words of assurance.

"It seems to me," said the owner of the weeping-shoulder, "that what Ethel needs is a good dose of her own medicine."

He didn't have any idea of a plan of campaign, but he threw this out as a sort of cheerful symptom that ratiocination was going on in his brain. This was on the theory that a sign of activity is all you need to calm the feminine or infantile mind.

"Just what do you mean by a 'dose of her own medicine?'" Mrs. Hoyt demanded specifically.

Man-handling Ethel

"The bar is always deserted now," suggested the actor dolefully. "You could stand up with one foot on the rail for an hour and no one would come near you."

"I guess the library is equally safe from intrusion," suggested Hoyt. "The last man who read anything in it died in 1914. The chairs are fairly comfortable there. Come on."

"Unfold the deep, dire, and doleful plot," suggested Ernest Eddison, when they were sitting entirely surrounded by bookshelves.

"You're a very good actor—" began the older man.

"I admit that," said Eddison modestly, "but when you have an idea like that, don't spring it in seclusion; tell it to a press-agent."

"Besides that," continued Hoyt, ignoring the interruption, "you are a reasonably steady and dependable young man, not exactly bad-looking, and I have an idea that women are not absolutely indifferent to you, especially," he added hastily, "if you don't expose yourself by talking too much."

"I do wish you would tell all this to my manager. I have said it myself to him a thousand times, but you are very convincing. However, what is the bitter pill that goes with this? You've got me hypnotized now so that I can stand almost anything."

"To come to the point," declared the older man, "I want you to break my daughter's heart. Now, before you try to think of anything funny about this, let me tell you that it's a serious matter. This girl of mine—she's only eighteen—has been absolutely spoiled by everybody, men especially. The young men she knows are a bunch of spineless caterpillars. She thinks that all she has to do is whistle and the entire male world will do a back-somersault and crawl on its tummy to her feet."

"Um—I see," said Ernie, pretending to consider the matter unsmilingly. "Well, just where do I come in?"

"You're to meet her, rouse her interest, and then throw her cold."

"Very, very pretty, but the plot lacks originality. It has been done before. Besides, I don't think my *fiancée* would like it."

"Are you engaged?"

"Yes, indeed! Even actors sometimes become engaged."

"Well, that makes it all the better."

"Why 'all the better'?" the actor demanded.

"Because, then, there is no danger of you falling for Ethel. Yes, you're just the man. You can explain it to your *fiancée*."

"Explain it to my *fiancée*? Evidently you have never met Margery. If you knew how much difficulty I had in squaring myself for that last-act kiss I used all last season with my leading woman in 'The Magic Hat,' you wouldn't suggest explaining it. No; it can't be done."

But Hoyt was a sincere reasoner, and he had set his mind upon carrying through this plot. Besides, several years before, he had been the "angel" back of Ernie Eddison's first starring vehicle. At the end of an hour, he emerged from the conference slightly exhausted but triumphant. Ernie followed him from the room, also exhausted but despondent, and wilted as if he were being towed in the wake of a chariot.

"To-morrow, then," said Hoyt, in parting, and Ernie weakly concurred.

Miss Hoyt did not meet Mr. Eddison at her home. Her father found out where Ethel was going to be the next afternoon, and sent the actor to that tea-and-dance emporium accompanied by a business associate who had met Ethel.

To shorten the story, it may as well be stated that Ernie took Ethel away from the male flapper she was using for a doormat that day without a struggle.

Upon Ernie Eddison, meeting her for the first time, Ethel dawned as a rather pleasant surprise. Her mouth had a petulant droop to it, but otherwise nature had done a very fair job upon Ethel.

There is no denying that her eyes gave you a jolt when you first encountered them trained speculatively upon you. There was a mysterious something about their depths which Ethel did nothing to detract from by the way she half sheltered them most of the time with lowered eyelashes. They were dark—navy blue, of the consistency of velvet—and they dared you to be interesting, to rouse a flicker of light in their slumberous depths.

It seems as if we are spending a good deal of time on Ethel's eyes, but, as a matter of fact, she spent a great deal of time on them herself. They were easily her best feature, and she admired them daily, practised expressions with them in front of a mirror,

and experimented for hours finding out the best effect to be gained by just an almost indistinguishable fleck of make-up in the shape of a shadow dusted under the corners. This made them seem deeper and more alluringly dangerous.

Ethel had a carefully cultivated indoor complexion. By sternly repressing a desire to play tennis and go sailing, she had attained an interesting pallor, with just that tawny suggestion of health back of it which makes a skin you love to write advertisements about.

Her hair was sleeked down over her ears—Ethel thought it made her look more mature that way—and parted in the middle. This is a very trying sort of coiffure, and Ethel gloried in being able to do it. You have to have a well-shaped head and a wonderful complexion to get away with it. The color of the head-covering was a rather dark shade of black with no lights in it at all. Next to her face, it gave the same effect that a long black-suede glove does to a lovely arm and shoulder.

Bodily, Ethel had not yet had time to ruin herself. Later, on the dietary she was following, she would probably get fat and waddly. But now she was languorously slender—slim, that is—but rounded. The languorous part was all put on. Ordinarily, she would have been a vigorous tomboy, as anyone could testify who had ever seen her on the beach in a one-piece *exposé* dashing into a surf that was cold and boisterous enough to make the life-guards think yearningly of the comfortable existence of a fireman.

On the summer afternoon that Ernie met her, Ethel wore furs round her neck, but nothing which was any protection against cold anywhere else. Her ankles and nearly up to her knees were covered only by her mother's most expensive pair of cobweb stockings. Her dress was dark-blue *crêpe de Chine*, which followed veraciously the uncorseted lines of her physiography. All in all, Ethel did not appear in the least the kind of girl you would care to have your only son go about with.

Mind you—this is a description of the way she hit Ernie Eddison at first glance. Her own mother, for instance, would never have described her that way at all—especially after she had found out about the stockings.

Ernie became interested in his job almost at once.

"No one understands you," he murmured into the place where her ear probably was, underneath the hair. They were dancing. "You are very complex. I knew that the minute I saw you."

He was saying all that while his mind was trying to decide whether or not her shoulders were quivering with just the faintest suspicion of a "shimmy." Ethel was like that—you never could quite tell whether she was being naughty or not.

She drew back and looked at him suspiciously from under the lash-fringe.

"It isn't necessary to begin with the conventional *ingénue* attack," she suggested coolly. "I've been over that so often. Let's skip down to the interesting part."

"You're anxious to get through with me?" he returned mockingly. "To cast me aside like a soiled glove?"

"That's last year's burlesque," she corrected. "This year, we drop 'em overboard like a sucked lemon. But in reply to your question about getting through with you, I can't tell until I've tried you out. I never had an actor before."

"You speak as if one had an actor like an attack of the measles."

"I think you might be fun," she contributed further. "If you run out of conversation, you can probably remember some of the lines out of your last season's play."

"That was rather passionate stuff," he doubted.

"I have asbestos ear-drums. You may fire at will."

That left the usually voluble Ernie hobbling for a few moments like a crippled Alpine chamois. Even an actor can't make love at the word of command.

They returned to their table. Ethel was merciless.

"I've often wondered what father saw in you. You're his favorite actor, you know. Is it true that actors aren't a bit clever, but only seem so because the authors write bright things for them to say?"

"It's quite true," admitted Ernie. "If it wasn't for the clever authors, I would be standing on the corner with a tin cup in my hand, wearing a sign: 'I am dumb.'"

During dinner that night, the working head of the Hoyt family was called to the telephone.

"It's Ernie Eddison," said the voice on the wire. "I just wanted to tell you that thing I told you I'd do is off."

"Why?"

"I've heart bus
"What mind. J
my dinne
Don't tha
gled over
Back at
"Ethel



"Did you mean what you told daddy?" "Lord, yes!" "Then tell it all over again to me"

"I've met your daughter, and I give up. If you want her heart busted, get somebody who owns an ice-pick and —"

"What's the matter, Ernie? Didn't she fall for you? Never mind. Just keep going, and don't weaken. I'm going back to my dinner now, and I'll put in a good word for you with Ethel. Don't thank me"—as muffled and incoherent sputterings gurgled over the wire. "Good-by." Mr. Hoyt hung up.

Back at the dinner-table, he arraigned his only child.

"Ethel, one of my friends just called up to say that you were

seen dancing to-day with that Mr. Eddison, the actor. Is that true?"

"What if it is? I've often heard you speak highly of him."

"As an actor, perhaps, and a man of the world, but not as a companion for my daughter. His record is—well, I have no right to revive dead scandals."

"What are you referring to, daddy?" Ethel reverted to the childish appellation as her interest became aroused.

"Perhaps he might tell you himself if you ever see him again,

which I am sure you will not, since I absolutely forbid it. I have no desire to see the name of Hoyt on the front page of the papers some day."

"Tell me what he did?" pleaded Ethel.

"It isn't so much what he did as what he is," returned her father, rather warming to his work. "He's just a good-looking stuffed dummy. All he has is lather in place of brains."

Mr. Hoyt thought of some other things he might have said about his young friend Ernie Eddison, but, like most brilliant thoughts, they occurred too late to incorporate in his speech, and he had to enjoy them all by himself as he lay in bed that night, recollecting how craftily he had spoken a good word for Ernest.

Ernie Eddison considered the incident closed. He had done his damndest and failed. It would not be necessary ever to see his friend Hoyt's insolent pup of a daughter again. He believed that he thought that thought with considerable pleasure and a sigh of relief. But, a little later, the places where she had scratched him began to itch. He found his mind unaccountably dwelling upon the provoking, artificial mystery of her eyes. And why should a mouth that had at first impressed him as discontented and supercilious haunt his thoughts as begging for kisses?

Ernie kicked himself slowly and methodically in the privacy of his own chamber. Was he an impressionable calf just out of high school? He was not—emphatically not. But damn that girl's lips!

Ernie called that evening on the most beautiful young woman he knew—no; not his *fiancée*—and kissed her once with a kiss that started out to be an endurance-contest but which finished almost immediately as a token of friendly regard.

It wasn't the right girl. Ernie was a trifle discouraged to find that there wasn't any remedy for his uneasiness.

A couple of days later, he went back to that place where he had first met her. Not that he had any idea that she would be there. He didn't want to see her. She was really too young and inconsequential a person for him to waste time on. A man simply had to have a dish of tea from time to time, and he happened to be near that place—that was all.

But, although he may not have noticed it himself, it is worthy of mention that Ernie went alone. Tea, solo, is an unusual diversion for an American man.

And, confound it, she wasn't there, either. But she might come in. Ernie, fortifying himself with this thought, sidestepped several invitations to join groups already assembled round friendly tables. Instead, he chose a secluded one for two—secluded, but in line with the door.

He had a complete quart of tea in him and had just given up when she arrived.

She looked smaller than he had remembered—smaller, frailer and more wistful. Had he been a psychologist, he would have recognized this superior and protective reaction to her appearance as a dangerous symptom.

Part of the effect was the *tailleur*, black, close-fitting, severe. The sleeves ended unexpectedly above her elbows, but otherwise it was all-covering. There was even a high-buttoned, choker-effect collar. A black-velvet tam, worn Alpine-chasseur style, back from the forehead, completed the unobtrusive ensemble.

She, too, was alone and, without seeing him at all, with eyes turned in the other direction in fact, she walked toward his table.

With an effort, she kept from noticing him until the scraping of his chair as he sprang to his feet absolutely compelled attention.

"Miss Hoyt!" he addressed her.

"You?" she replied, and made as if to pass on.

"Won't you have tea with me?" he invited, although he nearly choked at the word "tea."

She hesitated.

"My father has forbidden me to speak to you."

"Forbidden you! Why, he told me—the old son of a sea-cook—Sit down this minute and explain what you mean."

"I don't suppose it will count if I talk to you for a few minutes," she admitted. "It wouldn't be quite fair not to tell you why I must never see you again, would it?"

"It would not. Sit down, please."

She did, and smiled. Maybe she forgot her pose or something, but it seemed as if her lips were a little friendly.

"Tea," she told the hovering waiter.

"Real tea?" he inquired. He had waited on her before.

"Please. Bona-fide, actual tea. I'm on my good behavior to-day, Charles."

Ernie, not particularly shocked, or impressed, either, for that matter, with the byplay, plunged at once to the heart of the subject she had broached.

"Mr. Hoyt has forbidden you to see me? Why?"

"He wouldn't tell me the real reason. He hinted at something dreadful in your past. I'm expecting you to tell me what it is. I'm trying to acquire an interesting past myself, and perhaps yours will give me some ideas. What happened?"

"It's really too painful to repeat." Ernie declined to waste his inventive powers in bolstering up the lies of his friend Hoyt. "I'd really rather help you color up your own background than relate my own unhappy experiences."

"But you will never see me again," Ethel pointed out.

"Surely you don't intend to obey your fussy old father, do you?"

"In this case, yes. I believe he is right. There is something about you that warns me off. I never had anyone look at me quite as you do. There isn't as much despair as I'm accustomed to find in the masculine eye. No; I shall run to shelter before I find out any more about you."

"This is our last tea together, our last meeting?" queried Ernie, incredulous.

"Absolutely the finish."

"Then let's make it last as long as we can. I know a girl who is an artist—makes cover-cuts for the magazines—has a studio up at the Circle. We'll drop in and have a second oolong there."

Then they danced. Ernie did very well at it for a man who did not take it very seriously, and Ethel was a "wiz." Once or twice, Ernie missed a step. He was wondering why he was such a fool, and wishing that he never had to go back to real life. This teaching some one else a lesson was a thrilling game.

They moved on to the studio of Ernie's artist friend.

"I can't be annoyed with callers," Miss McCabe said, when Ernie presented himself. "I've got to deliver a bathing-girl cover to-morrow morning, and I haven't started yet. Model struck; no new-costume ideas. I'm grumpy, and would probably insult you, and—Who is that with you? Come in a moment." Without waiting for an introduction, Naila McCabe hauled Ethel into the light. "Tell me, girl—is your figure all your own, and will you let me copy it for fifteen minutes?"

"It's mine," admitted Ethel, slightly embarrassed, "and if I can help you—"

"You're an angel. Come with me while we fake a bathing-suit that will make 'em start copying it from 'Frisco to Deauville."

Ernie, unceremoniously abandoned, wondered why he had brought Ethel to this bedlam of artistic confusion.

He knew why when she came out and took a seat on the model-stand. There was no denying that Ethel was pretty close to physical perfection. Naila had clothed her in a pinned-together impromptu costume consisting principally of a fringed purple-silk scarf that made her pale beauty positively incandescent.

"What show are you with, dearie?" asked Naila absent-mindedly, as she hastily blocked in the outlines on her canvas.

"I'm not with any show," confessed Ethel.

"This is Miss Ethel Hoyt," said Ernie, with some slight dudgeon. "If you had paid any attention to me, I would have introduced you properly. Miss Hoyt's father is Mr. William Hoyt."

"The shingle king?"

"That's him."

"My dear Miss Hoyt," Naila began, for her, almost flustered, "I never dreamed but what you were a new beauty out of the chorus. Seeing you with Ernie—"

"For heaven's sake, don't make me out worse than I am," protested Ernie.

"I won't," returned the artist coolly. "But"—this to Ethel—

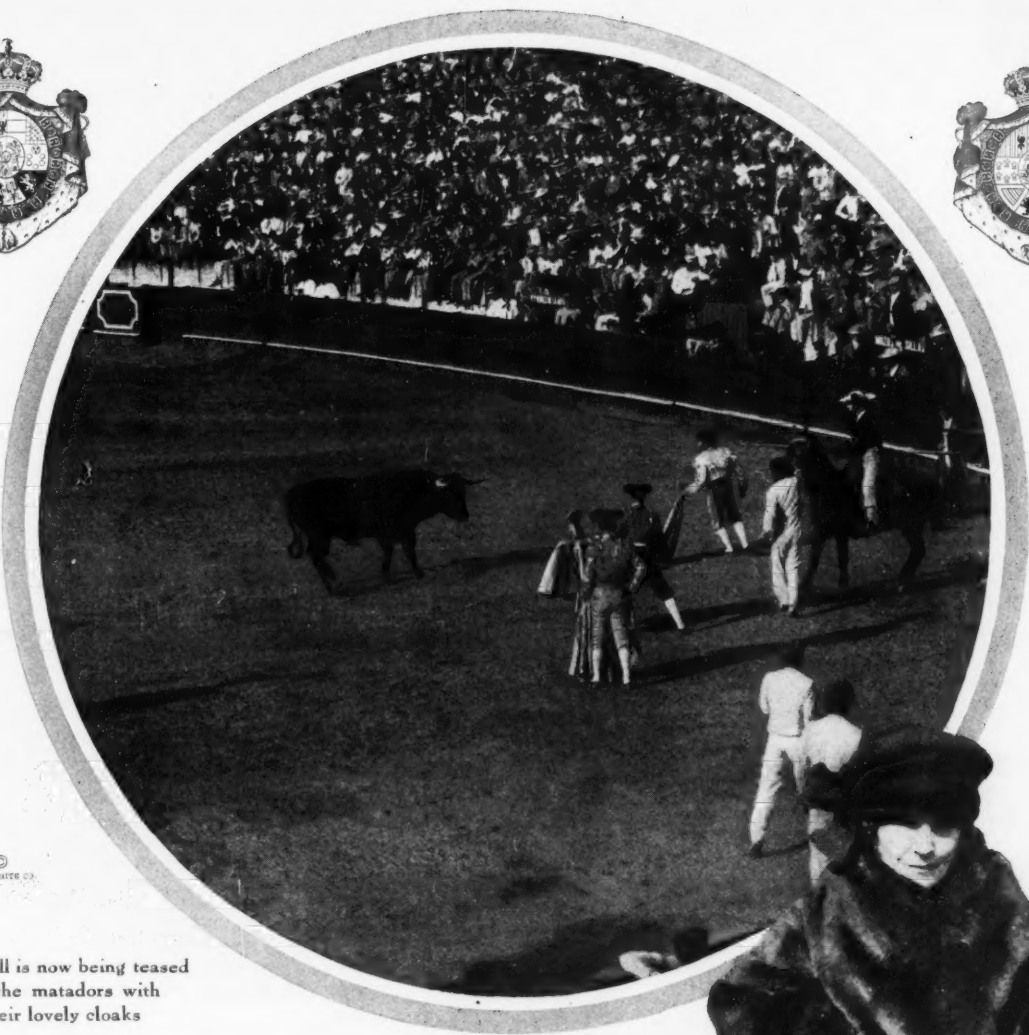
"I don't care if you are a debutante. You've got the prettiest young-girl figure I've ever set my eyes on, and I'm not going to let you get away until I've got at least one view of it on canvas."

"I'll pose for you again," offered Ethel.

"Will you? Hurray! Come day after to-morrow, if you can. I'll use you for the undraped figure in my exhibition piece. I haven't started it yet. Guess I've just been waiting for you."

"Undraped?" faltered Ethel.

"Yes. There'll be no one here but ourselves. Besides, what's the difference? If you think that thing you've got on conceals any of your God-given outline, you're going to be undeceived when you see my sketch of it. I wish I could paint that blush, my dear. Why, your knees are positively crimson!" (Continued on page 127)



The bull is now being teased
by the matadors with
their lovely cloaks

Elinor Glyn's Thoughts on A Real Bull-fight A Real Cock-fight and Their Social Side

I WANT to tell you, X, about the Corrida de Beneficiencia, whose proceeds go to hospitals. My first bull-fight!

The ladies in waiting of the queen drive about in broughams drawn by mules, not horses—such sprightly, saucy fellows, which go at such a pace. We seemed almost to be keeping up with the motors as we went to the bull-ring. We saw picadors on their way there, riding the poor old horses which would afterward play so pitiful a part in the show, and an eager, excited crowd, all progressing in the same direction. The men, dark, masculine-looking creatures, with the high-crowned Spanish hats, and not a great number of women, and not nearly so many as I expected in combs and mantillas.

At the ring, we went up the private staircase to the box of the Duke of T—, the great breeder of bulls. All round, over the fronts of the boxes, embroidered banners of the coats of arms of the old families are hung. It is such a very pretty sight, and like what the old tournaments must have looked. The boxes, otherwise, are primitive places, not decorated at all, and only those in the shade are for the expensive seats; the part in the sun costs much less. But I think even cheap seats are about ten pesetas (about two dollars), and a box costs a large sum. So, as there are thousands of people there, it must mean a great deal of money.

The scene, looking down at it, is very animated, and suppressed excitement is in the air. Every person who is there is tingling with expectation.

And here I must state that, although, to us, it may seem just a brutal exhibition, to Spaniards it is not that at all, but every action of the picadors and the matadors is judged as to whether



Elinor Glyn

Elinor Glyn's Thoughts on a Real Bull-fight

it is or is not done "in style"—every stroke is understood and the art of the thing appreciated, so that the hideous aspect does not matter to them, and does not even strike them, their whole concentration being fixed upon the skill of those taking part.

And, once one has controlled one's nerves and riveted one's attention solely upon the bull and the matador when, at last, they are alone together, I can only say that it is the most madly exciting exhibition that one could possibly see in this age.

You will, perhaps, be very shocked when I tell you that something wild and tigerish and primitive in me rose when the horror of the horse stage had passed, and thrilled me with pleasurable excitement. I somehow seemed to have gone back into a former life, and was sitting in the Colosseum in Rome watching something still more terrible. It was very curious, and, judging by my own fierce feelings who am a civilized, balanced creature, and

All living things, animal or human, have a vein of cruelty in them if they are strong, and custom deadens any horror after a while, as all those men who fought in the war know well.

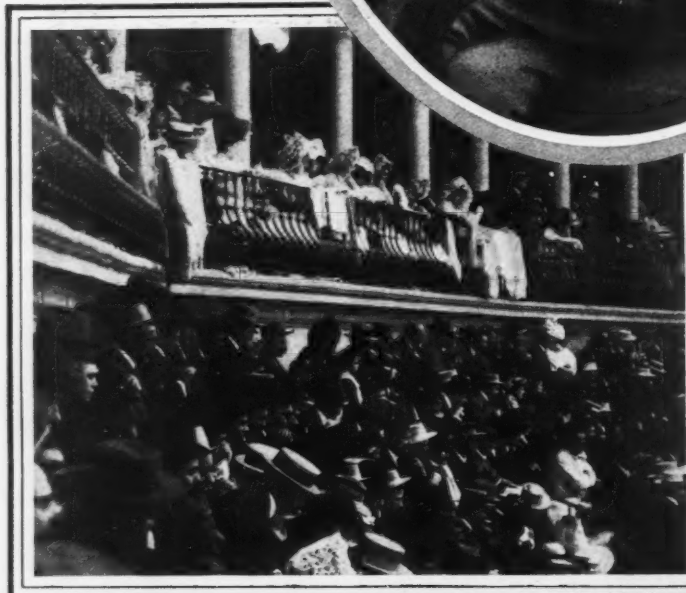
So let us return to the bull-ring in Madrid, and you, X, must sit beside me on the queer, high, leather-covered hanquette in the Duke of T—'s box and watch with my eyes.

I hope you will like my black-satin dress and the orange roses beneath my high tortoise-shell comb—which that beautiful, adorable Queen of Spain gave me, and which gleam through the black lace of my mantilla—as much as I like the Varidian green silk of Señorita de Tovar with the white mantilla and pale-pink carnations; and I am glad I put on my long diamond earrings, as all the other ladies have. I should not have thought of wearing them in the daytime if I had not been told.

Look over there! A few boxes away, the royal party has just come in—the queen and Lady Carisbrooke look better than anyone else, because of their skins—like cream and roses. And what an amused, whimsical expression the king has! This is the first time I have seen him out of uniform, except playing polo.

Alfonso XIII. King of Spain That is the Marquis of Viana behind him—that very smart-looking man with the grayish hair and merry eye. And don't you think all the men are awfully well dressed, now that one sees them in mufti?

Have you ever seen such a throng? There is not one place empty. Belmonté and Joselito are both going to fight to-day, and eight bulls are going to be killed instead of the usual six.

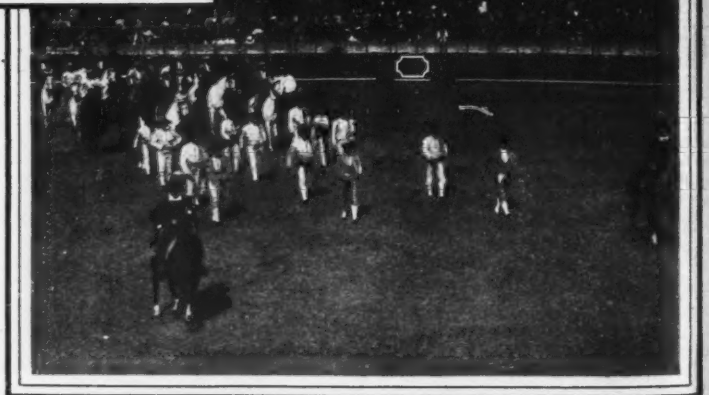


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The scene is very animated, and suppressed excitement is in the air. Every person who is there is tingling with expectation

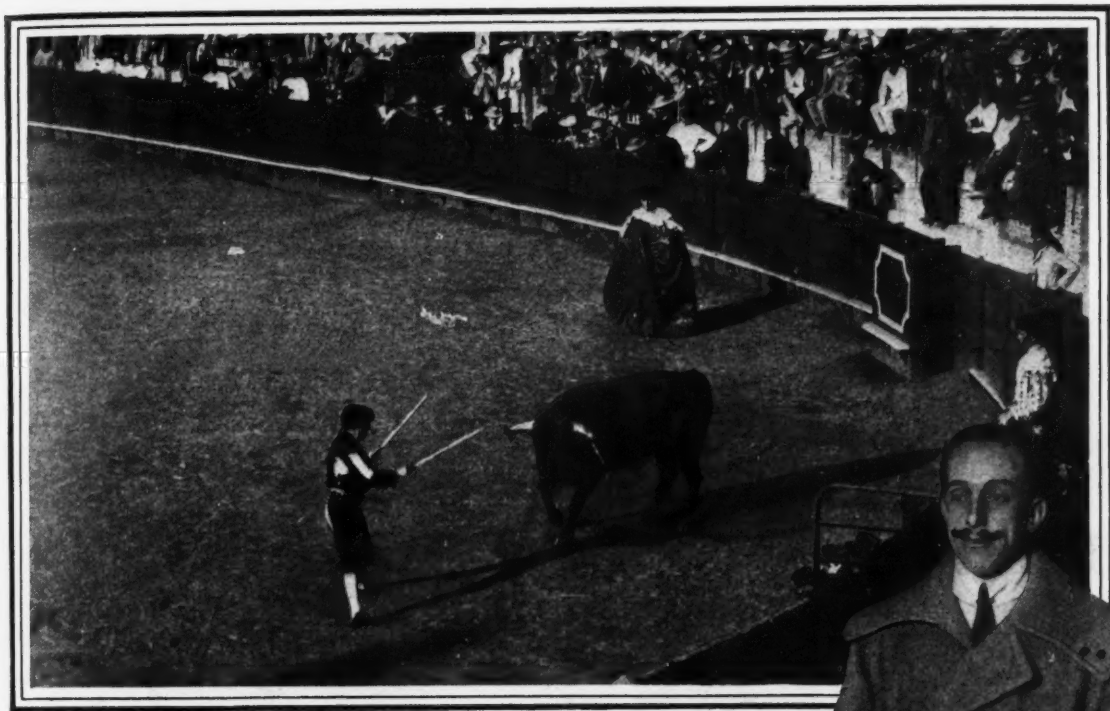
one who loves animals and, beyond all, who *loves fair play*, I am sure that such sights rouse emotions in human beings which, in the end, cannot be good for the advancement of civilization in a race.

And yet, at the present stage of the world's unrest, a legitimate outlet for fierce passions may be a safety-valve in that particular country, and keep it from worse things. And—of this I am certain—the Providence who rules this universe knows his business, and will not let bull-fights go on a moment after they have served their end in the general scheme of things. And, meanwhile, it is *not* for strangers to judge or condemn any national sport in any country, and so I shall simply confine myself to describing to you what actually happens, and my first impression of it.



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The procession is coming in to the sound of the national anthem



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Now the *banderillas* will be thrown at the bull. This part of the fight is very dangerous

Listen! Because the Duke of T— is telling you that, if the people approve greatly of the matador's final stroke, they will wave their handkerchiefs and give cries of applause and throw their hats at him, and oranges, and go on until the president accords the matador the bull's ear—a trophy, like our fox's brush, highly prized. But if they are not pleased, they will groan and show their displeasure. And no matter what a public favorite the matador may be, he is only appreciated from day to day according to his "style" in fighting on each occasion. They groan at Belmonté and Joselito even, if they make the slightest mistake or miscalculation of a stroke. So it must be terribly nervous work for the matadors.

Those men with the red shirts and caps and gray trousers are the men who lead in the mules at the end when they drag the bull out and the dead horses, and they also come into the ring continuously to cover up the awful blood and entrails with sand while the performance is going on, and they despatch the horses when mortally wounded and remove the saddles. They have to be extremely agile to vault the palisade when the bull comes too near them—I think their duties are horrid ones with no kudos attached to them.

Now the trumpets are sounding, and the procession is coming in to the music of the national anthem. A glittering train of men on horseback and on foot, and those clattering mules harnessed in sixes and eights are to drag out the dead horses and the bull at the end. The man on horseback in black velvet and silver will receive the key of the bull's door from the president, and the picadors, with the long lances, are riding those wretched poor brutes which will be tossed presently. The picadors' legs are cased in steel under their trousers. And now come the matadors, who are too beautiful and gorgeous in their light



© NEWSPAPER ILLUSTRATION

The Queen of Spain at a bull-fight



© LONDON DAILY MAIL

What an amused, whimsical expression the King has!

gold and silver-embroidered garments. There seem to be a good number of them, but only three will actually kill the bulls. The others will tease them with cloaks, and throw the *banderillas* (sharp darts). Belmonté is that rather grim-looking man with the powerful face; and that extremely good-looking slender one is Joselito—the adored of all the female population, and, indeed, the darling of the people altogether. Is he not clean-cut and well-bred. (Continued on page 120)



Josephine flashed a brilliant smile upon Wingate.

The Profiteers

XII

ANDREW SLATE, a very personable man in his spring clothes of gray tweed, took up his hat and prepared to depart. Half-past twelve had just struck by Wingate's clock, and the two men had been together since ten.

"You're a wonderful person, Wingate," Slate said, with admiration in his tone. "I don't believe there's another man breathing who would have had the courage to plan a *coup* like this."

Wingate shrugged his shoulders.

"The men who dig deep into life," he replied, as he shook hands, "are the men who take risks. I was never meant to be one of those who scratch about on the surface."

A note was slipped into his letter-box as he let Slate out. He read it slowly, with a hard smile upon his lips.

MY DEAR MR. WINGATE:

I am writing to express to you my sincere and heartfelt regret for last night's unfortunate incident. I can do no more nor any less than to confess in plain words that I was drunk. It is a humiliating confession, but it happens to be the truth. Will you accept this apology in the spirit in which it is tendered, and wipe out the whole incident from your memory?

Yours regretfully,

DREDLINTON.

Wingate was conscious of a feeling of disappointment as he threw the note upon the table. Open warfare was, after all, so much better. An *amende* so complete left him with no alternative save acquiescence. Even while he was coming to this somewhat unwelcome decision, the telephone-bell rang. It was Josephine speaking.

"Is that Mr. Wingate?" she asked.

"It is," he admitted. "Good-morning—Josephine!"

"Quite right," she answered composedly. "That is how I like to have you call me. I am speaking for my husband. He is here by my side at the present moment, and desires me to intercede with you, to beg your acceptance of the apology which he has sent you this morning."

"No further word need be spoken upon the subject," Wingate replied. "Your husband has tendered his apology. I accept it."

THIS is Mr. Oppenheim at his best—the story of Wingate, America's young financial wizard.

Arriving in England, he finds himself almost immediately involved in a fight to the finish with unscrupulous Peter Phipps, his old-time enemy.

Phipps is cornering the world's wheat-supply through British & Imperial Granaries. He has a sentimental interest in the Countess of Dredlington and has put her rotter husband on his directorate.

There was a brief pause. Josephine was obviously repeating Wingate's decision to her husband. Then she spoke again.

"My husband desires me to thank you," she said. "He desires me to hope that you will continue to visit at the house, and that you will not allow anything he may have said to interfere between our friendship."

"Nothing that he has said or could say could interfere with that," Wingate assured her. "Shall I see you to-day?"

"I hope so," she answered. "Perhaps after luncheon."

There was a sound as though the receiver had been taken from her fingers. Dredlington himself spoke.

"Look here, Wingate: This is Dredlington speaking," he said. "You won't let this little affair make any difference in your call upon us on Tuesday morning?"

"Certainly not," Wingate replied. "I was thinking of writing you about that, though. I don't see any object in my coming. I think you had better let me off that visit."

"My dear fellow," Dredlington pleaded, "if you don't come, Phipps will think it is because of last night's affair, and I shall get it in the neck. I'm in disgrace enough already."

Wingate hesitated for a moment.

"Very well," he assented; "I will go. Is that all?"

"That's all. Thanks."

"I should like to speak to your wife again," Wingate said.

"Sorry—she's just gone out," was the rather malicious reply. "I'd have kept her for you if I'd known. So long!"

A knocking at the door—a rather low, suggestive knocking. Wingate knew that it was an impossibility, but he nevertheless hastened to throw it open. Miss Flossie Lane stood there, very becomingly dressed in a tailor-made costume of covert coating. She wore a hat with yellow buttercups.

"Miss Lane!" he exclaimed.



ignored her husband and Phipps, and passed on

E. Phillips Oppenheim's *latest—and most entertaining—novel*

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Wingate discovers that the countess is the girl he loved in France as "Sister Josephine." Preparing to fight Phipps, he employs Andrew Slate, well known in the underworld.

At a supper-party, at which both Wingate and Phipps are present, Lord Dredlington offers, as a drunken jest, to auction off his wife. Wingate drags him from the room. At the party, Wingate meets Flossie Lane, a musical-comedy actress, who shows an immediate interest in him.

She looked at him with wide-open eyes.

"But you were expecting me, weren't you?" she asked. "I remembered your inviting me quite well, but I couldn't remember where you said. So I thought I'd better come and fetch you. I haven't done wrong, have I?"

"Most certainly not," Wingate replied. "Come in, please. I'll ring for a cocktail and send down to engage a table."

She sank into an easy chair and looked round her, while Wingate did as he had suggested. The sitting-room was a very masculine but eminently habitable apartment.

"This is quite the nicest flat in the court," she declared. "and I've been in so many of them. How did you find time to furnish it like this? I thought that you'd only just arrived from America."

"I come to London often enough to keep this little suite here," he explained. "I am one of those domestic people who like to have a home of some sort to come to at the end of a journey."

"You're much too nice to live alone," she ventured.

The cocktails and Wingate's choice of a table in the grill-room were alike approved of. Wingate himself, as soon as he had recovered from the assurance with which his guest had manufactured her invitation, devoted himself, with a hard light in his eyes, to the task of entertaining her. The whole gamut of her attractions were let loose for his benefit. He represented to her the one desirable thing, difficult of attainment, perhaps, but worth the effort. Soft glances and words hinting at tenderness, sighs and half-spoken appeals were all made to serve their obvious purpose. If Wingate's responses were a little artificial, he still made no attempt to hurry through the meal.

They took their coffee and liqueurs in the foyer. Flossie, perfectly satisfied with her companion and her progress with him, chattered gaily away with hardly a pause, and Wingate, after

his first resentment at her coming had passed, found a certain relief in sitting and listening to her equable flow of nonsense.

"You know Lady Dredlington very well, don't you, Mr. Wingate?" she asked presently.

His answer was marked with a warning note of stiffness.

"Lady Dredlington?" he repeated. "I know her—certainly. I was at her hospital at Étaples."

"Everyone says that she is charming," the young lady continued, with a side glance at him. "Pity she can't keep that wicked husband of hers a little more under control. You know, Mr. Wingate," she confided, "he has asked me to supper four or five times, but I have never cared about going with him quite alone. A girl has to be so careful in my position."

"I suppose so," he replied absently, for his eyes were fixed upon two men walking up the carpeted way from the restaurant. One was Peter Phipps, the other Lord Dredlington. Flossie Lane, seeking to discover the cause of her companion's abstraction, glanced in the same direction and recognized them at once.

"Why, here is Lord Dredlington!" she exclaimed. "And Mr. Peter Phipps! He is rather a dear person, Mr. Phipps!"

"Is he?" Wingate observed grimly.

"They are coming to speak to us," the young lady went on. "What a bother!"

Lord Dredlington, more dignified than usual, but, if possible, still more unpleasant, threaded his way between the chairs and paused before the two, followed, a few paces behind, by Phipps.

"Hullo, Flossie!" the former exclaimed. "How are you, Wingate? You got my letter?"

"I received your letter and also your telephone message," Wingate replied stiffly. "So far as I am concerned, the matter, as I told you, is at an end."

"That's all right, then. Flossie," Dredlington continued, looking reproachfully at the young woman, "I told you last night that you ought to know better. You should confine your attentions to the black sheep of the world like me. Dear me!" he went on, standing a little on one side so as not to conceal Wingate. "My wife, apparently, has been lunching here. Wingate, shall we form a screen in front of you, or are you content to be toppled from your pedestal?"

Wingate met the ill-natured sneer indifferently. He even smiled as Phipps, standing outside the little circle, also altered

his position. It was clearly the intention of both that Josephine should realize the situation. Attracted by a gesture from her husband, she glanced across at them. For a single moment, she half hesitated. There was a look in her eyes of surprise mingled with pain. Then she flashed a brilliant smile upon Wingate, ignored her husband and Phipps, and passed on.

"Cut!" Lord Dredlington exclaimed, with mock dismay. "Cut, my friend Phipps! Me, her husband, and you, her dear friend! Really, it's a most uncomfortable thing to have a disapproving wife going about to the same restaurants and places. Let us go and sulk in a corner, Phipps, and leave this little comedy here to develop. Farewell, faithless Flossie! Wingate," he concluded, shaking his head, "you have disappointed me."

They passed on. The young lady tossed her head angrily.

"There are times," she announced, "when I hate Lord Dredlington. I don't know anyone who can say such horrid things without being actually rude. I'm sure his wife looks much too good for him," she added generously.

Wingate's nerves were all on edge. He glanced at his watch and rose regretfully to his feet.

"I am afraid," he said, as he led the way toward the exit, "that I must go back to work. Thank you so much for coming and taking pity upon a lonely man, Miss Lane."

"You can have all that sort of pity you like," she whispered.

"Then I shall certainly make demands upon it," he assured her, as they parted at the door.

He found himself presently back in the cool and pleasantly austere surroundings of his sitting-room, and threw himself into an easy chair drawn up in front of the wide-flung windows. He felt a sudden and passionate distaste for his recent environment—the faint perfume which had crept out from the girl's hair and face as she had leaned toward him, the brushing of her clothes against his, the daring exposure of silk stocking, the continual flirtatious appeal of her eyes and lips. He felt himself in revolt against even that faint instinct of toleration which her prettiness and, at times, subtle advances had kindled in him. He let his thoughts rest upon the more wonderful things which smoldered in his brain and leaped like fire through his veins when he dared to think of them. The room seemed suddenly purified, made fit for her presence.

"I am sure that Mr. Wingate will see me if he is alone," he heard a familiar voice say.

He sprang to his feet, realizing, in those few moments, into what paradise his thoughts had been climbing.

XIII

JOSEPHINE accepted the easy chair which he wheeled up for her and glanced round the room critically.

"Just what I expected," she murmured. "A nice, healthy man's room, without too much furniture and with plenty of books. You are wondering why I came, of course."

"I am too content with the good fortune which brought you to find time for wonder," he replied.

"You'll laugh at me when I tell you," she warned him.

"You needn't tell me at all unless you like. You are here. That is enough for me."

"I am putting myself into the confessional," she declared. "I was leaving the place with a disagreeable taste in my mouth. At the last moment, even as I was stepping into a taxi-cab, I turned back. I went, instead, to the desk and boldly asked for the number of your suite. I want that taste removed, please."

"Tell me how I can do it in the quickest possible manner," he begged.

She turned and looked at him, inquiringly at first, then with a delightful little smile.

"By assuring me that you are not going to emulate, in however innocent a fashion, my husband's exploits in the musical-comedy world."

He leaned over her chair and looked into her eyes.

"Honestly," he asked, "do you need any assurance?"

"That is the funny part of it," she laughed. "Since I am here, since I have seen you, I don't feel that I do, but down-stairs I had quite a horrid little pain."

"You will never have occasion to feel it again," he told her. "I met Miss Flossie Lane last night for the first time at the supper-party to which Roger Kendrick took me. I was placed next to her, and, somehow or other, she seems to have convinced herself that I invited her to lunch to-day."

"And you?"

"To be perfectly honest, I can't remember having done anything of the sort. However, what was I to do?"

"What you did, of course. That is finished. Now tell me about that party? Was Dredlington really rude to you?"

"Your husband was drunk," Wingate answered. "He was rude to everybody."

"And what was the end of it?"

"I carried him out of the room and locked him up," he told her. She laughed softly.

"I can see you doing it," she declared. "Are you as strong as you look, Mr. John Wingate?"

"I am strong enough to carry you away and lock you up if you don't call me 'John,'" he replied.

"John," then," she said. "I don't mind calling you 'John.' I like it. How fortunate," she went on lazily, "that we really did get to know one another well in those days at Étapes! It saves one from all those twinges one feels about sudden friendships, for you know, after all, in a way, nothing at Étapes counted. You were just the most charming of my patients, and the most interesting, but still a patient. Here, you simply walk into my life and take me by storm. You make a very foolish woman of me. If I had to say to myself, 'Why, I have known him less than a week!' it would hurt my pride horribly."

"Blessed little bit of shell that found a temporary shelter in my arm!" he exclaimed. "All the same, I feel just like you do. Out there, for all your graciousness, you were something sacred, something far away."

"And here?" she whispered.

"Shall I tell you?" he asked, with a sudden fire in his eyes.

She thrust out her hands.

"For heaven's sake, no!" she begged. "I'm afraid to think—afraid of actual thoughts. Don't let us give form to anything. Let me be content to just feel this new warmth in my life."

She leaned back in her chair with a contented sigh. A little tug came snorting up the river. Even the roar of the traffic over Waterloo Bridge seemed muffled and disintegrated by the breeze which swept on its way through the rustling lime trees.

"You are wonderfully situated here," she went on. "I don't believe it is London at all. It rests me more than any place I have been in for a long time, and yet, at the same time, I think that it is going to make me sad."

"Sad? But why?" he asked anxiously.

"Because it seems like one of the stopping-places—where one steps off to think, you know. I don't want to think. I have had nine such miserable years. You see, I thought Henry was different. I thought he only wanted a little understanding, a little kindness. I made a mistake."

"Life is too wonderful a thing," he insisted, "to lose the glory of it for one mistake."

"I am on the rocks," she sighed, "now and always. If I were made like your little luncheon friend, it might be different. I suppose I should spread my wings and settle down upon another planet. But I can't. I am differently made. I am not proud of it. I wish I weren't. It wouldn't all seem so hard then. I am still young, you know—really," she added, with a note of rebellion in her tone.

"How young?"

"Thirty-one."

"Nowadays, that is youth," he declared confidently, "and youth means hope."

"Sometimes," she admitted, a little listlessly, "I have dared to feel hope. I have felt it more than ever since you came. I don't know why, but there it is."

He turned his head and looked at her, appraisingly yet with reverence. No measure of despair could alter the fact that she was a very beautiful woman. She spoke the words of lifelessness; yet she possessed everything which men desire.

"The tragedy with you," he pronounced, "is the absence of affection in your life."

"Do you think that I haven't the power for caring?" she asked quietly.

"I think that you have had no one to care for," he answered. "I think there has been no one to care for you in the way you wanted. But those days are over."

For the first time, she showed some signs of that faint and growing uneasiness in his presence. She glanced at the clock and changed the subject abruptly.

"Do you know that I have been here all this time," she reminded him, "and we have not said a word about our campaign."

"There is a great deal connected with it, or, rather, my side of it," he declared, "which I shall never tell you."

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"I don't recognize myself," she murmured. "Is this what love brings, John?"

XIV

"You trust me?" she asked, a little timidly. "You don't think that I should betray you to my husband?"

He laughed the idea to scorn.

"It isn't that," he assured her. "The machinery I have knocked into shape is crude in its way, but the lives and liberty of those underneath depend upon its workings."

"It sounds mysterious," she confessed.

He held out his hands.

"If you say that it is to be an alliance, Josephine," he decided, "it shall be. I need your help enormously, but you must make up your mind to run a certain measure of risk."

She smiled confidently.

"What risk is there for me to run?" she asked. "What measure of unhappiness could be crowded into my life which is not already there? I insist upon it, John, that you accept me as an ally without any more hesitation."

He bent and kissed her hands.

"This, then, is final," he said. "Within the next twenty-four hours, you will be ready if necessary?"

"I am ready now—any time—always," she promised him.

"My dears," Lady Amesbury said, as she stood surrounded by her guests on the hearth-rug of her drawing-room, "you know what my Sunday-night dinner-parties are—all sorts and plenty of them, and never a dull man or a plain woman if I can help it. To-night, I've got a new man. He's not much to look at, but they tell me he's a multimillionaire and making all the poor people of the country miserable. He's doing something about making bread dearer—"

"Heavens! You don't mean Peter Phipps?" Sarah exclaimed.

"His very name!" her aunt declared. "How did you guess it, my dear? Here he is. Be quiet, all of you, and watch Grover announce him. He's such a snob—Grover. He hates a mister, anyhow, and 'Peter Phipps' will dislocate his tongue."

Lady Amesbury was disappointed. Grover had marched with the times, and the presence of a millionaire made itself felt. His announcement was sonorous and respectful. Mr. Peter Phipps made his bow to his hostess under completely auspicious circumstances.

"So kind of you not to forget, Mr. Phipps," she murmured.

"My Sunday parties are always *viva-voce* invitations, and what between not remembering whom I've asked and not knowing whether those I've asked will remember, I generally find it horribly difficult to arrange the places. We are all right to-night, though. Only two missing. Who are they, Sarah?"

"Josephine and Mr. Wingate," Sarah replied, with a covert glance at Phipps.

"Of course! And, thank goodness, here they are! Together, too! If there's anything I love, it's to start one of my dinners with a scandal. Josephine, did you bring Mr. Wingate, or did he bring you?"

Josephine laughed. Then she saw Phipps standing in the background, and she raised her voice a little.

"Mr. Wingate called for me," she explained. "Taxis are so scarce in our part of the world on Sunday nights, and when one does happen to know a man who makes enough money on Friday to buy a fleet of motor-cars on Saturday—"

"My doing," Kendrick put in. "I'm his broker."

Just then, dinner was announced, and Lady Amesbury bustled once more into the midst of her guests.

"My dears," she told them all, "I've forgotten who takes anybody down! Scrap along as you are, and you'll find the cards at your places down-stairs. Pick up anyone you like. Not you, sir," she added, turning to Wingate. "You're going to take me. I want to hear all the latest New York gossip."

Wingate found Josephine on his other side, and was happy. Phipps was just across the table. During the meal, his hostess proceeded to give the latter some of her attention.

"Mr. Phipps," she said, "they tell me you've taken that scoundrel of a nephew of mine, Dredlington, into your business, whatever it is. He won't do you any good, you know."

"I'm sorry to hear that," Phipps replied. "He seemed to me rather a brainy person for his order."

"One for me," Lady Amesbury chuckled. "I don't care. If I choose to come on the Stock Exchange, I've got brains enough to ruin most of you. But I don't. If you could keep Dredlington out of mischief for a year, Mr. Phipps, I'd think you were the most wonderful man I ever met. He's a bad lot, but I tolerate him because I love his wife."

Phipps scowled across the table to where Wingate's head was nearly touching Josephine's.

"Lady Dredlington seems to be achieving great popularity in every direction," he said sourly.

"And a jolly good thing, too!" Lady Amesbury declared. "If ever a woman earned the right to kick the traces away for a bit, Josephine has. Don't you mind anything I say, my dear," she added, as Josephine looked up at the sound of her name. "You settle down to a nice, comfortable flirtation if you want to. You owe it to yourself, all right, and then there's some coming to you. And I'm your husband's aunt who tells you that."

"I'm not at all sure," Phipps observed, "that you don't underate your nephew's ability."

"The only thing I know about his ability," was the blunt

reply, "is his ability to borrow a few hundreds from anyone fool enough to lend it to him, and then invent excuses for not paying it back. He's good at that, if you like. Still, don't let me set you against him, Mr. Phipps. Every shilling he gets out of you and your company is so much saved to the family."

Lady Amesbury, who, notwithstanding her apparent inconsequence, had a keen eye for her guests, directed her conversation for a time into another channel, and finally changed places with Sarah in order to come into closer touch with a spiritualist from Sweden. Sarah turned appealingly toward Wingate.

"Jimmy and I want to be taken to the theater to-morrow night," she announced. "He doesn't get any money till Wednesday, and I haven't earned enough this week to pay my garage bill."

"I'll take you both," Wingate promised quickly, "if Lady Dredlington will make a fourth."

"Delightful!" Josephine assented.

"I have a box at the opera," Phipps announced, leaning forward. "Give me the pleasure of entertaining you all."

Josephine shook her head.

"Tannhäuser!" I am sorry, Mr. Phipps, but I couldn't possibly stand it. Ask us another time, won't you? To-morrow night," she went on, turning to Wingate, "let us be absolutely frivolous. A revue, I think."

"And dinner first at the Milan," Wingate insisted.

"And supper afterward, and a dance at Ciro's," Sarah put in. "I must tell Jimmy the glad tidings."

Peter Phipps made his adieus to Lady Amesbury early, and drove in his electric coupé, first to Romano's, then to the Milan, and finally to Ciro's. Here he found Dredlington, seated in a corner by himself, a little sulky at the dancing proclivities of the young lady whom he had brought. He greeted Phipps with some surprise.

"Hullo, Dreadnought!" he exclaimed. "Has the party broken up early or weren't you a success?"

"I wasn't a success," Phipps confessed grimly. "Look here, Dredlington: Have you ever wondered

why I put you on the board of the B. & I.?"

"My title, I suppose—and social position."

"Rot!" Phipps answered scornfully. "I put you on because of your wife."

Dredlington stared at him.

"Why, you didn't even know her!"

"Never mind. I knew her to look at. I wanted to know her. Now I do know her, and it hasn't done me much good."

Dredlington sat a little more erect in his place.

"Look here, Phipps," he said: "I don't care about this conversation. If a man happens to admire another man's wife, her husband is hardly the proper confidant."

"Oh, yes; I know your theory," Phipps scoffed. "You're willing enough to hide your head in the sand and take the goods the gods send you. That doesn't suit me. I happen to need your help."

"My help?" Dredlington repeated. "You're not finding difficulties in the way of your suit, are you?"

"If I do, it will be the worse for you," was the gruff reply.



"I say, Sarah," Jimmy exclaimed: "it's no use! There's a most infernal block down in the courtyard. We'll have to do a scooter"

"As you're going on now, Dredlinton, it will be your wife, and your wife alone, who'll keep you out of jail before many weeks are past. How about that check to Farnham & Company last week? Farnhams say they never got it; but I hear it's come back through the bank with a queer endorsement upon it."

Dredlinton caught at the table-cloth.

"I can't remember—anything here—without any books," he muttered. There was a look of fear in his eyes. "Tell me what it is you want, Phipps? I am ready to do anything. You know that."

"Your wife's friendship with this fellow Wingate must be nipped in the bud," Phipps declared.

"Yes; but how?" Dredlinton demanded. "Josephine and I aren't anything to one another any more. You know that. She goes her own way."

"She lives in your house," Phipps said. "You remain her husband nominally, and you have, therefore, a certain amount of authority. You must forbid her to receive Wingate."

"I'll forbid her, all right," Dredlinton assented, "but I won't guarantee that she'll obey."

"Then you must give orders to the servants," Phipps insisted. "I don't need to suggest to you, Dredlinton," he went on, "what means you should use to make your wife obey you, but there are means, and if you're not the man to realize them, I'm very much surprised in you. I will begin with a concrete case. Your wife, together with that fellow Wilshaw and Miss Baldwin, has accepted an invitation from Wingate to dine and go to a theater to-morrow night. You must see that your wife does not go."

"Very well," Dredlinton promised. "I'll manage it somehow."

"See that you do," Phipps enjoined earnestly. "Your wife is

one of those misguided women with a strong sense of duty. Unless you behave like a fool, you can reestablish some measure of control over her. Do so. There are certain circumstances," he went on, "under which I might be inclined to behave toward you with great generosity. I leave you to guess what those circumstances are. I will show you the way later on."

Dredlinton felt hope stir once more through his shocked and terrified senses. He leaned a little back in his place and stared at his companion curiously.

"Phipps," he asked, "what the devil do you and Wingate see in my wife?"

"What a man like you would never look for," was the harsh reply.

XV

"THROW your coat down anywhere, Miss Baldwin," Wingate invited, as he ushered that young lady into his rooms soon after eleven o'clock on the following evening. "Now, what can I give you? There are some sandwiches here—ham and *pâté de foie gras*, I think. Whisky and soda, or some hock?"

"A *pâté* sandwich and some plain soda-water, please," Sarah replied, taking off the long motoring-coat which concealed her

evening clothes. "I have been fined for everything except disorderly driving—daren't risk that. Thanks!" she went on. "What ripping sandwiches! And quite a good play, wasn't it?"

"I am glad you enjoyed it."

"It was a swindle Josephine not turning up," Sarah continued, as she stretched herself out in Wingate's easy chair. "Domestic ructions again, I suppose. How I do hate that husband of hers!"

"It was disappointing," he admitted.

There was a brief pause, during which Sarah finished her sandwiches.

"Wilshaw seems to be having a little trouble with the outside porter," her host remarked presently.

"It must cost him at least half a sovereign every time I leave the cab," Sarah sighed.

"How much do you make a week out of your driving, if it isn't too personal a question?" he inquired.

"It depends upon how much Jimmy's got."

"Is he your only client, then?"

"He very seldom gives me a chance of another. Once or twice I've refused to be engaged by the day, but he sends his man round to the garage, and I find him sitting in the cab when I arrive." Wingate laughed softly. She looked up at him with twinkling eyes. "I believe you're making fun of my profession," she complained.

"Not at all; but I was wondering whether it wouldn't be cheaper for you to marry Jimmy, as you call him."

"We have spoken about it once or twice," she admitted. "The worst of it is, I don't think the cab would support two."

"Is Wilshaw so badly off?"

"His money is tied up until he is twenty-eight," Sarah explained. "I think that his father must have known how he was going to turn out. Jimmy promised that he would never anticipate it, and the

dear old thing keeps his word. We shall be married on his twenty-eighth birthday, all right, unless his mother does the decent thing before."

"Has she money?" Wingate asked.

"Plenty—but she hasn't much confidence in Jimmy. But perhaps his latest idea—he's going into the City to-morrow, you know—may bring her round. Mr. Wingate!"

"Well?"

"You're rather a dear old thing, you know," she said, "although you're so serious."

"And you're quite nice," he admitted, "although you're such an incorrigible little flirt."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Sarah sighed as her host arranged her cloak round her.

"Sorry we couldn't have stayed a little longer," she said.

"Mr. Wingate was just getting most interesting"

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"How do you know?" she laughed. "You never give me a chance of showing what I can do in that direction."

"Too old, my dear young lady," her host lamented, as he mixed himself a whisky and soda.

"Rubbish!" she scoffed. "Too much in love with some one else, I believe."

"These are too strenuous days for that sort of thing," he rejoined, "except for children like you and Mr. Wilshaw."

"I don't know so much about that," she objected. "The world has never gone so queerly that people haven't remembered to go on loving and be made love to. Look at the war-marriages!"

"Yes; and the war-divorces," he reminded her.

"Brute!" she exclaimed, with a little grimace.

"Why 'brute?'" he protested. "You can't deny them. Some of these marriages were genuine enough, of course. Others were simply the result of a sort of amorous hysteria. Affected everyone in those days, just like a germ."

"Don't try to be cynical."

"I'm not."

"You are," she persisted. "There isn't a man breathing who has a more wonderful capacity for caring than you. You hide your feelings from most people. Are you very angry with me for having guessed? I have, you know?"

Wingate paused in the act of lighting a cigarette.

"What's that?"

"I think I have a sort of second sight in such matters, especially as regards people in whom I am interested," Sarah continued, "and if there is one woman in this world whom I really adore, and for whom I am heartily sorry, it is Josephine Dredlington."

"She has a rotten time," was Wingate's terse comment.

"Very few people know how rotten," Sarah said. "She has lost nearly all her own relations in the war. Her husband has spent the greater part of her fortune, flaunted his affairs with various actresses in the face of all London, shilly-shallied through the war as a recruiting officer, or any odd job that kept him safely at home, and now he openly associates with a little company of men in the City who are out to make money any old way they can get hold of it. If I were a man," she went on, laying her hand upon his, "I wouldn't let Josephine live out these best days of her life in sorrow. Do you know what I'd do, Mr. Wingate?"

"What would you do?" he asked.

"I'd take her away. I wouldn't care about anybody else or anything. If the world didn't approve, I'd make a little world of my own and put her in it. You're quite strong enough."

He looked through the walls of the room for a minute.

"Yes; I am strong enough," he agreed. "But is she?"

"Why do you doubt her?" Sarah demanded. "What has she in her present life to lose, compared with what she gains from you—what she wants more than anything else in the world—love?"

He made no answer. The girl's words had thrilled him. Then the door swung open and Jimmy appeared, very pink and white, very immaculate, and looking rather more helpless than usual.

"I say, Sarah," Jimmy exclaimed; "it's no use! There's a most infernal block down in the courtyard. Chap wanted me to push the taxi out into the street. It's cost me all the loose change I've got to stop his sending for a policeman. We'll have to do a scooter."

Sarah sighed as her host arranged her cloak round her.

"Sorry we couldn't have stayed a little longer," she said. "Mr. Wingate was just getting most interesting."

"You'll have a drink before you go, Wilshaw?" Wingate insisted. "Say when."

The young man accepted the whisky and soda and promptly disposed of it.

"Thanks, old chap! Frightfully sorry to rush away like this!"

"Good-night, Mr. Wingate," Sarah said, holding out her hand, "and thanks ever so much for the evening. You don't think I'm a forward little minx, do you?"

"I think you're a sensible little dear," he assured her, "far too good for Jimmy."

"Sorry I accepted your hospitality, if that's how you're feeling," Jimmy grunted. "By the bye, you haven't a few cigarettes, have you, for me to smoke while Sarah tries to get me safely home?"

Wingate held out the box.

"Fill your case," he invited; "your pockets, too, if you like. Don't forget, both of you, luncheon at one-thirty to-morrow in the restaurant. Good-night."

He stood with the door open, watching them down the corri-

dor. Then he came slowly back into his room. Once more the telephone-bell began to ring. He picked up the receiver. Something amazing crept into his face.

"Who? . . . Lady Dredlington!" he exclaimed. "But where are you? . . . Down-stairs? . . . Yes! Yes! Why, of course, Here? You mean that you are coming here—up to my room? . . . I don't quite understand. . . . Yes; of course. . . . One moment, please. Come up by the east lift unless you want to meet Sarah Baldwin and Wilshaw. They have this moment left me. The hall-porter will show you."

Wingate laid down the receiver, glanced for a moment at the clock, hurried to the door, pushed back and secured the latch. Then he came back into the room and stood listening.

XVI

In the end, she came quite suddenly. The door had opened and closed before he heard even the swish of her skirts. She stood there looking at him a little plaintively, a little appealingly. She was dressed in dark traveling clothes, and she carried a heavy dressing-case in her hand. He sprang forward and took it from her.

"My dear friend," she exclaimed, with an attempt at levity, "don't look so tragic! There is a very simple explanation of this extraordinary visit, as you will soon find."

"It needs no explanation," he declared.

"Oh, yes, it does, of course," she continued. "I simply want you to intercede with the authorities here, so that I do not have to go and stand at that terrible counter. There is a Continental train just in, and the place is crowded."

"You wish to stay here for the night?"

"Mayn't I? I must stay somewhere."

"There is some trouble," he asked.

"There is always trouble," she replied, with a shrug of the shoulders. "To-night seems to me as though it may be the climax. You won't be horrified if I sit down and smoke one of your cigarettes? And may I remind you that your attitude is not entirely hospitable?"

Wingate had recovered from his first stupor. He was filled with the sense of wonderful happenings.

"Oh, I'll be as hospitable as you like," he assured her. "You sha'n't have any cause to reproach me so far as that is concerned. This easy chair, please. It is by far the most comfortable one. And now some cushions," he added, slipping them behind her. "The cigarettes are here, and I have some excellent hock. Just half a glass? Good! Miss Baldwin has been praising my sandwiches. You'll have one, won't you?"

She sighed with content, almost with happiness. The strained look had gone from her face. She took off her hat, and he laid it upon the table.

"You are very good—very kind indeed," she murmured.

"And yet not so kind as I would like to be."

He came and stood by her side. She was eating one of the sandwiches and had already tasted the wine. Somehow, he knew quite well that she had had no dinner.

"I want you to understand," he began, "that you are free to tell me what has happened to-night or not—just as you please. Don't feel obliged to explain. I'll be quite frank. I am a curious person as regards you. I want to know—everything. I should like to know how it was that you were unable to come to dinner or join us at the theater to-night. I should like to know what has brought you out of your house to a hotel at midnight. But don't tell me unless you want to."

"I do want to," she assured him. "I want to tell you everything. I think—somehow I almost feel that you have the right to know."

"Cultivate that feeling," he begged her. "I like it."

She smiled, a wan little smile that passed very soon.

"I dare say you can guess," she began presently, "something of what my daily life is like when my husband is in town. It is little less than torture, especially since he became mixed up with Mr. Phipps, that horrible person, Martin, and their friends."

"Abominable!" Wingate muttered.

"He is all the while trying to induce me to receive their women friends," she continued. "I need not tell you that I have refused, as I always should refuse."

"Naturally!"

"To-night, however," she went on, "he has surpassed himself. First of all, he telephoned to say that he was bringing home friends for dinner, and if I had any other engagement, he requested me to cancel it. As you know, I did so. Notwithstanding his message, he did not arrive at the house until eleven o'clock, barely an hour ago."

(Continued on page 131)

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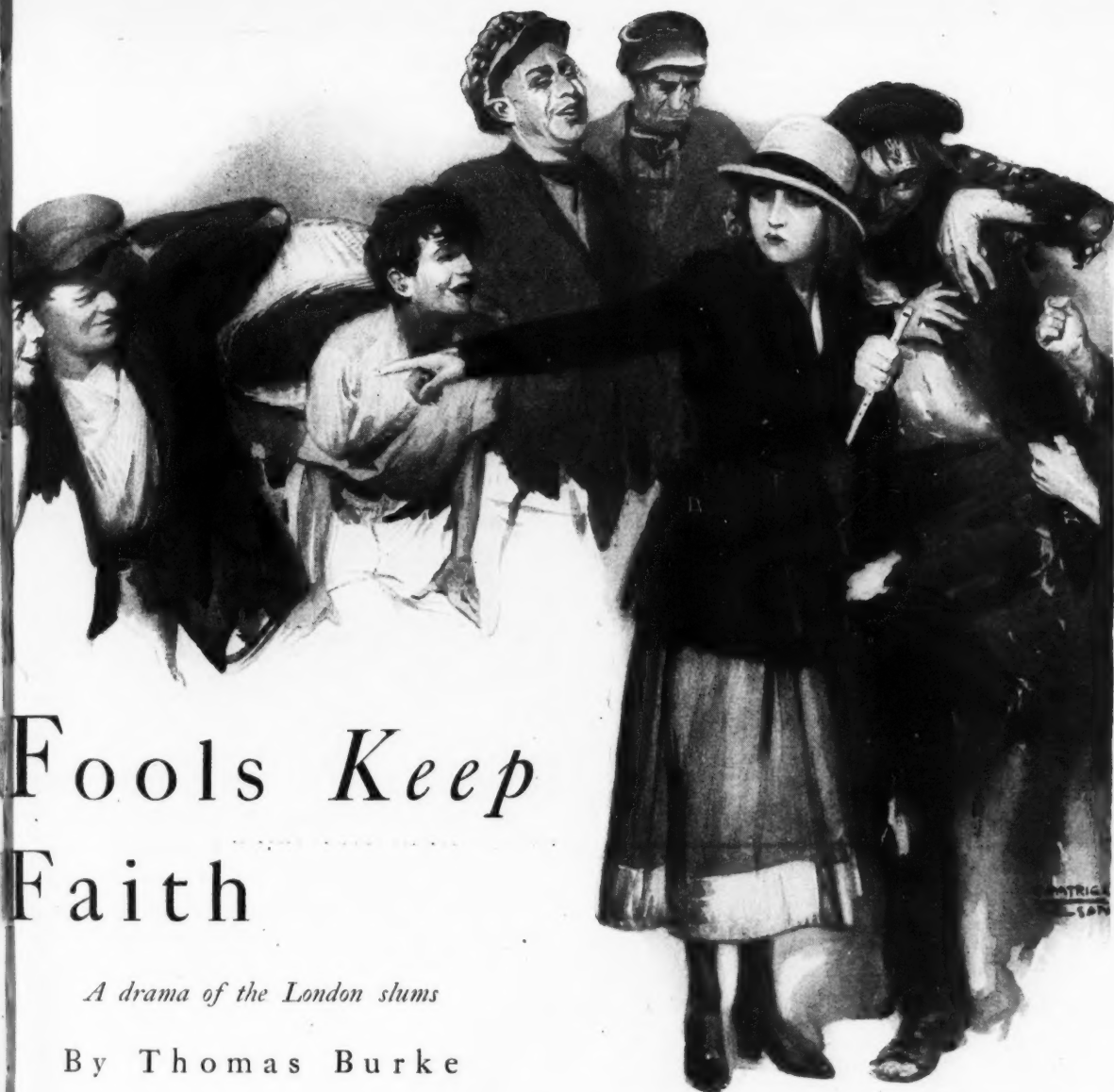
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She came to the side of Sing-a-song, striking with words.
"Leave 'im alone, you little beasts! You leave 'im be!"

Fools Keep Faith

A drama of the London slums

By Thomas Burke

Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson

SLIPPERY SAM, the copper's nark, stood in the bar of The Good Tidings, and drank bitter while he complained to his only friend, Hank Hogan, the odd messenger, of the present discontents.

At the other end of the bar, a group of the Roseleaf Boys, who worked the West End 'buses for purses and hand-bags, delivered to the world generally, in high voices, their opinions of Slippery Sam.

"Thinks 'isself smart, y'know. I reckon we got a beat on 'im 'rs' week." "Smart? Huh! Nosing round Chinatown for dope-pops is about all 'e's fit for." "Planted the bunce right under 'e's dirty nose, I did." "Why, take a dekho at 'im! 'E looks like 'e's got a job. Any front-door cadger'd know it, first time. Goes out with a black mask on and a brass band in front of 'im, saying, 'I'm the copper's nark.'" "Yersee; if a faro crib opened next door to 'im and 'ung out signs, 'e wouldn't know it for a week or two." Here the voices dropped. Slippery Sam had not heard that was spoken loudly, but he heard what was murmured—his ears were adjusted that way. "Yersee; old 'Awkins 'as started a shop in Cambridge Road. Bin running these four weeks. 'E dunno it, though. 'E'll 'ear about it like 'e 'ears everything—when 'e reads it in the papers."

Slippery Sam drank up, excused himself to his friend, and went out.

The boys were right. He hadn't heard about it. But the

name caught his ear, and he thought of a gentle walk to Cambridge Road. On another point, the boys were wrong. He was good for something besides nosing for dope-houses in Chinatown. He was good for nosing round women. He nosed round them like a dog. He sniffed. He fawned. He snapped. He snarled. He patted and mauled and showed his teeth. He was nosing round one now—Bluebell Hawkins. But in her case he could not snarl or show his teeth. There was nothing to bite on. Or there had been nothing to bite on. But the information given to him by the sour temper of the Roseleaf Boys indicated something substantial. Old Hawkins had started a "shop." In Spitalfields, a "shop" means one thing. It does not mean a gambling-den or a dancing-den or a coining-den or a shebeen; it means a "shop."

As he passed Columbia Market, there was a sudden outcry of young voices.

"Come on, boys; 'ere's Sing-a-song Joe!" "Chase 'im, boys! Muck 'im about!" Slippery Sam stopped to watch and chuckle.

Against a wall crouched a lanky, thin-faced, wispy-haired youth in tatterdermalion clothes. In his lean fingers he held a tin whistle. With this and with lifted leg he made aimless, slow gestures of defense, while his face wore the silly smile of the victim who tries to enter into the joke of his persecution. His mouth made childish noises of protest. Slippery Sam stood by and grinned. This was Sing-a-song Joe, the half-witted character of the district—sometimes drunk, sometimes running amuck, but

always the butt of the street-boys, and always stupidly cheerful. Whence he came, none knew. He had appeared among them as a lad in knickerbockers. The union would not have him; the asylum would not have him; the police were bored with him. He was helpless and harmless. His bed was any archway sheltered from the breeze. His food he cadged by promises—or, as some said, threats—to sing a song in return for broken scraps or cigarettes or beer. From those who knew him he mostly got the gift and was hastily released from his promise of entertainment. It was only when he approached a stranger that the neighborhood would be disturbed by frightful discords on his whistle or additional horror lent by his cracked voice to obscene soldier-and sailor-songs.

Slippery Sam stood and watched and urged on the boys. Then, suddenly, through the crowd broke the slim, bright figure of a young girl. She cuffed right and left with her hands, and came to the side of Sing-a-song, striking with words.

"Let 'im alone, you little beasts! You leave 'im be! Never mind, Sing-a-song; I'll see to 'em. Here—mike off! Quick!"

With profane comment and derisive gestures, the boys strolled away to the next amusement.

"They bin hustling you, Sing-a-song?" she asked gently.

He giggled.

"No—no; I don't mind. They alwis do it. They like a bit of fun. They think I'm cracked. But yeh know, don't yeh? Yeh know I'm all right. I like yeh. Bluebell. Yeh're kind to me."

She smiled upon him.

"You ought to stick up for yourself, boy. You're big enough now. Hit 'em. Knock 'em about. I know there's a crowd of 'em, but you hit one, hard, and it'll frighten the others. See?"

"Oh, no, Bluebell; that ain't right. They don't mean nothing."

Slippery Sam strolled up.

"Ullo, missy!"

Bluebell Hawkins looked round and shuddered sharply. She moved closer to the half-witted Sing-a-song.

"Hullo!"

Sing-a-song observed that she was engaged.

"I'll go, Bluebell," he piped, and, putting his whistle to his lips and blowing a piercing blast, he capered round the corner and away.

"Seem fond o' Sing-a-song," remarked Slippery.

"Oh?"

"Yerce. Never take no notice of yer friends when they pass in the streets, but always looking after 'im."

Bluebell thought of a rude retort, but did not make it. She was not sure of Slippery. She loathed him. Though she felt no fear, she had a notion that he was to be feared.

"What if I do?" she said. "He wants some one to look after 'im when everybody's tormenting 'im. Why should they? He's only a bit soft. There's nothing nasty or wicked about 'im. That boy'd do anything in the world for me."

"Well, perhaps 'e would. Perhaps other people would, too. What could 'e do for yeh, though? 'E's no good to anyone. Can't even look after 'isself. There's other people that might be yer friends—nobody never knows when they might want a friend—a real friend."

She shuddered again, and moved beyond him. His sloppy clothes, his sloppy limbs, his sloppy movements nauseated her.

"Well, I must be going."

"Right-o! But don't forget what I said. A friend's a friend. And yeh never know."

She walked swiftly from him, in some trouble at his words. She walked lightly, and her feet barely disturbed the dust of the pavement, but her heart was troubled. In Fleur-de-Lis Street, where was her home, she was known as "that refined girl." It was agreed that she was "quite the lady." There was gentleness in every line of her.

Mr. Hawkins, her father, had long done well in the second-hand wardrobe business; but lately he had disposed of his stock and good-will, and was now much at home. He had told Bluebell, in a casual way, that he had started another business in a new line; but what that business was, she was not told. Certainly it seemed more profitable than second-hand clothes, for there was more money about the house. He did himself well, and gave Bluebell presents of new hats and frocks, and added many necessary comforts to their home. But Bluebell had wondered about this business. Lately, nasty words had crept about the district and were borne, by the sluggish wind of gossips' breath, to her ears. She began to scrutinize her father at the supper-table while he was engaged with the evening paper; and at last, putting words together, she framed something like the truth. She confirmed it by questions to Sing-a-song Joe, who heard everything, and who told her, innocently, not knowing whether the business was good or bad, its nature.

She had not known it long before her father discovered that she knew. Thereafter, the bright tone of the Hawkins home was subdued. Though never proclaimed, the knowledge pervaded the house like a fog. This nasty gray Fact loomed over them, and sat between them at the fireside, and hovered above the table as they sat at meals, and sucked the warmth from their words and their advances, and lent a chill to any attempt to candid intercourse. And there were dreadful occasions when Hawkins would say, in the tones of a clumsy actor who has memorized a part till it becomes meaningless:

"Well, girl; I shall be rather late to-night. Special business to see to, y'know. Don't wait up for me."

And Bluebell would reply, in the same tones:

"All right, dad. I'll leave something cold on the table for you."

She did not dare to name to him her knowledge and her horror. Though a strong, undemonstrative love united them, his dark temper had always forbidden any attempt on her part to challenge any attitude or action on his. Don't think that she suffered any pangs of conscience at enjoying the new good things provided by this more prosperous business. She didn't; nor, perhaps, was she at all concerned with the "wrong" side of it. It was, to her, only a thoroughly nasty business. What horrified and distressed her was the dirtiness of it, the disgrace of it.

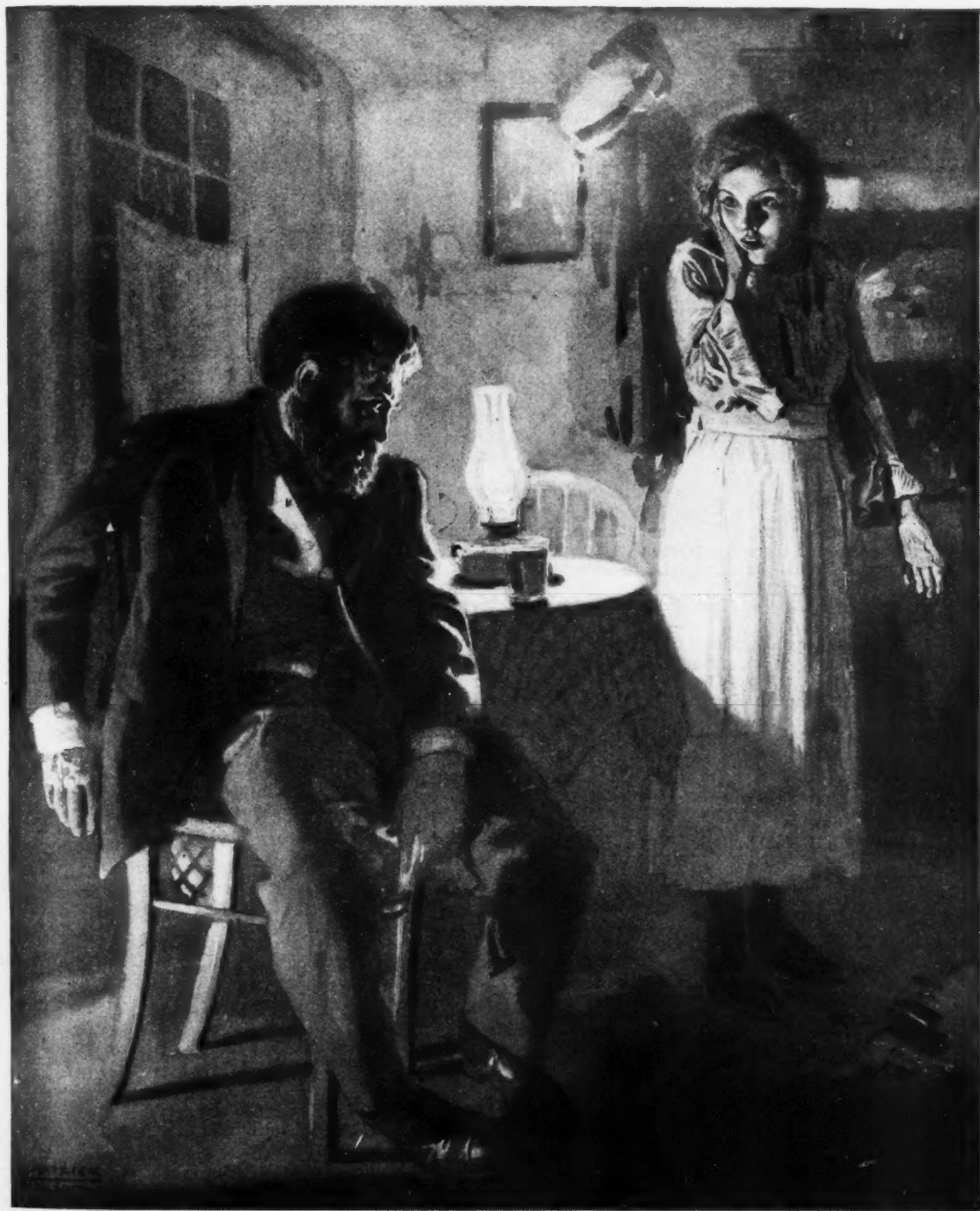
He was not often out late. He was out at odd

times, morning and evening, but usually returned at ten o'clock. The place of business in Cambridge Road, Bluebell had discovered. There he went each morning to collect the money paid by the last night's visitors, and to

see that order was maintained among the terrible company. He was always quietly dressed, recent in style and speech. A black beard lent him circumspection, and his manner was like a



She clapped hands to ears. "Don't say it! Beast! Don't say it!"



The bottle slipped from her hand and fell, with a jagged crash, to the floor. She turned and faced him, and, even in his own deep misery, he thought he had never seen so terrible a face as that she showed him

alley of shuttered houses. He was always to his neighbors, "Mr. Hawkins."

As Bluebell prepared the table for supper to-night, the words of Slippery Sam still clattered in her head; and when, at his proper hour, her father came in, she quizzed him. He sat at the table with the evening paper, not, as usual, tranquil and self-contained. He fidgeted, Bluebell observed. After eating, he spoke.

"You know Sam Booth?"

"What—him they call 'Slippery Sam'?"

"M."

"Yes—everybody does." The tone of voice clearly conveyed and loathes him."

"Oh, well—not a bad chap. I rather like him. You don't seem to."

"Well, can you ask? Like him? How can one like a rat or snake or anything slimy?"

"Oh, he's not as bad as all that. You mustn't believe all people say about him. He's not really such a bad chap. However, I only asked. But you might be a bit nice to him. I saw him this evening, and he seemed to think you wanted to be rude to him. Be a bit nice like. Because—y'see—I mean—he might be able to do me a good turn."

Bluebell knew what her father was trying to say, and he knew that she knew, and her bosom seemed suddenly a block of ice.

"Oh, well," she answered; "you'd have to be pretty hard up to take favors from a worm like that." And she served him with beer; and they spoke no more until "Good-night."

Next morning, when she went shopping, Slippery Sam stepped from an alley into her path and simulated surprise.

"Ullo, Bluebell! Out early, eh? My word, what a nobby frock! That cost a bit, I lay. But it ain't too good for yeh, whatever it cost. Yer dad's doing well just now, eh?"

She moved to pass him.

"I believe so— Well, I got a lot of things to get this morning."

"'Arf a mo'. I got something serious to say 'yeh. I mean it, reely. Something that concerns yeh. Supposing yer dad was in trouble and yeh could 'elp 'im. Would yeh?"

"Don't be silly. You know me an' dad would do anything for one another."

She looked steadily at him, and he at her. He wondered if she knew; but her face was the face of a pretty girl busy with domestic matters.

"Well, I won't keep yeh now. I'll tell yeh later. I don't want to worry yer little 'ead. I dessay yer father's told yeh already that he might be in trouble sometime."

Bluebell walked on shuddering, partly from contact with Slippery and partly from his words. She brooded and fretted all day, and, that night, her father spoke his awful lines:

"Well, girl, I shall be rather late to-night. Special business to see to, y'know. Don't wait up for me." To which she made the customary reply.

Half an hour after he was gone, came a knock at the street door. She opened it, and found Slippery Sam.

"Want to come in," he said hoarsely. "Want to talk to yeh, private-like."

Her arm ached to slam the door upon his nose. But something restrained her. She let him enter. He slouched into the kitchen.

"It's true what I told yer 'smorning," he began. "I found out about it. There'll be trouble fer yeh and yer dad before long. But it *could* be stopped. I could get it stopped, I think."

She looked at him with orderly eyes.

"Well, suppose it is true. What about it? Why come and tell me?"

"Well, yeh said, 'smorning, yeh'd do anything to 'elp yer dad if 'e was in trouble. Well, now yeh got a chance, so I thought I'd tell yeh."

"I see. You want to be squared. How much do you want?"

"Ah, I see yeh've rumbled it. But—er—well, it ain't a matter o' money. I can get money easy. There's some things better'n money. I thought I'd come to-night, seeing yer dad go out, cos, if 'e 'eard yeh was ready to save 'im this way, very likely 'e wouldn't let yeh. Might be ready to stand the racket 'isself, rather'n yeh should be—er—bothered. But I reckon yeh wouldn't like to let 'im in fer—well, bad trouble, when yeh could easy prevent it." She rested a hand on the kitchen table and leaned across it.

"What is it you want—you—beast!"

Then he smiled, and his awkwardness dropped from him. This was a language he understood. He asserted himself.

"Why, if yeh look in the glass, ducky, yeh don't need to ask a man that. Yeh know what I want."

She took a deep breath, as though to blow him from the room. Then she recovered and spoke quietly.

"No, you slimy reptile! No! Get out—quick!"

He did not move.

"Nice words from you—'slimy reptile.' From you! And who are you? Where did that pretty frock come from? Where did those shoes come from? Eh? Who's worse—you, that swank about in new 'ats and frocks, and look the lady—or the poor dopes that give the money that buys 'em?—eh? D'yeh know what your father is? 'E's a —"

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"Oh, Sing-a-song, I'm so unhappy! I'm in trouble, Sing-a-song."

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STODOL

She moved to pass him.

"I believe so— Well, I got a lot of things to get this morning."

"'Arf a mo'. I got something serious to say 't' yeh. I mean it, really. Something that concerns yeh. Supposing yer dad was in trouble and yeh could 'elp 'im. Would yeh?"

"Don't be silly. You know me an' dad would do anything for me another."

She looked steadily at him, and he at her. He wondered if she knew; but her face was the face of a pretty girl busy with domestic matters.

"Well, I won't keep yeh now. I'll tell yeh later. I don't want to worry yer little 'ead. I dessay yer father's told yeh already that he might be in trouble sometime."

Bluebell walked on shuddering, partly from contact with Slippery and partly from his words. She brooded and fretted all day, and, that night, her father spoke his awful lines:

"Well, girl, I shall be rather late to-night. Special business to see to, y'know. Don't wait up for me." To which she made the customary reply.

Half an hour after he was gone, came a knock at the street door. She opened it, and found Slippery Sam.

"Want to come in," he said hoarsely. "Want to talk to yeh, private-like."

Her arm ached to slam the door upon his nose. But something restrained her. She let him enter. He slouched into the kitchen.

"It's true what I told yer 'smorning," he began. "I found out about it. There'll be trouble fer yeh and yer dad before long. But it *could* be stopped. I could get it stopped, I think."

She looked at him with orderly eyes.

"Well, suppose it is true. What about it? Why come and tell me?"

"Well, yeh said, 'smorning, yeh'd do anything to 'elp yer dad if 'e was in trouble. Well, now yeh got a chance, so I thought I'd tell yeh."

"I see. You want to be squared. How much do you want?"

"Ah, I see yeh've rumbled it. But—er—well, it ain't a matter o' money. I can get money easy. There's some things better'n money. I thought I'd come to-night, seeing yer dad go out, cos, if 'e 'eard yeh was ready to save 'im this way, very likely 'e wouldn't let yeh. Might be ready to stand the racket 'isself, rather'n yeh should be—er—bothered. But I reckon yeh wouldn't like to let 'im in fer—well, bad trouble, when yeh could easy prevent it." She rested a hand on the kitchen table and leaned across it.

"What is it you want—you—beast!"

Then he smiled, and his awkwardness dropped from him. This was a language he understood. He asserted himself.

"Why, if yeh look in the glass, ducky, yeh don't need to ask a man that. Yeh know what I want."

She took a deep breath, as though to blow him from the room. Then she recovered and spoke quietly.

"No, you slimy reptile! No! Get out—quick!"

He did not move.

"Nice words from *you*—'slimy reptile.' From *you*! And who are *you*? Where did that pretty frock come from? Where did those shoes come from? Eh? Who's worse—you, that swank about in new 'ats and frocks, and look the lady—or the poor dopes that give the money that buys 'em?—eh? D'yeh know what your father is? 'E's a—"

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PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



MADGE KENNEDY, after three years in moving pictures, has returned to the stage in the dual rôle of a "puzzle-play" called "Cornered."



***EVA BRADY** is a special show-girl in the 1920 "Ziegfeld Follies."*

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAMPBELL STUDIOS



DORIS KENYON, who played the leading part in "The Girl in the Limousine," is acting this season in a lively new farce called "Dolly of the 'Follies.'"

"You can use five thousand dollars.
I'm sure of that"

*The story of a
mother—and a
daughter who
was ashamed
of her—by*

Ida M. Evans



Her Place in the Sun

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

ON the long mezzanine floor of the State Street department store, where surreptitious sectors of thin mirrors set transversely give house detectives conveniently multiplied visual sweep of the crowded aisles and counters below and above, Catharine Jorwin stood listlessly.

Dull of posture, even; and her habitually narrowed gray eyes absent, and lacking their usual sharp focusing in mirrors of pupil and iris over crushed aisles. And this though it was three p. m., which is over-the-top time to shoppers and to "lifters," and, besides, Friday, when morning newspapers' double-page advertisements call crowds larger than Gabriel's horn may get from graveyards. A combination of hour and day that customarily, during seventeen years or more, drew alert attention from Catharine Jorwin—better known as C. Jorwin to her landlord, to the typed pay-roll pages of the store, and to a few well-informed of the shoplifting fraternity.

Livvy, a *confrère*, briefly turned his sharp-jawed face inquiringly toward her as he passed on his animated way to lock his tight, lean arm within the plump one of a marmot-coated young woman who was handling a width of imported filet veiling not wisely but too well.

And, a moment later, Boffton, general manager of the store's wide eighteen floors, looked at her curiously, his thin aggressive eyebrows a little lifted in tentative disapproval as he walked by on his way to estimate carefully the crowds, in order to gage advantageously the spacing of next Friday's morning double pages. Preoccupied, she did not note either man.

However, presently, when a preoccupied-eyed man, passing with shirt-sleeved arms well filled with gold-and-green metal brocades, half paused to give her a slight glance of friendly concern, she came out of her thoughts with a start and a frown.

"Loading on your job?"

It was against department-store rules to gossip with store-detectives. But Peter Corency had spent enough years trimming State Street windows—his hair was thinnish—to have a certain careless contempt familiarly bred in him for rules.

"It looks that way," agreed Catharine Jorwin, who curtly shook off listlessness and took on alertness to such effect that, three hours later, she could fluently report one professional and two amateur pickpockets picked from around the trinket-silver counter—three young bobbed-hair women parted deftly from the vanity cases for which they had omitted the small formality of paying sixty-nine cents, and, *chef d'œuvre*, an old and desired practitioner, Denver Daisy, suavely guided out of a kolinsky-and-Hudson-seal coat and into the patrol-wagon. So desired was Daisy that a fifty-dollar reward had long been posted for any alert State Street sleuth getting her.

So that Boffton, at reporting time, lifted his thin, aggressive eyebrows in tentative approval and admitted.

"Fair day."

"Which is all that tight tongued bird would let go of in the line of commendation if our day's catch overloaded Chicago's last black maria," grunted Abe Livvy, getting into his overcoat for home and family of five.

"Guess so," acquiesced Catharine Jorwin, her oldish voice tinged with the natural calm satisfaction an habitual worker feels at a result-marked day.

"Well, all of you come down to-morrow for a day's work and then some," advised Peter Corency, on his way to his overcoat and derby. "And days to come. Metal brocades are in the windows, ready to be the big town's pet fabric for the year. And it won't be every lisle bank in Chicago that'll hold the twenty-five dollars per yard for the stuff."

"Whaddaya mean 'lisle'?" scoffed Livvy. "Say—the silk-legged skirts of these days laid that word away with their grandmother's reticules."

"Well, you get me all right," said Corency.

"Yes, we get you," conceded Livvy amiably. "And I guess we had better fortify ourselves with a bigger breakfast than usual. Huh?"—to a group.

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"Don't know many days in our work when plenty of breakfast isn't advisable," said Catharine Jorwin, as she departed for

street car and her own home. Her tone was tolerant, though. The fifty dollars, via the flexible-fingered Daisy, made for tolerance—she could use it that month.

She was a woman of medium build and of mediocre appearance. It is safe to say that no one on the jammed seven-o'clock street-car gave her, swaying by dowdy-gloved hand from a strap, a second glance.

Nature had given her the build—for which aid toward the better buttering of bread for herself and a small daughter she had often absently thanked nature. The appearance, furthering nature, she had spent some years and intelligence in acquiring—in time aided wonderfully by habit.

Her three-quarters coat and dark skirt were the indeterminate cloth kind to which most women or men would not give a first glance, let alone a second. Her shoes were the slightly run-down black ones that thousands of household-harried women show when they scour department stores for bargains, except that these especial black two were rubber-soled and heeled, enabling the wary wearer to make unheard progress at need down stairway or aisle. And though the small neutral-hued hat seemed as ordinary, to average eye, as crown and brim could be, it somehow carefully contrived so to shadow the medium-sized, slightly aquiline face underneath that there was clearly visible to average gaze only an indeterminate lower half of a face somewhat sallow from years spent wholly in indoor places. The best one would give dowdy Catharine Jorwin on her way home was a cursory "Nother poor devil who don't earn enough to dress herself decently"—far from guessing that in her closet hung a dozen or more changes equally unnoticeable.

But when she stepped off the crowded car and turned down the two arc-lighted blocks that led to her small, comfortable flat, Catharine Jorwin changed. Something dropped from her—something which was part professional assurance bred of years, part a certain resolution or courage accumulated in long daily coordination with other assured, resolute workers. Before one block was traversed, she became just what, to average eye, she seemed to be—a weary, not very successful, household-harried woman who was also a worried wage-earner.

She inserted her latch-key with an anxious, half-harassed air which had little in common with the dexterity of the person of an hour before who whipped in the nick of time a three-thousand-dollar coat from Denver Daisy's clever shoulders.

In State Street aisles, Catharine Jorwin appeared by no means a youthful woman. Her nearly forty years were evident.

Now, at home, greeting, with a small hesitant smile, the pretty-haired young woman who was standing at china-set meal-table in waiting attitude, she looked more than her actual age. She looked well into her forties—and weary, ineffectual forties at that.

"You home already, Flo?" she asked uneasily.

"Well, you're certainly late enough, mother," petulantly said Flo. "And of all nights when Marvin is coming after me at seven-thirty sharp. To call on his sister who lives out south."

"I caught an old hand just at closing-time, and it delayed me," hastily explained Catharine.

"I presumed it was something of that sort," said her daughter.

But the girl's countenance did not bear out the allowance implied by her words. A small, distasteful frown added itself

to the impatience already visible on the younger face—a face that resembled the older woman's in size and in slightly aquiline cast, but had clear young color and unnarrowed eyes, besides a good-looking, firm red mouth which was a large sign-post to character.

"I'm sorry," said Catharine, as she put away her hat and coat and went out to the kitchen to assist the heavy woman of all work



to carry in warm dishes. In the brief interchange between herself and her twenty-one-year-old daughter, an antagonism seemed to have lifted a head that never was very low.

"Why be so conscientious right at closing-time?" asked the girl, with a shrug, as they seated themselves at the table.

Her mother smiled placatingly.

"Do you, toward five-thirty, wriggle out of taking dictation at the Bowers & Barr realty office?"

"Of course not! But that is different sort of work."

Catharine Jorwin flushed slightly—as at the raking-up of dispute. But she forbore to argue the point, and passed the cream instead. Presently, the younger red lips parted to say, somewhat irrelevantly:

"By the way, Marvin wants to get married quite soon. He doesn't see any reason for waiting."

"Well, there really isn't any special reason," said Catharine slowly, "except that I'll miss you living with me, Flo."

"That's hardly a reason"—glancing at the gilt clock on the mantel.

"No," admitted Catharine. "And I'll say that Marvin Ewlett is the kind of young man most girls would leave three or four mothers for." She smiled understandingly across the table.

"Then if you admit that," said her daughter quickly, as though darting at an exposed flank, "why can't you see his point of view on—on something?"

Catharine Jorwin's mouth took on harassed lines.

"Now, Flo——"

my mother is a saleswoman—even an ordinary department-store saleswoman. Neither would Marvin."

"Well, when your father died, eighteen years ago, I looked quick and hard for the work that would give the most money at once," sighed Catharine. "It was accidental, in a way. Through two end-of-aisle mirrors, I happened to see a woman's hand in my own hand-bag. And the manager of the store happened to want new blood—some bright amateur. I—I wasn't exactly—with a touch of appeal—a resourceful woman, Flo. Not gifted—except for unusually sharp eyesight."

"Myrtle Sully gets twenty dollars at her lingerie counter. Surely you could have managed——"

"Myrtle Sully may be getting that to-day," said Catharine. "But no lingerie sales-person—or lace, or even fur—got it seventeen years ago. The average job behind a counter brought six dollars then. I—I did the best I could at that time, Flo."

"Well, no necessity," sharply said Flo, "compels you now. Marvin says you are quite welcome to live with us. And since his income touches thirty-five hundred a year, you need not hesitate."

"Flo dear, I'm not so old a woman that I should saddle myself on a young son-in-law—go sit at the corner of his fireside——"

"Why not? As long as Marvin is willing. And I think you ought to consider his feelings. Since he doesn't like such work as yours—since he doesn't want his mother-in-law to be known among his friends and acquaintances as engaged in such!"

Her mother flushed. But she kept her voice to an even tone.

"Marvin has his side, of course. Though I can't say I've ever been ashamed of the way I've made my living. But—but, Flo"—rather helplessly—"after so many years in one rut, I don't know as I could break into anything else."

"You don't have to"—coldly. "Our apartment will have seven rooms."

"I've got to work at something," declared Catharine. "I'd have to fill my days."

"My goodness, why? I don't dislike stenography, but I confess I won't let any tears stream at marrying Marvin and getting out of eight hours' typing every day."

Her mother hesitated a moment.

"But you're younger than I am, my dear. You—you haven't had glued on you the habit of work"—with a faint uneasy sigh.

"Plenty of people can break from that habit."

The girl shrugged. "Though for that matter"—irritably—"there are plenty of sales-positions for any woman, I am sure."

Catharine moved uneasily on her chair.

"But, Flo, I don't think you understand that it might be difficult for me to adjust myself to new work."

"No; I must admit I don't!" flared Flo.

"State Street managers might think it was queer that I wanted to make such a change—take tedious counter-work at less money, after my training and experience——"

"What difference does it make what they think?"

Catharine smiled a little—ironically.

"I guess you would have to spend some years down on State Street to know, Flo dear," she said, a trifle drearily.



"Loafing on your job again?" "It looks that way"—focusing her eyes on an umbrella-stand below, where a silver-bearded gentleman was standing too close to a platinum handle. But Peter Corency had paused, calmly ignoring the rule against gossiping with store detectives. "I hear your daughter is going to get married." "Yes, she is"

"Especially when his point of view is mine as well," pressed Flo.

"I know"—quickly. "But you must see——"

"It isn't as if you could have become attached to such work. Hunting down peroxidized shoplifters!"

Even the most comely young face may become ugly when covered with a heavy sneer. Catharine Jorwin looked down at her plate worriedly.

"I don't say I'm dotingly attached to my work," she acknowledged shortly. "But, when, for a good number of years, you've——"

"I can't understand your selecting your profession in the beginning," flashed the girl. "Surely other lines—selling lingerie, or laces——" Reproachfully: "I wouldn't at all mind telling that

"I know one thing well enough"—stormily: "You don't seem to care much about ensuring my and Marvin's happiness."

"Yes, I do, dear"—eagerly. "Yes, I do. Only—"

"You don't!"

"I do! I do!"

"You don't! You don't!"

But the door-bell rang then. From a stormy young woman, Flo Jorwin changed instantly into an expectant young woman as she rose eagerly to answer it.

Five minutes later, Catharine, from a window, watched her daughter and Marvin Ewlett walk down the street.

Marvin was a catch—oh, undeniably! At twenty-six, making his thirty-five hundred clean real-estate dollars. Counting, said Flo with bright calculating eyes, on forty-five hundred the coming year. Planning—his business offered wonderful opportunity to the right men—on ten thousand and more in the years to come.

Catharine could clearly vision his and Flo's future. The evening street faded before her eyes—that future, year by year, appeared.

The first year, their ninety-dollar apartment with its sun-parlor and modish built-in furnishings. The two, Flo and Marvin, were one in modish tastes, wishes, and aspirations. The second year, a bigger, better-upholstered car than Marvin's present small machine of utility. Five years, and they would be debating if their neighborhood was the right one for the children.

Seven years, and Flo, energetic, in smart furs, would be an authority in her social circle on table-silver patterns and filet-inset napery. Nine years, and two maids in white aprons would mark Flo's own at-home days, while Marvin's clean-shaven, clean-featured face would appear frequently on the photogravure pages of *Monthly Real Estate Opinions*. And, by that time, Marvin would have invested a careful share of his earnings in good stocks and bonds, under the advice of his stout father, a well-known conservative factor in North Side business dealings, and the children of Flo would be growing up in select neighborhood, in atmosphere of comfort and well-being—

But at this point in her imaginings, Catharine Jorwin abruptly ceased. How would she herself fit in among those years? She did not fit at all at present. And as a quiet, subservient person in Flo's house—oh, Flo would be kind in her way; she did not doubt that. But it would be Flo's house, and Flo was a perfectly capable young woman, not caring much for advice or help.

Catharine involuntarily cringed. No; she would prefer, much prefer, independence and ten dollars a week at a sales-counter. But she could not picture that as a glowingly perfect life, either; and Flo's children would hardly admire a poor old grandma who did not reflect at all well on the family fortunes. There seemed a certain unfairness about the whole situation. She wondered dully if she could have done anything, in the past to avoid it. Boiled down, it was simply a question of money. With some, and not so very much either, she could establish her oldish, unneeded self somewhere, somehow. That would not grate upon Flo's—and Marvin's—sensibilities, and still would enable her to have some aim in her life.

But the past years, as they had passed, had used her money, all she got; even the extra fifty dollars this month leaped to shoes and hats for herself and Flo. Not that Flo exacted a share. But Catharine knew her wardrobe deficiencies.

And the past years had been chary of things other than money. What had they held? A sprinkling of wage-earning friends, none of whom could help her or should; they had their own kits of troubles. Nothing more. Oh, yes; one man had wanted to marry her—quite a while back. He was merely a State Street employee like herself, only not in her better paid line. Life with him wouldn't have worn an undesirable aspect—he had a cheerful pair of eyes. But one husband had treated her so scurvily by dying and leaving her with Flo that she wasn't anxious to take on another, especially since she was providing very nicely for the two of them, and a man is always an unknown quantity. She would have had to give up her own job—there was a written law on State Street that house detectives were preferred who tied their little family ties outside the employees' entrance. But he was likable—more than, at the time, she had cared to admit.

Dead wood, though! She rose stiffly, cramped from sitting so long, and began to undress for bed. Next day's work had its claims.

Youth has the strength of ten in its demands.

As the days went on, Catharine Jorwin began to wear a hunted look—which spoke of incongruity, considering her profession.

A prehensile-thumbed young person at the perfumes, a Bill-Sykes-eyed old gentleman at the silver cutlery, and a plump tricolette-gowned matron artfully—but not artful enough—dodging away from the silk-remnants counter united one morning in a silent pæan of hate for the thin, dowdy, steel-eyed woman who gathered them in, and did not show at all that she, in turn, felt that she was being relentlessly gathered in, from all freedom of action, by a young steel-eyed daughter.

"Marvin said his father simply raised his eyebrows when Marvin told him what you did for a living," forlornly said Flo at breakfast.

And while she could not hate Flo, who was flesh of her flesh, she was beginning almost to feel toward her as captives feel toward a captor. And knowing that, in the end, she would yield to Flo and Flo's entreaties, she suddenly decided to yield that day. She went up to Boffton's office.

And immediately she knew that she better have saved her time.

"Want to change to sales-work? Why?" he shot back brusquely.

Not at her ease, she murmured something about making a change merely.

"Um-m." He stared at her inquisitively. He answered her decidedly. "I'm sure we wouldn't know in what department to fit you. You seem suitably placed at present."

"I know; but—"

"If you don't wish to continue in your own line—that's all right." With a gesture, he dismissed her from the office. "But it is against the store's policy to transfer—some employees."

His thin, aggressive eyebrows lifted in tentative suspicion as, disappointed, she left. She guessed. It was not unreasonable of him. In a huge establishment where frequently trusted employees proved trustless and where confidence in one's fellows had been proved less substantial than a patent lock, she had no grounds for feeling abused. But Flo would not understand.

Flo did not understand. She yawned, having been late to bed for many evenings.

"I don't see what difference it makes, mother. If you can't get a sales-position—or book-keeping or something—try another store."

"I suppose," offered Catha-



"I don't dislike stenography, but I confess I won't let any tears stream at marrying Marvin and getting out of eight hours' typing every day"



"I caught an old hand just at closing-time, and it delayed me," hastily explained Catharine

rine gravely, "I could go out to some small store—and start in new at other work."

"There is no need of your working. But if you insist and still don't get a large salary, Marvin will help you out with ten dollars or so whenever you need it."

Catharine said a brief word of thanks. She reasoned that Flo's apparent unconcern was merely the carelessness of youth. She urged this to herself. And she added, to herself, that she would not have Flo changed from her cool, careless, didactic young self. She liked to think of Flo as she was, direct of eye

and of speech, untouched by time or trial. Life as yet had not laid its inevitable whip on Flo's young white back. And Catharine—in her working-years—had known other kinds of daughters. So many. No; she would not have Flo changed.

She said this again to herself late that evening when Marvin Ewlett smilingly told her that Flo couldn't put off keeping house for him much longer. Not more than a month. The young man's smile was kind to Flo's mother—perhaps a shade too ostentatiously kind. But the recipient had too much sense not to admit to herself that many a mother, (Continued on page 50)

Some of the most romantic stories of our day are coming out of this new Klondike, the Texas oil-fields. William MacHarg gives the human side of this new "gold" rush—and a love-story, too.

The Rockhound

Illustrated by

W. H. D. Koerner

IT WAS on a hot midsummer afternoon that the young lady from the North entered the offices of Meeks & Mather, oil geologists, in Wichita Falls, Texas. Because of the hour and the heat, the offices were almost deserted. She wandered uncertainly through the outer rooms and came, finally, to the inner cubby-hole occupied by the youngest of the firm's field-experts, Edwin Atwill.

Atwill, in the khaki and puttees of the field-geologist, was absorbed in a difficult computation. She stood an instant in the door, observing him. His pencil-point broke; he reached to get another and perceived her. His hand remained suspended over the box of pencils.

"I beg pardon," she remarked.

He breathed rather deeply.

Wichita Falls was in the process of a transformation due to oil. White-tile sky-scrapers were replacing the straggling structures of a railway village; the bricks of the pavements of its broad streets still looked new; the flat cars strung along its railway tracks were loaded with the new motors of the newly rich. Each train brought hundreds of eager seekers after wealth. But no train, Atwill at once decided, had brought anyone more interesting than this.

He got up and tipped some papers off a chair for her. He wanted her to stay as long as he could prevail upon her to do so. He was getting now a more definite idea of her. She was a slight girl, pretty in spite of her worn traveling suit and inexpensive hat.

"Thank you," she said. "I—I don't know a soul in town. I just got off the train. I'd made up my mind that the first sign I saw which was about oil I'd walk right in and tell them what I wanted. Well—all the signs are about oil. I picked out the one on your window only because I like the way it's printed; but I—I guess I've come to the right place."

"I reckon you have," he answered. "What can I do for you?"

She hesitated.

"I want to know whether you remember a man named Fred Mason—Frederick Lester Mason—who was here in Wichita Falls about a year ago."

He took rather longer than was necessary to reflect on this.

"No," he said; "I don't."

"You wouldn't know, then, about an oil company which he promoted?"

Atwill laughed happily. "Then you and I start life together owing Meeks seventeen thousand dollars"

"I might do that without remembering the man."

She took a letter from her hand-bag, folded it so that only part of the writing was visible and held it out to him. A species of electric thrill went through him as, in the passing of it, his hand touched hers. He read:

I supos you and your famly are living rich on the proceods of your roten Lucky . . . Oil Company. Gods curse upon you! Poor peples mony made you rich part of it my mony. I save fifteen years to get that mony—

Here the fold interrupted, and he could read no more.

"Oh!" he said. "You bought stock in this man's company?"

"No." She shook her head.

"But you're looking for him?"

She glanced away from him. He could not determine the meaning of the look upon her face.

"No," she said. "He's—dead. He was my brother. I'm Alida Mason."

"I'm sorry, Miss Mason, if I've said anything to hurt you."

"You haven't. I hadn't seen my brother in a long time. I hadn't even heard from him in more than a year. Then I learned that he was here in Wichita Falls, and I wrote him. He'd left by the time my letter got here, I guess, for it was returned to me. Then, afterward, I received this letter from some one here. The woman who wrote it must have copied the return address from my letter."

"Who is the woman?"

"It's unsigned. It's abusive; I didn't want you to see the whole of it—but it's also pitiful. She'd put her savings into the

stock of the company which Fred promoted and lost them. I never heard of the company. I don't even know the name of it. It isn't plainly written here, and I can't make it out."

"Lucky—something."

"I know. There's a place down here—a stock exchange. I stopped in there and looked at the names upon the board. There are several Lucky things, but none of them looks like this."

"It wouldn't be listed on the board—a busted company. At least, I think it wouldn't."

He was not quite sure; he did not know much about company promotion. All Texas was oil-mad; all Texans carried oil stock in their pockets. Mather bought stock, and so did Meeks, and from them down to old Roger, the man who cleaned the offices; but Atwill never had. He was an enthusiast, but his enthusiasm was only for oil-geology. The task of the geologist, which is to locate the oil, was for him a romantic and absorbing game—a hunt, a chase. The fact that the product so discovered had a market value of three dollars and a half a barrel did not interest him. He was content to receive a salary from Meeks & Mather for discovering it.

"I'm thankful," he heard her saying, "that I can make it right." Her tone disturbed him without his understanding why.

"You?" he inquired.

She flushed.

"Everything came at once, Mr.——"

"Atwill. Edwin Atwill."

"Thank you. Everything came at once. First, there was this letter—which hurt; then I received word that Fred had died in California; then I got a letter from a lawyer in San Francisco saying that Fred had left money in the bank which, as his only relative, belonged to me; then the money came—thirty-eight thousand dollars. It seemed as though it ought to be enough."

Her tone made him a trifle anxious.

"I don't quite understand," he invited.

She motioned to the letter.

"Here's one of the people Fred sold stock to," she explained. "See what it meant to her! I suppose he sold most of his stock to people just like that—poor people who couldn't spare the money and went without things so as to invest in something which he told them would make them comfortable for life. I've been thinking ever since about those people—ever since I got the letter from that woman. Of course I couldn't do anything about it—only pity them. And then the money came to me. It really seemed as though it had come to me so that I could do something."

He studied her uneasily.

"Yes? What?"

"First, I have to find out the name of the company, and then I want to buy back the stock from the people he cheated."

His eyes widened with dismay.

"Buy it back? Good Lord, Miss Mason!"

"Of course I shall need some one to help me. I've been rather hoping, since I came in here, that you'd do that."

"I couldn't. Miss Mason, I admire you for having that idea. But you must give it up. It isn't practical."

"Why?"

"Why, you can't give up this money that would buy you so many things you've never—I beg pardon, Miss Mason, what do you do?"

"I work in an office."

"There! That's what I mean. You can't go traveling round the world using this money that's come to you so luckily, and that would give you so many things, in trying to square accounts for a black-sheep brother who's neglected you for years."

"I can square this account."

"Well then, you mustn't. No self-respecting man would help you do such a thing. It isn't done. Besides, people wouldn't understand you. People who buy stock in non-producing companies know they're gambling."

She rose.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I hoped you would."

He perceived that, if he let her go now, their acquaintance was at an end.

"Wait," he said. "I haven't said that I wouldn't help you to find out the name of the

company." She sat down again and smiled. "The best man for that," he decided, "is Sam Weld. He's one of the oldest men in the game here, and has had a hand in a dozen or more companies. I'll take you over to him."

He got his hat. She was "some" girl, he was thinking, as they went out onto the street. How many girls would have come a thousand miles to give the money back? Her small hat, he was sure, had been retrimmed; her gloves were worn. His pulses quickened as, guiding her through the cosmopolite crowd, he asked her more about herself until he turned her into one of the older, smaller buildings.

Weld's office was in what had been a pool-hall. It was that no longer, for, in Wichita Falls, all available space is taken up by offices of oil companies. Down the center of the crowded room an aisle ran between two waist-high partitions. Similar partitions divided the remaining space into boxes some eight feet square. Each box was the office of a separate oil company, whose names were lettered on the desks, the walls, and the swinging gates.

The promoter—a corpulent man in a linen suit—swung round from his desk but did not get up as they entered. He took off his hat with a gesture and then put it on again. It was apparent in his tolerant smile that, as a practical oil man, he permitted himself to speak to a young geologist as to a kitten.

"Sam," said Atwill, "this is Miss Mason. Her brother, Fred Mason, promoted a dry well here a year or more ago. Naturally, the company busted."



She stood an instant in the doorway, observing him. "I beg pardon," she remarked

"Yes?" replied Weld.

"Miss Mason has come down here with the idea that she ought to buy the stock back from the holders."

Weld's eyes filled with a startled horror. The world—his world, at least—seemed to have reversed itself.

"Buy it back? Buy it?" he ejaculated. "Great God!" He stopped looking at Atwill as a kitten in order to look at Alida as at a creature in a menagerie. "My dear young lady," he pursued, when he recovered breath, "that shows that you don't understand the oil business. The first fact about oil is that no man knows what he's got. To-day's ten-thousand-barrel gusher may be dry next month; to-day's dry hole, when hope's abandoned, blows itself in. That's oil. Nobody buys non-producing stock thinking they're buying anything. It ain't buying. It's betting."

"But, Mr. Weld, if the stock is sold by deceiving people as to the chances of success?"

"It ain't to be expected, Miss Mason, that a man'll publicly belittle his own property. Atwill, what do you think of this proposition?"

Atwill stood looking down at her. He had flushed under his tan.

"It's an idea. Sam, which wouldn't occur to any but a certain kind of person—and maybe not to all the people of that kind, if they were situated like Miss Mason. Miss Mason earns her own living, and her plan is to give the money back and then go home and go to work again." He swallowed. "Of course, if it should turn out that this wasn't a fake company, that plan don't go. I thought you might remember about the company. If you don't, between us we might be able to make sure what sort of company it was before she goes ahead. You could judge about the promoting end, and, if the lease is still in existence, I could tell a good deal about the company by looking at the well—if there is a well."

Weld reflected.

"I wouldn't like to be connected with a thing like that," he concluded, "that is, not publicly. Buying back stock that's proved to be no good! What was the name of the company?"

"Miss Mason isn't sure about the name. All she knows is that it was called the 'Lucky' something. She got that from a letter."

He took the letter, which Alida gave him, and held it for Weld to see.

"'Lucky,'" said Weld, "ain't much guide to the name of a company. There's plenty companies and wells—most of 'em dry—with names that begin with that." He seemed about to mention the names of some of these companies, but did not. His eyes narrowed as he looked up at Atwill. "Looks to me," he said, "as if that second word was 'Tumble.' The Lucky Tumble Oil Company. There was a company of that name."

"It might be that," Atwill and Alida agreed.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," Weld offered. "I'll look up the company. I'll get the name and what I can about it. You come back here in the morning. If the company's still got a leasehold, we'll run out there in my car, and you can look it over. Atwill, Miss Mason, is one of our best little rockhounds." His eyes had narrowed still more.

Atwill went with her to the street.

"Have you got a place to stay?" he inquired suddenly.

She laughed.

"Not yet. But I've only tried so far at three hotels. At the last one, I heard them tell the man ahead of me that, if he waited until twenty-one people had checked out, he could share a cot in a corridor."

"The woman across the street from where I live rents rooms. I'll try to get one for you."

He went with her and arranged about the room. He hesitated.

"We don't have theatrical performances in Texas, Miss Mason, but there's vaudeville," he suggested, "if you'd care to go to that."

It seemed she did care; he was proportionately pleased. He called for her in the evening. After the performance, they paced the deserted streets of the small city, and his blood warned to realize that she was as reluctant to return to her lodging as he was to take her. Her life, it seemed to him, had been rather dismal. There had been an orphan childhood with a maiden aunt; there had been worry over her undisciplinable brother. She had sent her brother money.

In the morning, Atwill called for her, and they went again to Weld.

"I was right," the promoter told them. "It was the Lucky Tumble Oil Company. Fifty thousand one-dollar shares of capital stock. I won't say that the certificates are signed by dummy officers, but I will say the names ain't known in this town.

Here's one of the certificates; one of the errand-boys around here owns it."

He took the certificate from his desk and handed it to Alida. She took a dollar from her hand-bag.

"Give the boy this," she said. "This is exactly what I want to do; I want to buy the shares of the very poorest people first."

Weld put the dollar in his pocket.

"Mind," he warned; "I'm not saying yet that the company was crooked. It's still got a leasehold. We'll drive out there and see what Atwill says. All I'm saying now is that fifty thousand shares might mean a few thousand for a lease, a few thousand for advertising and selling, ten thousand to sink a well deep enough so that the stockholders could be made to believe that the lease had been proved dry, and the balance for the promoters."

They went with him to his car. Atwill had the rear seat with Alida; he was beginning to think that to ride beside her like that would be a very pleasant way to spend the rest of his existence.

"Looking at a busted oil-lease, Miss Mason," Weld observed to them, over his shoulder, "you'll find is a good deal like holding a second funeral."

The desolation of the Lucky Tumble lease bore out his statement. The derrick had been removed to be used somewhere else; the doors and windows had been taken from the bunk-house and cook-house, and these buildings had promptly filled with tons of dust. A ravine deeper than any they had seen on the drive out crossed one corner of the lease. Atwill perceived, and, from the nearer side of the ravine, the land sloped gently toward them. He stood studying the aspect of the land. The history of these rocks and sands excited him. This oil country had, in some remote period, been covered by a sea which had deposited on its bottom polyps, perhaps, or plants. In succeeding ages, these, overlaid by sand, had turned to oil. The sand, in time, had turned to rock. The oil, pushed by water and by gas, had kept moving through this porous rock. Whenever it could be pushed up to the earth's surface, it had long since evaporated and disappeared, but wherever world-convulsions had formed pockets of hard rock which it could not penetrate, it had been caught and held.

Atwill found always something thrilling in this inspection of land which, thousands of feet below, might be underlain by oil; but there was, he saw, with disappointment, no evidence on the Lucky Tumble lease of any of the usual oil formations. There was no indication of an "anticline," or upward bend of underlying rock, which might have caught the oil within its peak. The slope was either "monoclinical"—all in one direction—or the ravine indicated a "syncline," or downward bend, the least promising of all formations for oil. He broke samples from the rock on both sides of the ravine. Then he followed Weld and Alida, who were looking at the well.

"What do you think of it?" Alida asked of Atwill.

"It doesn't look," he admitted, "as though the men who drilled this well were trying to get oil. It looks as if they were merely trying to make other people think they were."

"To sell their stock," said Weld. He had removed the boards which covered the mouth of the well and was looking down into it. "Dry," he remarked, "as the sun-bleached sands of Sahara."

Atwill was examining the slush-pit. The rotary drilling-machine brings to the surface occasional fragments as large as small pebbles. It was at two or three of these, which he had picked up, that he was looking.

"What's that?" Weld inquired.

"A little living creature of the past," Atwill replied, "called *Productus Longispinus*."

"Looks dead," observed Weld, who had not seen the objects distinctly.

"Been dead three hundred thousand years."

"Ought to look dead, then," Weld conceded.

He led the way back to the car.

"Now, Miss Mason," he remarked, as they returned to town, "Atwill agrees with me. I thought he would; I reckon I was sure of it. For, this morning, after I had got the dope of this company, I asked one or two of the boys to scout round and locate the stock for me. It was sold mostly in this neighborhood. I don't mind picking it up for you, so long as there's no publicity about it."

"Thank you very much," Alida accepted.

"All right. We'll see what the boys have been able to do."

The "boys," apparently, had done very well. There were a number of large envelopes on Weld's desk, accompanied by a list.

"Here," said Weld, taking up the first envelop and comparing it with the list, "appear to be five hundred shares belonging to a Mrs. Stephen Murphy—woman with an invalid husband. Might be the very writer of the letter you received, Miss Mason."



"Weld, the worst licking you ever received has been bottled up in me for three days, and the cork is slipping"

"She might, indeed," Alida assented.

"Here are three hundred shares belonging to a man named Sillen—widowed laborer with four small children."

Tears shone in Alida's eyes.

"Oh, I'm glad to be able to give the money back to them!"

Atwill looked on gloomily. Alida would have had to be a different sort of person from what she was not to buy back the stock, and he did not want her to be different; he did not want her changed in any way. Ethically, she might be right in what she was doing; but, since no one had ever felt called upon to do that sort of thing before, he was sorry that she should think it necessary to be the first one to try it.

His gloom increased when, on the succeeding day, Alida bought three thousand dollars' worth of Lucky Tumble stock through

Sam Weld, and it became still worse when, on the third day, she bought six thousand, making a total of eleven thousand dollars to date.

Meanwhile, in spite of his certainty that there was no oil on the lease, he proceeded mechanically with the examination of his samples. He broke up the bits of rock he had brought home and reduced each separately to dust. The dust he allowed to dry. When it had dried to a sandy powder, he put each sample into a bottle and poured chloroform on it. After the dust had soaked into a mud, he poured the mud out onto white filter-papers, each over its separate little white-enamel plate. Then he set the plates out to dry.

The latter part of this operation had taken place in the early evening. The office was deserted; only old Roger, with his broom,

The Rockhound

"Looks like Lucky Tumble," Weld had said, and he had watched them to see whether the name was known to either of them. He had made sure they did not recognize the name. One of Weld's own "busted" companies which they had never heard of and which most people had forgotten! That was the stock which he was selling Alida!

Atwill's blood surged hotly with rage. Instinctively, he loosened his cuffs and rolled them back. At this hour of the evening, Weld would be taking his ease in a chair tipped back against the front of the Westland Hotel. First, he would get Alida's money back from him—the eleven thousand dollars of which he had mulcted her! Then—it would not be a fight; it would be punishment. To cheat the kind of girl Alida was—doing what she was doing! Suddenly, Atwill felt a great tenderness toward Alida.

He strode to the door, still tugging at his cuffs. All at once, he stopped. His purpose against Weld was checked, and he moved toward the little drying plates, staring at them as if fascinated.

Atwill's absence from town on the two following days was unexplained to Alida.



was sweeping up the floors and emptying the waste-baskets. The old man kept a curious eye on Atwill and the samples.

"What prospect you testing now?" he inquired speculatively.

Atwill laughed.

"No chance for you to invest, Roger," he denied. "This is a dead one—a dry lease. Lucky Tumble."

"'Lucky Tumble!' I reckon she *is* dry! I got two hundred shares of her I'll sell you for two bits."

Atwill gazed at the old man. He could imagine no one more deserving than old Roger to get part of Alida's money.

"I know where you can get more than that for it," he offered.

"Where's that?" The old man faced him keenly.

"Sam Weld."

The old man's interest died.

"Sam Weld ain't buying Lucky Tumble. He's the one that sold it."

"'Sold it?' To whom?"

"To everybody. He drilled her, didn't he? More'n two years ago, at the beginning of the excitement. Weld come up here from a deep-well field where they had cable-drilling. I reckon he didn't know the rotary machine that they use here, and it drilled too fast for him—"

"Wait, Roger! Let me get this straight. You say Sam Weld drilled Lucky Tumble?"

"Of course he drilled it! More'n two years ago, before you and three-quarters of these other people came to this city. It was Weld's first company here. Most folks have forgotten it, except folks like me that bought the stock. The rotary machine drilled too fast for him and proved his well dry before he got the stock all sold."

"Didn't a man named Mason drill it?"

"Never heard of Mason. Lucky Tumble was Sam Weld's company. I know. I swept floors in that office one time, too. He's got near twenty thousand dollars of that stock he never did sell—got it, unless he's burned it up since to get rid of it."

Atwill's muscles stiffened in his surprise and anger. It was not her brother's stock Weld was selling to Alida. They did not know even the name of her brother's company. It had been unreadable in the letter, and Weld, he recalled, had tried them out.

Alida got up on the runway beside the caller and made her explanation. "So now," she said, in conclusion,

"I hope you all understand what I am doing"

except by his note saying merely that he had been called away and would return. When he got back, late on the second day, he left at the office the transit, spirit-level, and set of blue-prints which had been his only companions, and went in search of her. The vaudeville had changed, and they attended it again that evening. He could not afterward have told what he had seen.

"How much of—of your brother's stock has Weld got for you?" he inquired of her in the intermission.

"Nineteen thousand shares."

"How much more does he think he can pick up?"

"He said that was all he had been able to locate."

Atwill's flesh prickled uneasily.

"You mean he has stopped trying?"

"He said he wasn't able to find any more."

Atwill chewed his lip as he reflected. Old Roger had said Weld had almost twenty thousand shares of unsold stock. Undoubtedly he had sold Alida all he had. He looked away from her. "But there must be a good many more poor folks than that who own that stock, Alida."

Her sweet face took on a look of pain.

"I know. I hate to think about them, Edwin. Very likely, the ones he didn't find are the very poorest and the most deserving. They'd naturally be the hardest ones to find."

"And you aren't trying to find them?"

"What do you mean?"

"The way to locate stock is through the stock exchange."

"I thought the exchange didn't trade in stocks of companies which have failed."

"I understand they'll list anything in which there is trading. If you tried to buy Lucky Tumble there, you'd get some more."

"Do you advise that?"

lettered with the names of hundreds of oil companies, shouted the bids and offers which they cried to him; the "marker" recorded the sales with his chalk. The lure of the game was that, while much of the stock which they bought and sold among themselves was worthless, some of it would be worth a hundred or a thousand times its par, and none among them knew which was which. Atwill guided Alida to a seat upon a bench, and they waited for the trade in progress to be finished. Having ended that, the caller recommenced his monotonous walk upon the runway.

"Call your trades, folks!" he invited. "Call your trades!"

"Buy Lucky Tumble!" Alida called.

The caller halted.

"Buy what?" he questioned, in amazement.

"Lucky Tumble."

"How much?"

"One dollar."

The clerks stopped writing; the white-hatted men stopped talking. There was a rustle of persons changing their position in order to see Alida. The caller went to the end of his runway and consulted with one of the clerks. He evidently received the information he had asked for, for the marker then wrote "Lucky Tumble" in a blank space on the board.



"You want to give the money back, don't you? Then I'd do it through the exchange. Stop round for me to-morrow afternoon and I'll go over with you."

The long, dim room into which Atwill turned with Alida from the busy street, after she had called for him at his office on the following afternoon, was well filled with people. In the corners and about the railing which enclosed the clerks stood sunburned men in soft white hats—the oil-operators. In equal number were paler, stouter men without uniformity of head-gear; these were the lease-dealers and company promoters. On the benches and in the standing-space behind them were the traders, many of them women. Atwill, who knew many of these persons, saw dressmakers, laborers, clerks in stores, delivery-boys, wives, sons, and daughters of the farmers. Until the day of oil, the financial ambition of these people had been thirty dollars a month; now no one could set a limit to their dreams.

The "caller," on his runway in front of the long blackboard

"One dollar bid for Lucky Tumble, folks!" the caller shouted. "The dead has come to life. Resurrection-day! Who's got any of that stock?"

"Sell at two dollars," came a quavering voice.

"How much?"

"Fifty shares."

Alida stood up to see who had made this offer. It had come from an old man who sat shakingly bent forward on a bench. Atwill saw that this person was old Roger. As Alida studied him, there was a conflict of pity and irritation in her face.

"Why," she whispered to Atwill, "all I am trying to do is to give his money back. He must know the stock isn't worth anything—he must know that!"

"One dollar bid; two dollars asked!" the caller shouted. "Get together, folks. What's your offer, lady?"

"One dollar," Alida answered firmly.

"Sell at one seventy-five," said old Roger.

He was so miserably pitiful an old man that Alida weakened.

"Buy at one five," she conceded.

"Sell at one sixty."

Eventually Alida bought fifty shares from old Roger at one dollar and twenty cents.

"It's so plain," she whispered, "that that old man needs the money." But having made this trade, she reflected.

"Buy Lucky Tumble," she said, to the caller, "at eighty cents."

"Sell at three dollars." This was again the quavering voice of old Roger.

Alida was now distinctly angry.

"I won't stand this," she said to Atwill. "He didn't sell me all he had. He's just an old wretch, and he's trying to make money out of me. Come with me."

She led the way to the enclosure with its clerks, where she asked for the proprietor of the exchange. That person appeared presently from an office somewhere above, descending by a winding stairway.

"I want to explain to you," she said to him, "that I am trying to buy back the stock of a well where they didn't find any oil, because I think the people were cheated when they bought it and ought to have their money back."

The proprietor gasped audibly.

"Why, lady," he said "you can't do that—not at the price they paid for it, you can't!"

"Why not?"

"Lady, what does a man do when he gets an oil-well? Does he go around and tell folks he's got a well? No, ma'am! He plugs the hole; he takes down the derrick; he gives out that work has been stopped. Then the stock goes down, and he and his friends go round and buy it up."

"But they know that this stock is worthless."

"No, ma'am. If you try to buy it, that's proof to them that it ain't worthless."

"But if I explained to them—if I got up here and told them what I'm doing?"

"That won't do any good. Get up there, lady, if you want and try it."

The exchange had been rapidly filling with people and was crowded now to its furthest corner. At intervals, red-faced and perspiring men and women pushed their way excitedly into the room, gained the front rank, and halted suddenly, inquiring-looking and dazed. It was evident that these were holders of the Lucky Tumble stock who had received information of its unexpected activity. Alida—at first very pale and later very red—got up on the runway beside the caller and made her explanation.

"So now," she said, in conclusion, "I hope you all understand what I am doing. The stock isn't worth anything at all, but I am willing to pay a dollar a share for it—the price for which it was purchased."

She came down onto the floor again beside Atwill.

"Buy Lucky Tumble stock," she said to the caller, "at one dollar."

"Sell for four dollars," came a voice out of the crowd.

Some one laughed. Alida turned the color of fire and bit her lip in rage.

"Why, they think I've been lying to them!" she exclaimed to Atwill. "They don't believe me! The wretches! I won't buy a share of their old stock. I'm going to tell them so."

"Buy," Atwill shouted at the caller, "at two dollars."

"Sell," returned the voice, "at three dollars and half."

Alida seized Atwill by the arm.

"I won't pay two dollars," she declared.

"These poor folks need the money."

"Poor folks!" she exclaimed. "They're money-grabbers! They want to wring every last mortal cent out of me that they can!" Her face softened, and her eyes filled with tears. "If I'd known they were going to act like this, I'd never have come down here!"

He led her to a bench. He was shaking excitedly; he could feel his blood beating and his palms were wet.

"Alida," he whispered, "there's oil on Lucky Tumble. I don't know how much; and these people don't know it's there—but there's oil!"

She stared at him.

"Those little fossils that I found," he went on swiftly, "are found only in the stratum which overlies the oil-sand—they didn't mean anything; for the sand might be there without any oil in it. But there's seepage in the ravine—so little that it can't be seen; it comes up from far below. It was only when I made a chloroform-test that the oil showed in the rocks—there was oil

left on two of the little plates. It's what we call a 'sealed fault.' The earth cracked sometime along the line of that ravine. The rocks on the south side are older than those to the north. Those old rocks were pushed up across the newer rocks that held the oil and have sealed it in." She seemed endeavoring to understand. "I can't tell how much oil, Alida; no one can. I spent those two days out there making sure of only as much as I am telling you. To find out, the well will have to be deepened several hundred feet. It's—just a gamble."

She was following now closely what he said.

"Listen," he urged her: "Alida, you've got over nineteen thousand shares of stock. If you were to buy six thousand more, you would control the company. If you did that, you could get money for deepening the well." He leaned closer to her. "Alida, that old man—old Roger—had two hundred shares. I asked him last night if he knew others who had shares. He said, 'Yes; plenty.' I told him to pass the word to them to be here at the exchange this afternoon, and to tell any others who owned stock. I hoped you would get the stock without my telling you all this. It seems you couldn't. But perhaps you can buy it at the prices that they ask. Only, I want to be sure you realize that it's just—a chance. The oil may not be there in paying quantity, and your twenty thousand may not be enough to buy the stock."

"Not enough to buy six thousand shares?" she asked incredulously.

"This is real money we're talking of now, Alida. Twenty thousand is a bagatelle. If the oil's there in quantity, you'll be rich—rich!"

His voice shook. There was nothing he wanted so much as to make Alida rich. She thought an instant; she had grown suddenly pale.

"Buy at two dollars," she said to the caller cautiously.

Alida bought two hundred shares at two dollars and forty cents; four hundred at two sixty-five; three hundred at two eighty."

"Buy at two ninety," some one called.

Atwill looked for the bidder. It was Weld. His muscles hardened and his flesh grew hot as he crossed to him.

"No bids from you!" he ordered.

The promoter bristled.

"The exchange is free. You wouldn't be paying these prices unless you knew something. I think she and you have put something over on me—got me to sell."

"Got you to sell? Weld, the worst licking you ever received has been bottled up in me for three days, and the cork is slipping."

"You can't bluff me. I've got a right to buy."

"Then you'll be carried out of here."

The promoter fronted him threatening; suddenly, he whitened and backed away and ceased to bid.

When the exchange closed at six o'clock, Alida had bought forty-five hundred and sixty shares of Lucky Tumble; but the last price had been ten dollars and no more shares were offered.

She was silent as they went out on the street.

"I've got less than a thousand dollars, left," she mourned finally, "and I don't own half the shares."

He did not answer. There was a queer quality in his silence. He turned quickly and nervously in at the door of his office. A slip of paper lay on his desk which he picked up and read, and his breath lengthened with relief.

"It's all right," he said to her.

"All right?"

"Yes; there are three exchanges in this town. I had pretty nearly two thousand dollars of my own, and this morning I borrowed five thousand more of Meeks. A couple of men from the office here picked up what stock they could for you in the other exchanges. They got fourteen hundred and thirty shares. So it's all right. You control the company."

"I?"

"Yes."

"With your money? Money that you borrowed?"

Her eyes had filled. Through her tears, a light was shining at him which he had never seen in any eyes before.

"I couldn't let you go away again," he said; "I couldn't!"

"I—I wouldn't have gone away."

It was very hot on Lucky Tumble. The sun was reflected back by the white wood of the new, empty tanks built expectantly close to the derrick. The motor carrying Atwill and Alida crawled up the slope and stopped at a distance from the well, and they got out and stood looking at the motionless machinery and the idle drilling-crew.

(Concluded on page 130)



The Pace That Kills

*Vital statistics show that we who
live the fastest live the longest.*

By Woods Hutchinson Photographic Illustrations by A. P. Milne

THE pace that really kills is the crawl. Romantically, we are accustomed to describe the race of life as a swift and eager struggle to reach the goal ahead of the other fellow, and particularly in advance of the crowd. Practically, and from a cold-eyed, vital-statistics point of view, it is an equally strenuous but less exhilarating series of rushes to escape being overtaken by the wolf of hunger or the tiger of pestilence.

The pace may make us weary and short of breath, but it is the plague that kills. We may "strain our hearts to bursting" by running, but they will never actually burst in either valve or vessel unless their fiber has been weakened by the poison of rheumatism or other infection.

Even if we run too fast, it is an open question whether we are not running away from as many dangers as we are running into.

We come surprisingly near the paradox that it is in those ages and those nations in which life is most leisurely and least hurried that it is shortest. Of course, it is no mere figure of speech but a literal statement of fact that the Grim Reaper is busiest among us at the ages when we are crawling into the world at one end of the series, and sitting and meditating upon its vanities at the other. Not until we pass our seventieth year will we die as rapidly as before our seventieth day, but this is merely one of the grim pleasantries of fate, and due to other causes as well as pace.

It is, however, a strange contradiction, as those of us who studied the great war medically quickly found, that it was safer to be a soldier on the firing-line than a baby in its crib, and that

the cradle was more deadly than the trench, the mortalities in cold black and white being three per cent. per annum for the soldiers and ten per cent. per annum for the babies.

We speak, sometimes, with a feeling almost akin to envy, of the peaceful, placid life of the Orient, with its freedom from hurry and bustle and its abundant leisure for reflection and meditation, with its simple diet of rice and herbs and a little fish, purifying the blood, sparing the liver, cooling the passions. No mad, frenzied rush to make progress or improve one's position, but a pious contentment to live quietly and peacefully.

Here, in this restful atmosphere of happy contentment, life surely ought to be as prolonged as it is leisurely, and we hear much of the great and venerable age attained by their priests and wise men, their yogis and their hermits. But when the prosaic and practical officials of the Occidental races began to take over the guardianship of these happy and contented philosopher-children, it was quickly discovered that their average lifetime ranged from nineteen to twenty-one years in India, and twenty-two to twenty-five in China, as contrasted with thirty-six to fifty-six for us Western barbarians. The Orientals may have learned the secret of a happy life, but they don't survive very long to enjoy it.

Two illustrations will suggest a reason why. About fifteen years ago, the terrible bubonic plague, or "black death" of history, blazed up in Asia, and in three years swept away over six million lives in India and probably twice that number in China. It got a foothold on the Pacific coast of the United States and extensively infected the vermin which carry it—the rats—but

The Pace That Kills

claimed less than two hundred lives, most of these in Orientals. This marvelous contrast was due partly to our high sanitary standards of living, partly to the magnificent fight waged against it by the United States Public Health Service.

When the influenza hurricane burst upon this country two years ago, we were horror-stricken and shamed by its death-toll of a little under half a million as a blot on our sanitary civilization, but in India, with little more than twice our population, its estimated destruction was nearly five and a half millions.

As between the hustling West and the leisurely East, the paradox certainly seems to hold true that the slower you live the faster you die. The familiar proverb should be revised to read, "More haste, fewer funerals."

It is with most of us almost an article of belief, one of the tenets of the simple faith of our childhood, that our forefathers lived simpler, less strenuous, more natural, and, in consequence, happier and longer lives than we do. Rising with the lark and going to bed with the chickens, living by daylight instead of by gas or electricity, eating plainer and coarser fare, working, for the most part, healthfully in the great outdoors, they escaped entirely the terrible strains upon nerve and brain, upon heart and kidneys which are dooming our city-imprisoned and indoor-working generation to premature graves in the forties or fifties.

But, like many other widely and firmly held beliefs, the figures simply will not "play up" in support. The earliest data which are solid enough to be put into black and white show that about three centuries ago the great cities of Europe were well satisfied with a death-rate of from fifty to eighty per thousand of their population each year; a century ago, thirty to fifty was common, while to-day, at the very climax of our nightmare rush and stifling overcrowding, London, New York, and Chicago are each competing eagerly for the lowest death-rate ever known in the world or in history for equal masses of population, with records of from eleven and a half to twelve and a half per thousand, with

Chicago slightly in the lead at latest reports. In other words, in spite of our degeneracy and our overcivilization, we die at less than half the rate that our great-grandparents did, and hardly a fourth as speedily as our Colonial ancestors.

Or—to put it from a less funereal and more cheerful point of view—the average longevity, or length of life, has increased during the last fifty years from a little over thirty-three years to a little under fifty-one. Doctor Charles Mayo, in his recent presidential address before the American College of Surgeons, not only announces this but claims that surgery and medicine are prepared to add another fifteen years to the average life, and actually bases upon this a plea for a shorter working-day, on account of the marked increase of the number of years of productive work for each individual.

Reasons why for this almost incredible contrast: Fewer fevers and fewer famines, black death gone, smallpox a ghost of its former self, typhoid vanishing, tuberculosis declining, more kinds of food and better balanced diet the year round, cleaner water to drink, and less indulgence in more exhilarating beverages, less gambling, less readiness to let blood over every difference of opinion.

Even between those classes which to-day live under nearly ancestral conditions in the country and those which are penned up in great cities, a similar comparison holds, though in less degree. The death-rates of our great cities are now below those of the country at large, twelve and a half for the cities, fourteen for the nation. Part of this is due to a skimming-off of the most active minds and many of the most vigorous bodies from the country to the city. But more of it to the unexpected fact that, in many respects, man controls his environment better in the city than in the open country. In spite of its great natural advantages, the lowest child death-rate and greatest height and weight of children at a given age are no longer in the healthful country but in the well-planned suburbs of our great cities, both working and middle class.



Those who studied the great war medically quickly found that it was safer to be a soldier on the firing-line than a baby in its crib

When the search-light of the great draft was turned upon our national physique, its first rays shocked us by the revelation of nearly thirty per cent. of "unfitness" in our young manhood in its prime. And our "degeneracy" was promptly put down to the fact that over fifty per cent. of us had become city-dwellers. But when the actual comparison was made between the drafted men from the country and those from the city, it was found that the difference was only a little over five per cent. in favor of the country-bred. And this, oddly enough, was pretty nearly made up for later in camp on account of their greater susceptibility to the mild infectious diseases.

Moreover, so much of this unfitness was purely military that, later in the draft, when the numbers began to run up into the millions, the standards were sharply revised, with the result that barely twelve per cent. were rejected instead of thirty-two. In other words, only about one-eighth of our boys had defects which would seriously affect the vigor and the stamina of the race.

Really, on the whole, our civilization can afford to be proud of the showing made by its young men in the great-draft exposure, in the fact that nearly seventy per cent. of them had really no defect worth mentioning from the eugenic point of view, and encouraged and cheered as to the future on account of the large percentage of unfitnesses which were either curable or preventable—though it is perfectly right to feel compunction that we had not already prevented more of them.

It is probably hardly too much to say that, within the next thirty years, the terrible calamity of the war will have actually saved more years of human life than it cost, on account of the splendid drill and training in health-habits and knowledge of how to protect themselves against infections and diseases of every sort which it gave to the soldiers.

The tremendous awakening of the mind of the nation to the value of children of every class as future defenders of the republic and military assets of the state, with its consequent splendidly planned and successful child-welfare campaigns, will continue to save and lengthen life long after when the war shall have passed into history. Indeed, by the third year of the war, England, from the superb scientific care and protection given the health of her children, actually reached the lowest child death-rate in her history.

On the whole, there is surprisingly little ponderable evidence that the hurry and rush and overcrowding of our modern civilization are undermining our health or landing us in premature

graves. In fact, most of the official and only reliable actual records point in exactly the opposite direction.

But there is one exception to the general rule, one group in the community which has less reason to be satisfied with its outlook, for, on the face of the returns, at least, there is a distinct increase in the death-rate of men between the ages of forty and fifty-five. And as those of us affected by this change, who are approaching or past the meridian of life, consider ourselves a most valuable and indispensable element of the community, and have exceptional powers of expression and publicity, we are making great outcry about it. Likewise the insurance companies, which have to carry our risks.

This is perfectly natural and proper, of course, for, as the Irishman put it, "Phwat's the use of all the comforts in loife to a man if his wife's a widow?" It is cold consolation to be assured of a general increase and improvement of life-expectation for the community at all ages except your own, and few of us are altruistic and public-spirited enough to be really cheered by it.

But the situation is not so bad as it looks at first sight on the face of the returns. The first reassuring discovery is that the increase in mortality at these decades is comparatively slight, seldom more than ten or fifteen per cent. While, on the other hand, if we are once safely past this danger-zone, we have excellent prospects of continuing to survive to a good or, at least, a reasonable old age. And most of us would be quite willing to take a sporting-chance on some additional danger in these decades for the sake of a peaceful and comfortable later age, rather than linger on five or ten years longer in discomfort and partial disability.

In fact, it appears to be rather the tendency of our civilized life to push on at higher speed and effectiveness to a reasonable degree past maturity and completion of our life-work, and then die rather more suddenly and perhaps a little earlier than before. And I think this would be the personal preference of most of us if we were given our choice.

This view is largely borne out by the changing character and rank of causes of death in the last two or three decades. Thirty years ago, tuberculosis was head and shoulders

above and more deadly than all other diseases. Ten years ago, it was overtaken by pneumonia, and this, within the last few years, has been itself overtaken by heart-disease, which, at present, carries the black banner of the captains of the men of Death.

But if we widen our field of view, we find (Concluded on page 100)



It is probably hardly too much to say that, within the next thirty years, the terrible calamity of the war will have actually saved more years of human life than it cost, on account of the splendid drill and training in health-habits and knowledge of how to protect themselves against infections and diseases of every sort which it gave to the soldiers

Find the Woman

Get acquainted with these people—

CLANCY DEANE, beauty and youth personified, has come to New York from Maine to seek fame in moving pictures. She does this on the advice of Fanchon DeLisle, a vaudeville actress, whom she met in her home town. She takes the name of Florine Ladue. Immediately on her arrival, through a chance acquaintance, Fay Marston (Mrs. Ike Weber), she is taken to a party given by Zenda, a prominent motion-picture producer, from which many adventures result. In the first place, Weber is caught cheating at cards. A fight ensues, and Clancy runs away. The company thinks she is one of Weber's accomplices. She is traced by Zenda's partner, Grannis, who is not loyal to Zenda and is trying to protect Weber. He threatens her with arrest on a charge of stealing a pearl necklace from Mrs. Weber unless she accepts ten thousand dollars to leave town and keep silent about Weber's cheating Zenda at cards. In great fear, and not knowing what to do, she takes the money. But she exposes Grannis to Zenda, who has a camera-test made of her. It is a failure, and Clancy is obliged to renounce her ambitions for a screen career.

DAVID RANDALL, a rich young man, whom Clancy mistakes for a taxi-driver, and who motors her to her hotel after her flight from the Zenda party. She meets him the next day in a restaurant. The acquaintance turns rapidly into love on Randall's part. He is going to California on business relating to a moving-picture combine, and asks Clancy to marry him at once. This she will not do. She doesn't love him. Randall sets out on his journey, but being held up by a blizzard, returns to New York.

MORRIS BEINER, a theatrical agent, to whom Clancy—as Florine Ladue—goes with a card of introduction from Fanchon DeLisle. Beiner insults Clancy; she defends herself. Beiner falls, and Clancy leaves by way of the fire-escape. The next morning, she reads that Beiner has been found stabbed to death with a paper-knife, and that a girl is being sought. She seeks new lodgings near Washington Square. She is almost penniless, for she fears

XXII

RANDALL released Clancy's hand. He laughed embarrassedly.

"You looked glad," he said.

Clancy's hand fell limply to her side. A moment ago, her hand-clasp would have been firm, vital, a thing to thrill the young man. But now, although that protection he might give was most desirable, she could not respond to its presence.

For she was caught. Spofford, across the street, staring menacingly over at her, had been too swift for her. Yet, trapped though she was, she managed to look away from the attaché of the district attorney's office. She met Randall's eyes.

"I am glad," she said. As though to prove her words, she raised her hand and offered it again to Randall.

He took it. Holding it, he turned and stared over his shoulder. Spofford was still standing across the street; his companion was nodding his head. It seemed as though, sensing some threat in Randall's stare, they stood a little closer together. Something of that surly defiance that is the city detective's

"Well, what are you going to do?" demanded the judge. Vandervent shrugged. "It's not an offhand matter. Judge.

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The Story of Your Ideal Girl

A novel of Youth and Mystery by Arthur Somers Roche

Illustrated by Dean Cornwell

Now go ahead with the story.

to touch the money she has deposited in a bank under the name of Florine Ladue.

SOPHIE CAREY, a painter of some note, to whom Clancy is introduced by Randall. She takes an immediate fancy to Clancy and resolves to befriend her. She has a ne'er-do-well husband, Don Carey, from whom she was once separated, but she has forgiven him and taken him back.

SALLY HENDERSON, a real-estate agent and interior decorator. On Mrs. Carey's recommendation, she employs Clancy to help her in the renting of apartments.

PHILIP VANDERVENT, assistant district attorney of New York County, whom Clancy meets at a party given by Mrs. Carey. He greatly alarms Clancy by telling her that he is searching for one Florine Ladue, suspected of being Beiner's slayer. He has located Fanchon DeLisle, whose card, introducing Clancy as Florine Ladue, has been found in Beiner's office. Clancy now gives up hope. She goes to Vandervent's office and sends in the name of Florine Ladue, intending to tell the story and surrender. While waiting, she picks up a paper and reads of Fanchon's sudden death. When she sees Vandervent, she faints away. And when she revives, she explains her action as a joke.

JUDGE WALBROUGH and his wife, who are guests at the Carey party. They became much interested in Clancy, who tells them about her experience with Grannis, and gives the judge the ten thousand dollars.

SPOFFORD, a detective. He is with Vandervent at the time of Clancy's visit, and is not impressed with the explanation of her conduct as a joke. He trails her. The next day, near her home, Clancy meets Randall, and at the same moment sees Spofford approaching with a man whom she recognizes as the elevator-man in the building in which the Beiner office is located. Her heart almost stops beating. But, at least, she feels that Randall is there to protect her.

most outstanding trait seeped across the street. Clancy felt it. She wondered whether or not Randall did.

But he said nothing. With an air of proprietorship that was comforting, he drew her hand through his bended arm and started guiding her through the drifts.

Dully, Clancy permitted herself to be led. She wondered, almost apathetically, if Spofford would halt them. Well, what difference would it make? For a moment, she was vaguely interested in Randall's possible attitude. Would he knock the man down?

Then, as they reached the two men, Randall stopped. His big right arm moved backward; Clancy almost swung with it, back out of a possible fracas.

"I thought summer-time was your hunting-season," said Randall.

Spofford eyed him sullenly.

"Who you talkin' to?" he demanded.

"Why, to you," said Randall. "I thought that all you old gentlemen with dyed whiskers and toupées did your work in the pleasant months." He half-wheeled and pointed west. "Know what's over that way? I'll tell you—Jefferson Market.

And the least that they give a masher is ten days on the Island. That is, after he gets out of the hospital." He paused, stared at Spofford a moment, then added, "It's your move."

Spofford's red face bore a



We must think." They thought. But Clancy's thoughts traveled far afield from the tremendous issue that confronted her

(Continued on next page) COPYRIGHTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

Find the Woman

deeper color. But he met Randall's stare calmly. Slowly he turned back the lapel of his jacket, affording a glimpse of a nickel badge.

"Take a slant at that, friend," he advised. "I ain't mashin'; I'm 'tendin' to my business. Suppose," he finished truculently, "you 'tend to yours."

Clancy, hanging on Randall's arm, felt his biceps tighten. But her precarious position would not be improved by an attack upon Spofford. She made her gripping fingers dig deeper. She felt the biceps soften.

Then, as she waited for Spofford to announce that she was under arrest, the blue-coated man with the outthrust lower lip moved aside. She gave Randall no time for digestion of the queer situation. Her fingers now impelled him forward, and in a moment they were in the hall of Mrs. Gerand's lodging-house.

She left him there while she went up-stairs. Clancy would have stopped the procession to the death-house to powder her nose. And why not? Men light a cigarette; women arrange their hair. Either act, calling for a certain concentration, settles the nerves.

But Clancy's nerves were not to be settled this morning. Even though Spofford had not arrested her, his presence with the elevator-man from the Heberworth Building meant only one thing. He had not believed her explanation of her visit to Philip Vandervent's office, and, acting upon that disbelief, had produced, for purposes of identification, a man who had seen Beiner's mysterious woman visitor last Tuesday afternoon. Arrest was a mere matter of time, Clancy supposed.

Panicky, she peeped through the window, flattening her nose against the pane. Outside, across the street now, was Spofford. She was quite certain that his roving eyes sought her out, found her, and that his mean mouth opened in an exultant laugh.

She shrugged—the hopeless shrug of the condemned. She could only wait. Flight was useless. If Spofford suspected flight, he would not hesitate, she felt, to arrest her. She could visualize what had happened since she had entered the house. Spofford had told his witness to telephone for instructions. She knew vaguely that warrants were necessary, that certain informations and beliefs must be sworn to. How soon before a uniformed man— She almost ran down-stairs to Randall.

He was not in the hall, but she found him in the parlor. He was sitting down, his wide shoulders hunched together, his forehead frowning. She knew that he was thinking of the man outside, the man with the truculent lower lip, who wore a detective's shield pinned inside his coat lapel. Somehow, although he had been willing to strike a blow for her a few minutes ago, it seemed to her that he had lost his combativeness, that the eyes which he lifted to hers were uneasy.

Yet the smile that came to his lips was cheering. He moved over slightly on the old-fashioned sofa on which he was sitting. Clancy took the hint; she sat down beside him.

"Suppose you were surprised to see me so soon again?" he asked. The banal question told Clancy that he intended to ignore the incident of Spofford. She was surprised—and vaguely indignant. Yet the indignation was not noticeable as she returned his smile.

"Surprised?" I was thinking of you when I met you," she told him. "Of course I was surprised, but—"

"You were thinking of me?" He seemed to forget Spofford. "Why not? Does one forget in twenty-four hours a man who has proposed?"

"There are degrees of forgetfulness," he said.

Clancy held her right hand before her. She spread its fingers wide. With the index-finger of her left hand, she began counting off, beginning with the right thumb.

"Absolute zero of forgetfulness. M-m-m—no; not that." She touched her right forefinger. "Freezing-point—no; not that." She completely forgot, in the always delightful tactics of flirtation, the man lurking outside. She paused.

"Please continue," pleaded Randall.

"Oh, I wouldn't want to," she told him. "You see, one finally reaches the boiling-point, which isn't forgetfulness at all, and—why are you in New York?" she suddenly demanded.

"Train reached Albany hours late—account of the snow. I had time to think it over, and—what's business when a lady beckons?"

"Did I beckon?" she asked demurely. "I thought that I pointed."

"You did," he agreed. "But pointing is vulgar, and I knew that you couldn't be that."

She grinned—the irrepressible Clancy grin that told of the merry heart within her.

"Did you return to New York to apologize for thinking me vulgar?" she inquired. Randall had never been so near to winning her admiration. She liked him, of course, thought him trustworthy, dependable, and safe, the possessor of all those qualities which women respect in sons, fathers, brothers, and husbands, but not in suitors. But, for the first time since she had met him—not so long ago, as age reckons, but long enough as youth knows time—he was showing a lightness of touch. He wasn't witty, but, to Clancy, he seemed so, and the soul of wit is not so much its brevity as it is its audience. He seemed witty, for the moment, to Clancy. And so, admirable.

But the lightness left him as quickly as it had come. He shook his head gravely.

"I had time to think it over," he said again. "And—Miss Deane, if I could fall in love with you in a week, so could other men."

"Are you proposing again?" she demanded.

His shoulders were broad; they could carry for two. He was kindly; she forgot that, a moment ago, he hadn't seemed combative. She liked him better than she had. And then, even as she was admiring and liking him, she became conscious that he was restless, uneasy. Instinctively, she knew that it was not because of his love for her; it was because of the man outside.

That she could let Randall leave this house without some sort of explanation of Spofford's queer manner had never been in her thoughts. She knew that Randall would demand an explanation. She knew that he had been conscious of her fright at sight of Spofford.

"Proposing again?" echoed Randall. "Why—you know—"

She cut into his speech. She wasted no time.

"That man outside! Do you know why he's watching me?"

"Is he watching you?" Randall's surprise was palpably assumed. It annoyed Clancy.

"You know that he is!" she cried. "Aren't you curious?"

Randall breathed heavily. He sat bolt upright.

"I want you to know, Miss Deane, that it doesn't matter a bit to me. Whatever you may have done, I am sure that you can explain."

At any other time, Clancy would have flamed fire at his tone. Into his speech had entered a certain stiltedness, a priggishness, almost, that would have roused all the rage of which she was capable. And as she would be able to love greatly, so would she be able—temporarily—to hate. But now she was intent on self; she had no thought to spare for Randall—save in so far as he might aid her.

"Explain?" Her voice almost broke. "It's—it's pretty hard to explain murder, isn't it?"

Randall's lower jaw hung down.

"Murder! You—you're joking, Miss Deane!" Yet, somehow, Clancy knew that he knew that she was not joking.

"I'm not joking. He—he thinks that I killed Morris Beiner."

"Murder! Morris Beiner!" he gasped.

"You've read about it. I'm the woman! The one that ran down the fire-escape, that the police want!"

Slowly Randall digested it. Once again he gasped the word:

"Murder!"

"Goodness me!" Clancy became New England in her expression. "What else did you think it was?"

"Why—I supposed—something—I didn't know—murder! That's absurd!"

"You seem relieved," she said. He puzzled her.

"Well, of course," he said.

"I don't see why."

"Well, you *couldn't* have committed murder," he replied, with an air of having uttered explanation of his relief.

"I wish the police could think so!" she cried.

"Think so?" I'll make them think so. I'll tell that chap out there—"

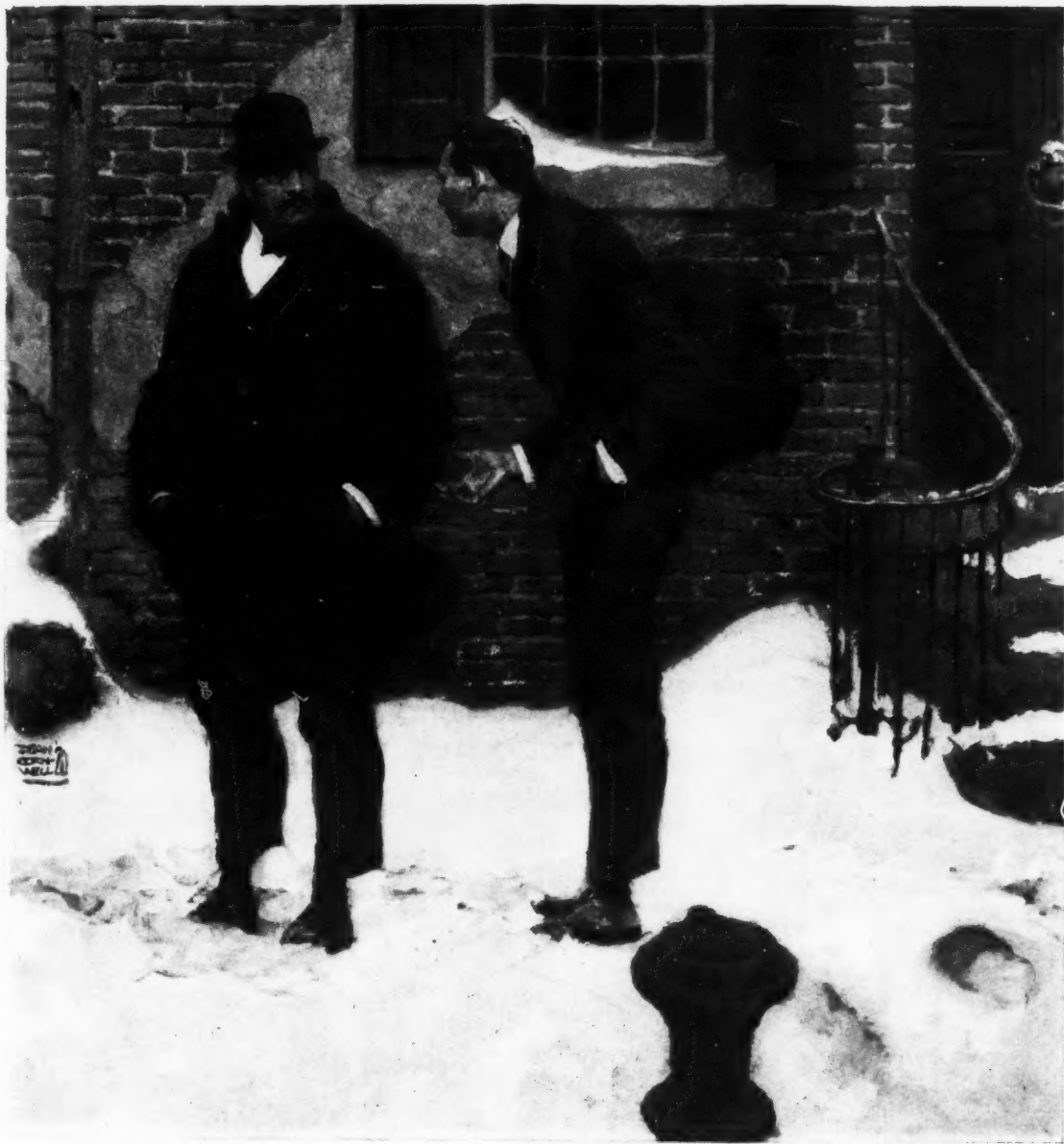
"But it won't do any good!" cried Clancy. Her cry was almost a wail. Once before she had practically confessed, then withdrawn her confession. Now she could not withdraw. Words rushed from her as from a broken water-main. But, because she was Clancy Deane, they were not words of exculpation, or of apology. They were the facts. Silently Randall heard them through. Then he spoke slowly.

"Any jury in the world would believe you," he said.

"But I don't want to tell it to any jury!" screamed Clancy.

"Why—why—the disgrace—I—I—"

Confession is always dramatic; and the dramatic is emotional. The tears welled in her eyes. Through the blur of tears, Randall seemed bigger, sturdier than ever. She reached out her arms toward him.



Randall went out to the street to tell Spofford that Judge Walbrough wished to see him

"You asked me to marry you!" she cried. "I—I—would you want to marry me now?"

Randall smiled.

"You know it," he said. "Just as soon as this affair is fixed up, we'll be married, and—" He rose and took her hands in his. Quite unaccountably, Clancy released her hands.

"Fix it up? It *can't* be fixed up," she said.

"Well, we can try," said Randall. "I'll call in this man outside—" He hesitated. "Judge Walbrough has been mighty nice to you, hasn't he? Suppose I get him on the telephone?"

He didn't wait for Clancy to reply. He walked briskly from the room and she heard him at the telephone. She didn't listen to what he said. She walked to the window. Spofford was still outside. What right had he to act upon his own responsibility? Why hadn't the word of Philip Vandervent been enough for him?

She turned as Randall entered the room.

"The telephone is out of order," he said. "I think I'd better run up to Walbrough's house and get him."

"And leave me here!" cried Clancy.

Randall shrugged.

"I'm afraid that man wouldn't let you go with me."

"He may come in here and arrest me," she said.

He shook his head.

"I don't think so. And, if he does, Walbrough and I'll be right down after you. You'd better let me go."

She made no further protest. Suddenly, unaccountably, she wanted him to go.

XXIII

UP in her room, alternating between moments of almost hysterical defiance when she would stare through the window-panes at Spofford, and moments when she would hurl herself upon the narrow bed, she waited for Randall's return.

Somewhere she had read, or heard, that murder was not a bailable offense. That meant that she would be detained in prison, awaiting trial. With a curious detachment, she studied herself. As though she were some formless spirit, remote, yet infinitely near, she looked at Clancy Deane. How silly it all was—how futile! Billions of humans had conspired together, had laid down for themselves millions of queer rules, transgression of which was so simple a matter that she wondered that anyone avoided it.

For a moment she had that odd clairvoyance that comes to persons who, by some quirk of fate, are compelled to think for themselves. She might escape from the present net, but what nets would the demon set for her in the years to come? Would she avoid them all? A horror of the future, a future in which she saw herself eternally attempting extrication from the inextricable, loomed before her.

Find the Woman

And then that queer, blurry clairvoyance left her. She came back to the present. Mrs. Gerand, knocking at her door, announcing that two gentlemen wished to see her. She ran to the window. Spofford was still there.

Down-stairs she ran. Mrs. Gerand had not told her that three persons were calling. And it was the third to whom Clancy ran, upon whose capacious bosom she let loose a flood of tears.

Mrs. Walbrough patted her head, drew her close to her, kissed her; with her own handkerchief wiped Clancy's eyes, from her own little vanity case offered Clancy those replenishments of the toilet without which the modern woman is more helpless than a man lost in the jungle without food or arms.

The judge noisily cleared his throat. Though he ever afterward disputed Mrs. Walbrough's testimony, it is nevertheless the fact that he used his own handkerchief upon his eyes. As for Randall, Clancy, lifting her head from Mrs. Walbrough's breast, was subtly aware that his reddened face bore an expression that was not merely embarrassment. He appeared once again uneasy. It almost seemed to her that he avoided her eyes.

Judge Walbrough cleared his throat a second time.

"Mr. Randall has told us a lot, Miss Deane. Suppose you tell us the whole story."

It was easy to talk to Walbrough. He possessed the art of asking the question that illuminated the speaker's mind, made him, or her, see clearly things that had seemed of little relevance. Not until she had finished did Clancy wonder if she had dropped in the Walbrough regard, if she had lost a patronage, a friendship that, in so brief a time, had come to mean so much.

"What must you think of me?" she cried, as Walbrough tapped his cheek with his fingers.

The judge smiled.

"I think that you've been a sensible young woman."

Clancy gasped. Her eyes widened with amazement.

"Why, I was sure that you'd blame me——"

"What for?" demanded the judge.

"For running away—hiding—everything," said Clancy.

The judge's voice was grim.

"If you'd voluntarily surrendered yourself to the indignities of arrest, I'd have thought you an idiot."

"But won't the fact that she remained in hiding go against her, Judge Walbrough?" asked Randall.

Walbrough surveyed the younger man frowningly.

"Go against her? Where? You certainly don't imagine that any jury would convict Miss Deane?"

"Of course not," stammered Randall.

"And public opinion will certainly not condemn an innocent girl for trying to avoid scandal, will it?" insisted the judge.

"No," admitted Randall.

"Then Miss Deane did the proper thing. Of course, the police will try to make it seem that flight was the admission of guilt, but we won't worry about them."

Clancy seized his hand.

"Do you mean that I won't be arrested?" she cried.

"Exactly what I mean," said the judge. Yet, had Clancy been in a calmer frame of mind, she would have observed that the judge's kindly smile was of the lips, not of the eyes. She was not old enough in the world's experiences to realize that a good lawyer is like a good doctor—he cheers up his client. But, for that matter, it took not merely an older person to know always what lay behind Judge Walbrough's smile; it took an extremely keen analyst of human nature. Even his wife, who knew him quite as well as any wife knows a husband, was deceived by his confidence. Her hug was more reassuring to Clancy than even the judge's words.

"Bring that man in," the judge said to Randall, who went out to the street to tell Spofford that Judge Walbrough wished to see him.



She had no thought to spare for Randall—save in so far as he might aid her. "Explain?" Her voice almost broke. It's—it's pretty hard to explain murder, isn't it?"

The judge walked up and down the room while Randall was gone. Clancy, watching him, was content to ask no questions, to beg for no more reassurances. She felt as might a little child toward a parent. Nor did her faith in him lessen as Randall, accompanied by Spofford, returned. The judge ceased his pacing up and down the floor. He held the detective with an eye from which all kindliness had vanished.

"You know who I am?" he demanded.

Spofford jerked a thumb at Randall.

"This man told me that Judge Walbrough wanted to see me."

"I'm Walbrough," said the judge. "I want to know why you're annoying this young lady?"

"Me?" Spofford's mean eyes widened. His surprise was overdone. "Annoyin' her?"

"We want to know why you are watching her."

Spofford's eyes were cunning.

"Ask her," he said.

Judge Walbrough drew closer to the man.

"Spofford, you know, of course, that I am no longer on the bench. You also, I presume, know how long you will remain on the force if I want you put off."

Spofford thrust out his lower lip.

"And I guess you know, too, that there's somethin' comin' to the man who interferes with an officer in the performance of his duty. I don't care who you are. Threaten me, and see what you get."

The judge laughed.

"A fine spirit. Spofford! Thoroughly admirable! Only, my man, I'll not stop at putting you off the force. I'll run you out of town." His voice suddenly rose. "Answer me, or I'll knock you down."

The truculence of Spofford was always assumed. He knew, as did every New Yorker that, ex-judge though he might be, the power of Walbrough was no inconsiderable thing.

"Aw, there's no need gettin' huffy about it. I'll tell you, if the young lady won't. She murdered Morris Beiner."

The judge's laugh was exquisitely rendered. He didn't guffaw; he merely chuckled. It was a marvelous bit of acting. Clancy, her heart beating and throat choky with fear, was nevertheless sufficient mistress of herself to be able to appreciate it. For the chuckle held mirth; it also held appreciation of the seriousness of the charge. Before it, the assumption of truculence on Spofford's features faded. He looked abashed, frightened. To have offended Judge Walbrough without any evidence was to have invited trouble. Spofford was not the sort that issues such invitations. He suddenly grew desperate.

"That's all right with me. Laugh if you want to. But I tell you we been lookin' for a dame that was in Beiner's office just before he was killed. And the elevator-boy at the Heberworth Building just took a slant at this dame and identified her as a woman he let off on the fourth floor round five o'clock on last Tuesday afternoon. And this woman was in Mr. Vandervent's office yesterday, and she sent in the name of Florine Ladue—the woman we been lookin' for, and—"

"Miss Deane has explained that. Wasn't Mr. Vandervent satisfied with her explanation?" demanded the judge.

"He was; but he ain't me!" cried Spofford. "I don't fall for them easy explanations. And, say—how did Miss Deane happen

Up in her room, alternating between moments of almost hysterical defiance when she would stare through the window-panes at Spofford

to guess what I was hangin' around for? If you know that she explained things to Mr. Vandervent, why'd you ask me why I was watchin'?"

Judge Walbrough chuckled again.

"Stupid people always think in grooves, don't they, Spofford? Don't you suppose that Miss Deane might have told me an amusing practical joke that she had played upon Mr. Vandervent?"

"Yes; she might have," sneered Spofford. "It was funny, at that. So funny that she fainted when she played it. Perhaps that was part of the joke, though."

Judge Walbrough now became the alert lawyer.

"Spofford, does Mr. Vandervent know of this—er—independent investigation of yours?" he asked.

The detective shook his head.

"He'll know in the mornin', though. And if he won't listen, there's others that will."

"Certainly," said the Judge. "If you have something to say. But, before you say it, you'd like to be quite certain of your facts, wouldn't you?"

Spofford nodded; his forehead wrinkled. Himself cunning, he was the sort that always is trying to figure out what lies behind another's statement. And that sort always thinks that it will do something cunning. He wasn't so far wrong in this particular instance.

"And, as I understand it, you make the charge of murder against Miss Deane because she played a joke upon Mr. Vandervent, and because an elevator-man claims to recognize her. His recognition doesn't justify an accusation of murder, you know."

"No; but it'll entitle her to a chance to do some more explainin'."

"Perhaps," said the judge. "Where is this elevator-man now?"

"He's where I can get hold of him," said Spofford.

"Excellent!" said the judge. "Because the police will want him to-morrow. And not for the reason that you imagine, Spofford. They'll want him for criminal slander and, possibly,

if he sticks to the absurd story that he told you, for perjury, also. At the time when this elevator-man claims to have seen Miss Deane in the Heberworth Building, she was having tea with my wife and myself at our home."

It was a magnificent lie. But even as it was uttered, Clancy wondered at the judge. Why? He surely wouldn't, for a mere acquaintance, commit perjury. And if he would, surely his wife could not be expected to join him in the crime.

But its effect upon Spofford was remarkable. His lower lip lost its artificially pugnacious expression. It sunk in as though his lower teeth had been suddenly removed. It never occurred to him—not then, at any rate—to doubt the judge's statement. And if it had, his doubts would have been dissipated by Mrs. Walbrough's immediate corroboration.

"Tuesday afternoon, yes. I think, Tom, that Miss Deane didn't leave until a quarter after six."

Clancy's eyes dropped to the floor. Terrific had been the accusation, menacing had been the threat; and now both seemed to vanish, as though they had never been. For Spofford tried a grin. It was feeble, but it had the correct intention behind it.

"Scuse me, lady—Miss Deane. I been locked out, and all the time thinkin' I had the key in my pocket. Well, I guess I'll be moseyin' along, ladies and gents. No hard feelin's, I hope. A guy sees his dooty, and he likes to do it, y' know. I'll sure wear out a knuckle or two on this elevator-man." He waited a moment. He had made grave charges. Walbrough was a power; he wanted to read his fate if he could. He felt assured, for Walbrough merely smiled and inclined his head. Sheepishly he shuffled from the room.

There was silence until the outer door had crashed behind him. Then the judge leaped into activity.

"The Heberworth Building. Part of the Vandervent estate, isn't it, Randall?"

Randall shook his head. He was a clever business man, doubtless, thought Clancy, but his mind seemed not nearly so quick as the judge's.

"I don't know," he answered.

"Well, I do," said the judge. It's a shame; it's tough on Phil to make him suborn perjury, but I don't see any other way out of it. Where's the telephone, Miss Deane?"

"It's out of order," Clancy gasped.

The judge frowned.

"Well, it doesn't matter. Half an hour from now will do as well as earlier, I guess. Run up-stairs and pack your things." He turned to his wife. "Better help her," he suggested.

"Pack?" gasped Clancy.

"Of course. You're coming home with us. That chap Spofford is not an *absolute* fool, even if he is a plain-clothes man. By the time he's thought over two or three little things, he'll be back again. And he might get somebody to swear out a warrant. Might even take a chance and arrest without it. But if you're in my house, there'll be lots of hesitation about warrants and things like that until there's been more evidence brought forward. And there won't be. Hurry along, young lady."

Clancy stared at him.

"Do you know," she said slowly, "I want to cry."

"Certainly you do. Perfectly correct. Cry away, my dear!"

Clancy suddenly grinned.

"I want to laugh even more," she said. "Judge Walbrough, you're the dearest, kindest—I can't let you do it."

"Do what?" demanded the judge.

"Why, tell lies for me. They'll jail you, and——"

Judge Walbrough winked broadly at Randall.

"I guess that wouldn't bother you, would it, Mr. Randall? Jail for a girl like Miss Deane? Then I think an old-timer like myself has a right to do something that a young man would be wild to do—even if he has a jealous wife who hates every woman who looks at him."

It was heavy, as most of Walbrough's humor was apt to be. Clancy couldn't be sure that it was even in good taste. But it cleared the atmosphere of tears. Her laugh that followed the threat of weeping had been a bit hysterical. Now, as she went up-stairs with Mrs. Walbrough, it was normal. She could climb up as quickly as she could descend.

XXIV

VANDERVENT entered the Walbrough living-room with a jerky stride that testified to his excitement. A dozen questions were crowded against his teeth. But, though the swift motor-ride down-town had not been too brief for him to marshal them in the order of their importance, he forgot them as he met Clancy's eyes.

They should have been penitent eyes; and they were not.

They should have been frightened eyes; and they were not. They should have been pleading eyes; and they were not. Instead, they were mischievous, mocking, almost. Also, they were deep, fathomless. Looking into them, the reproach died out in Vandervent's own. The pleading that should have been in Clancy's appeared in Vandervent's, although he undoubtedly was unconscious of the fact.

On the way there, he had been aware of himself as a trained lawyer confronted with a desperate, a possibly tragic situation. Now he was aware of himself only as a man confronting a woman.

He acknowledged the presence of the Walbroughs and of Randall with a carelessness that seemed quite natural to the older people but which made Randall eye the newcomer curiously. In love himself, Randall was quick to suspect its existence in the heart of another man.

"So," said Vandervent, "you weren't joking with me Friday, eh, Miss Deane?"

She shook her head slowly. There was something in her manner that seemed to say to him that she had transferred her difficulties to him, and that, if he were half the man she believed him to be, he'd accept them ungrudgingly.

"Suppose I hear the whole story," suggested Vandervent.

Intently, he listened as, prompted by the judge when she slid over matters that seemed unimportant to her, she retold the tale of the past week. The judge took up the burden of speech as soon as she relinquished it.

"So you see, Vandervent, your job is to get hold of this elevator-man and persuade him that his identification is all wrong."

Vandervent pursed his lips; he whistled softly.

"I haven't as good a memory as I ought to have, Judge. I can't recall the exact penalty for interference with the course of justice."

Clancy's eyes blazed.

"Judge, please don't ask Mr. Vandervent to do anything wrong. I wouldn't have him take any risk. I——"

Vandervent colored.

"Please, Miss Deane! You should know that I intend—that I will do anything—I was intending to be a little humorous."

"No time for humor," grunted the judge.

Vandervent looked at Mrs. Walbrough. Her glance was uncompromisingly hostile. Only in Randall's eyes did he read anything approximating sympathy. And he resented finding it there.

"The—er—difficulties—" he began.

"Not much difficulty in shutting an elevator-boy's mouth, is there?" demanded the judge. "It isn't as though we were asking you really to interfere with the course of justice, Vandervent. You realize that Miss Deane is innocent, don't you?"

"Certainly," said Vandervent. "But—I'm an officer of the law, Judge."

"Does that mean that you won't help Miss Deane? Good God! You aren't going to let a young woman's name be dragged through a filthy mess like this, are you?"

"Not if I can help it," said Vandervent.

"That's better," grunted the judge. "But how do you expect to help it, though?"

"By finding the real murderer."

"When?" roared Walbrough. "To-day?"

Vandervent colored again.

"As soon as possible. I don't know when. But to shut up the boy—think it over, Judge. He works for the Vandervent estate, it's true. But I don't own his soul, you know. Think of the opportunities for blackmail we give him. It's impossible, Judge—and unnecessary. If Spofford goes to him again, it's the elevator-boy's word against yours. Worthless!"

"And you, of course, knowing that I lied, would feel compelled, as an officer of the law——"

"I'd feel compelled to do nothing!" snapped Vandervent. "Your word would be taken unreservedly by the district attorney's office. The matter ends right there."

"Unless," said the judge softly, "the boy goes to a newspaper. In which case, his charge and my alibi would be printed. And five directors of the Metals and Textiles Bank would immediately recollect that I had been present at a meeting on Tuesday afternoon between the hours of one and six. Likewise, thirty-odd ladies, all present at Mrs. Rayburn's bridge, would remember that my wife had been at Mrs. Rayburn's house all of Tuesday afternoon." He groaned. "I had to think of something, Vandervent. I told the first lie that popped into my head. Our alibi for Miss Deane will go crashing into bits once it's examined, once there's the least publicity. Publicity! That's all that Miss Deane fears, all that we fear for her. Scandal! We've got to stop that."

(Continued on page 105)

If you could hear Edwin Balmer talk, you'd know why he is a plot-wizard. He is a machine gun of ideas. This story is typical of his crackling, rapid-fire style.

A Daughter of Violence

Illustrated by

W. D. Stevens



Nora reached the door and thrust back the plain-clothes men. "I'm going by," she told them, her pistol wavering from one to the other

RAP'S Nora—as the intimates of the old Foley organization referred to the only child of their new chief—had remained almost a year in Paris, studying music, after the armistice ended her regular Red Cross work.

Even in the days of her childhood, when the family dwelt insecurely and utterly without dignity in a blistered wooden cottage back of the Chicago stock-yards, Nora used to sing; her small voice, sweet, plaintive, and true as a nightingale's, would rise in melody which would halt the Polak carcass-cutters on their way to work. She was not more than six then, and, in those years, Rap was only a wagon-driver—ready with fists whenever a fight offered, and quick with tongue, too. About the time Nora was seven, Foley went to Rap Cregan and showed him how to make real money if he wanted to take a little risk now and then.

For Foley ran an insurance office where—openly—he offered fire, employer's-liability, plate-glass, and boiler-explosion policies. Of course, the premiums on these did not total the immense sums which Foley banked every now and then; neither did the sale of this insurance require the force of bold, alert-moving, swift-thinking young men, such as Rap, whom Foley kept in his pay. The real income was from the sale of guarantees which never were written—for which Foley's word alone had to suffice the purchaser. If a man intended to go into business in a certain part of Chicago, and wished his factory ready in time and his materials promptly on hand, he could go to Foley and, for a certain price, fix everything. Of course, no one had to pay Foley; anyone could run his chances. In which case, violent things usually happened, not traceable to Foley; but they ceased happening when, at last, one visited Foley with cash in hand. This was the business in which Rap succeeded Foley when Nora was ten.

That year, Rap bought a big, old brick mansion on a West Side boulevard in the same block with that which had been the home of a James Harkwell, who, in Rap's youth, had been his pattern of a big and powerful man. Long ago, the migration of fashion to the North Side had drawn the Harkwells to an avenue near the

lake; but in Rap's mind the old location proved authority. Moreover, it was convenient to his friends; so Cregan moved in, remodeled the house marvelously, and overfurnished it to his heart's content.

The first article he ordered was a grand piano for Nora; and hardly had the piano-movers left before a music teacher appeared and Nora, delighted, started lessons. Her progress in singing puffed her father up with pride; but the plaintiveness of the old, rough, back-of-the-yards days would not go out. It brought tears to the eyes sometimes; and Rap would call Nora to his knee. "We're rich, child; don't ye know it now? Ye can have anythin' at all, if y'tell me what it is."

But Nora could never tell him what "it" was, though she had matured, that summer she went away from him to Paris, to a maidenhood of twenty-three years—a fair, roselike lass with deep-blue eyes which met yours with a natural, sweet, confiding look of friendship, lighting your soul with thoughts of pure, ethereal things.

She was a slight, well-formed girl, with smooth, pretty neck and shoulders, and clear, delicate features; her hair was lustrous chestnut, with a bit of bronze where the light came on it—lovely

hair, and thick and long below her waist when she let it down. She had the clear, flawless white skin of a child, and lips that needed no rouge-stick. Her hands were strong, but white and soft, with rounded pink nails. From the year she was ten, her father had sent her "to the finest and most expensive schools," and, at the end of the war, when he had learned from the newspapers that Gertrude Harkwell—the daughter of his big man—was studying at a certain famous Paris conservatory, Rap cabled his girl to enter the same and send him the bill.

"Give my girl three years more, Mike Castellozzi," he boasted to the Italian in Pelkey's barroom after Liffert, Faetz, and Mullane, with Mike and himself, had returned from a venture to "Rigoletto" at the Auditorium, "and I lay ye a set of cor-rd tires, she'll drive Galley-Kershi back to the hand-organ."

Rap himself crossed to France the next spring to see his child; and he was so pleased with present results that he left instructions and more than adequate funds for her to stay out the year while he returned to boast at Pelkey's, "She's the throat of a linnet singing over the flax at sunrise."

Only to his wife did he confess that "they're takin' our child from us, Honora; they've made her the lady now."

"Singin' teachers 'll niver take Nora from you," his mate said.

"Who said 'singin' teachers?" She's friends there, our girl, with the best—ladies and gintlemin. Honora. An' she'd no need to sing to them; she's the look that lifts wan to hiven, an' a look that wrings from ye the heart. The big man's boy's about there, Honora—James Harkwell's Jim."

"Arrah! An' does he—know?"

"Know?" said Rap. "Wud I ask him?"

"He'll larn, or she'll tell him. Then what good av it—Paris and singin' and all? 'Twill but break her hear-rt."

But the big man's boy did not learn while he was in Paris; and Nora, from day to day, was postponing the task of telling him when, early in October, she read in a letter from home—not from Cregan, you may be sure, but from Delia Liffert—that "Big Bower" Rossman had been shot dead on Twelfth Street. Nora, knowing what swift and certain consequences this involved, crossed to Dover, got a cabin on the Mauretania, and, when safely at sea, sent a wireless to her father that she was coming.

Whether the rebuke of her return somewhat stayed the vengeance of Cregan, or whether other influences held him, Nora could not know; she had to be satisfied with the fact that, but for one non-fatal shooting in return for the murder of Rossman,



He advanced toward her, smiling, and she knew that he had come to Rap Cregan's Nora!" he exclaimed, observing that

truce appeared to be established. But Nora remained at home; and then, at the end of two weeks, Jim Harkwell also returned from Paris to Chicago. Upon the evening after his arrival, he called upon Nora at her home; four times after that, in ten days, he called, and twice took Nora out. But, though his car traversed in twenty minutes the few miles of boulevard between his home and hers, so self-contained was that district where he dwelt, so distinct his associates and friends, that James Harkwell, junior actually dined at the table of John E. Cregan and did not "know."

"Niver you tell him now," Nora's mother forbade her. Honora saw for herself the love in her girl's looks. "Whin he finds out, may it be too late!"

Nora made no reply but to turn away; she could bear the false situation no longer, and she knew she must tell him all the truth soon. She shut herself in her room and brushed out her hair; she laid out the dress she would wear for him, and she was singing to herself when the telephone-bell rang and Elfried, the Swedish second maid, called that Mr. Liffert wanted to speak to her.

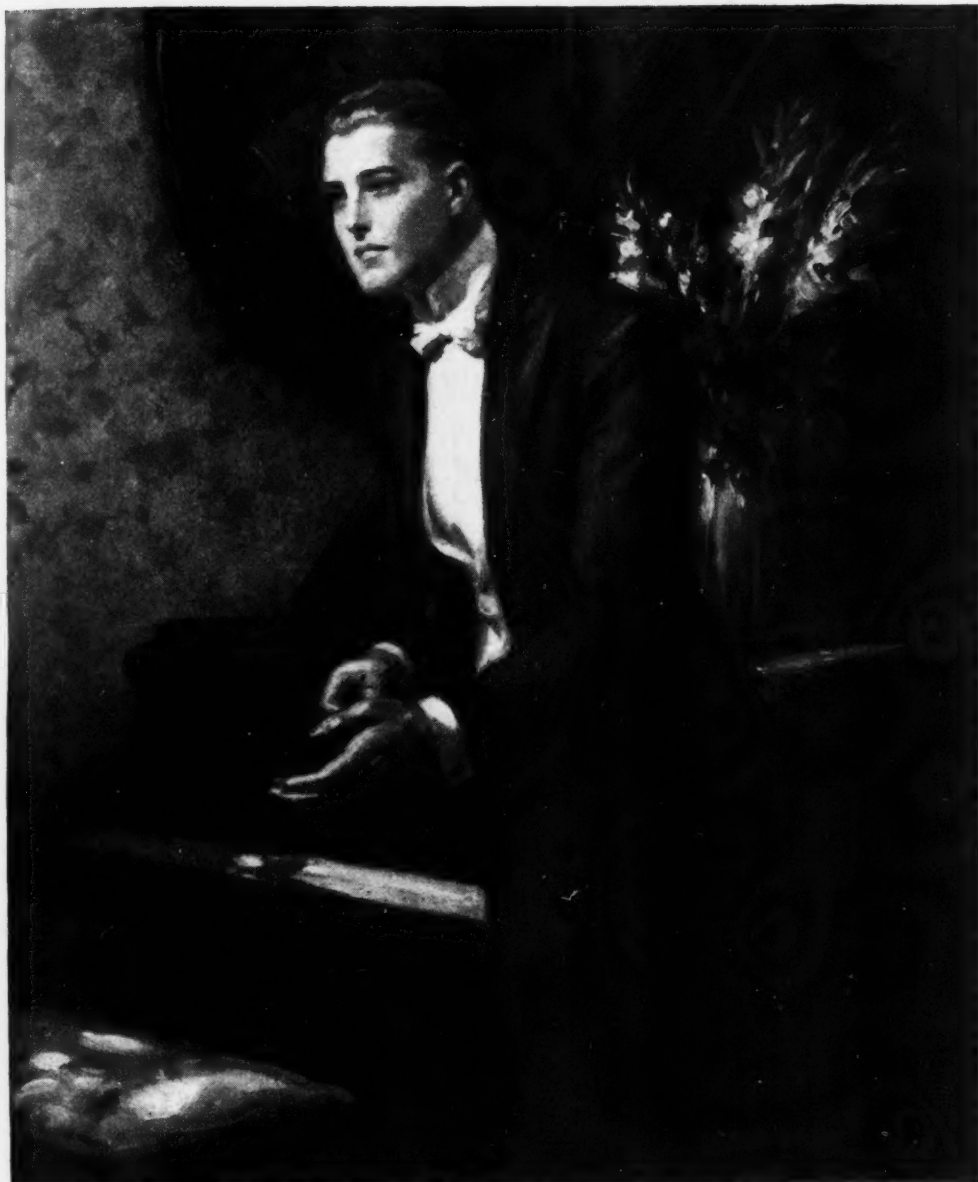
Dan really wanted her father, and his tone betrayed that he wanted Cregan quick, though all he said was:

"Hello there, Nora! Where's the old man?"

"I don't know, Dan. Have you tried an office?"

"Both—the insurance company and the other. He's on the street, I guess, Nora."

"Dan, who's after him?"



this night knowing no more about her than on the day they had met. "Why, something had profoundly upset her

"Who knows, Nora? This is wastin' time."

"You're lying to me, Dan Liffert! Who's laid out?"

"Mullane, Nora."

"Kilt?" Nora cried, all her schooling gone from her.

"They've took him in the ambulance. They shot Terry in the back, Nora—from a machine—the dirty dogs! Tell Cregan that. Good-by, Nora."

"Dan!" she cried, for another word from him; but Liffert was gone, and Nora ran down the hall to her mother's room.

Mrs. Cregan was sleeping, as was her habit late in the afternoon these days. She was a rather heavy woman, but still pretty, and, in spite of her weight, did not look her forty-two years.

"Mither, wake!" Nora pulled at her plump arm. Rap Cregan's wife did not stir. "Jake Summers got Terry Mullane!"

Honora Cregan sat straight, staring at her daughter.

"Terry!" So? Where's yer father?"

"None knows. Dan 'phoned to warn him. There's more callin'."

They proved to be Castelozzi and Faetz, also spreading the alarm. Nora got into her street suit and ran to the garage behind the house for her car, which had been a home-coming gift from her father. She drove out, sick at soul from fear for him and from her lifetime loathing of the pitiless business with which, if he lived, he must engage himself this night. For what was on to-night was no ordinary attack of sluggers and gunmen to intimi-

date workmen and "tie up" a job for owners who had refused to pay tribute. It was a civil war within the organization's own ranks—an attempt by a group led by Jake Summers to kill Rap Cregan or intimidate and force him to turn over to them the money paid by business men for peace—that tribute which had purchased her father's fine home and furnishings, bought Nora her expensive clothes, which had sent her to Paris, which had bought the fine, new, gleaming car which Nora was now driving on her way to warn her father. Oh, she was sick—sick!

She had to halt under an elevated-railway viaduct, and a newspaper-delivery truck veered before her. A man flung down a bundle of evening papers with the head-lines:

GUNMAN SHOTS MULLANE

Newsboys broke open the bundle and began covering the streets, shouting the attack on Terry. There was no longer need for anyone to warn Rap Cregan, so Nora turned back and drove to her home, where she found that reporters had already arrived.

Not finding Rap Cregan, they had been trying to get

statements from his wife and even from his servants. But Nora's mother was up, and she had her wits about her as she sat in the parlor surrounded by the newspaper men, but so close to the down-stairs telephone that she was sure to be first to answer any call.

When the reporters clamored about Cregan's daughter, Nora replied to them that she had heard of the shooting of Terry Mullane. Was Terry worse now? What did they mean about Jake Summers and Wingeld fighting her father for his leadership of the organization? How should she connect this with the murder of Rossman? She did not know what people said when Rossman was killed; she was in Paris. She would talk about Paris if they wished. Yes; they could have her picture.

"Nora!" her mother exclaimed; but Honora dared not desert the telephone and was unable physically to prevent her daughter from going to her room. There Nora got out photographs which her father had made her have taken in Paris; she brought them down, and, in spite of her mother, she distributed them to the newspaper men, who hurried off, now having something to exhibit for their call at Cregan's.

Honora seized her daughter and shook her.

"Fine sense ye show!"

"Far better my picture than giving the space to what they might say!"

"Mr. Harkwell 'll see it, ye nonny!"

A Daughter of Violence

"So? I want him to!"

"Ye ingrate! What've yer father an' me been workin' for these years but to make ye the lady; ye've the chance iv yer life. He knew nothin' at all yet! God gave him to yer hand; one more meetin' with ye and he'll be yer own. Is he comin' this night?"

"Yes."

"Then clench him. D'ye hear, I say?"

"I hear, mither. Where's father?"

"Never mind him; he's O. K."

"You've heard from him?"

"I did; with them all about me. when ye was out, I talked to him by tellyphone. and not ore knew. Waste no fears for yer father. Supper must be waitin', Nora."

"I'll not eat."

"You shall that!"

"All right," said Nora, and obeyed the superior experience. In case the newspaper men returned or the police looked in, it was necessary for Cregan's wife and daughter to be at the table as usual, though Cregan himself was out taking life that night.

Two plain-clothes men appeared, but evidently their orders were only to take up a beat before Cregan's home. And they passed Liffert after only a question when Dan came a few minutes before eight.

"I'm from the hospital," he reported to Honora and Nora together in the up-stairs sitting-room, which had heavy doors.

"Ye seen Terry, Dan? How's he?"

"None knows yet. They hit him har-rd wance, and wance again in the arm. The surgeon's stayin' with him, and also Father Moyné. 'Twas Kafora, just as we thought—Chris Kafora. There was some wan drivin', but Terry knows nothin' av who. But he saw Chris's long nose stick from bechune the curtains when the driver stepped on the gas. Terry tried to get his iron, but his right arm wouldn't work; he was lyin' on the other. Now, he's told nothin'—except to me—nothin' but 'twas a black car they had. Ye saw that in the papers."

Dan departed, and Cregan's wife and daughter, watching from the window, saw him stopped and searched.

"Would they leave Dan defenseless now?" Mrs. Cregan ejaculated in protest.

"No fear," said Nora, observing that the plain-clothes men got nothing. "He left his guns where they won't rust."

For a moment longer, while she watched her father's yeoman regain his car and drive away, the thrill of the feud held her; then she turned about, suddenly weak and pale.

"Lie down, Nora; they'll not get yer father."

"I know. Mither, he's coming in a quarter-hour."

"Mr. Harkwell! Whist!" Honora recollected. "Glory be to the daylight—get dressed, Nora; ye can best deal with no one lookin' so. I'll get dressed, too."

"Get dressed!" said Nora hopelessly. Nevertheless, she went to her room and took off her suit and picked up the simple, pink dress for informal evening wear—supreme proof of the Paris education of her tastes—and she held the bit of silk and georgette before her. What duty was her mother expecting of these few ounces of filmy weave? Did ever a dress have so much to cover? Elfried, at her door, was repeating Mr. Harkwell's name, and adding,

"When you was out, I put in your room——"

Nora noticed the box and opened it to find Killarney roses, not just a dozen blossoms—an armful. Nora got into her dress and bore his roses down to him. He advanced toward her, smiling as he always did when seeing her, and she knew that he had come to Rap Cregan's this night knowing no more about her than on the day they had met.

"Why, Nora!" he exclaimed, observing that something had profoundly upset her. "Give me your hands!" he commanded, putting out both his own to claim hers.

"Good-evening, Mr. Harkwell."

"Hands, Nora!"

She looked up at him, young and strong and clean-looking, and so wholly separated from the low, foul business of this night.

"No, Mr. Harkwell." She evaded his eyes and his hands at the same time. "Your flowers—I love them."

He took the roses from her and tossed them on a chair.

"Hands, Nora!" He seized her hands and, with his grasp,

seemed to draw her eyes to his. "Why, you're crying, child! Nora, little girl, I'm going to know what's happened to make you cry."

"What? Oh, can't you read? Don't you know—anything?"

She was wrenching now to take her hands from him; but he would not let her go.

"No, Nora! I—I love you!"

"Don't say that! Not now! Not you! Never again!"

"I do. Why shouldn't I say it?"

"The papers to-night! Don't you see papers? Can't you read? Cregan—Rap Cregan. I am Rap's daughter. They'll have my picture in all the newspapers to-morrow!"

"Nora!" her mother shouted from up-stairs.

"This is my business, mither!"

"Nora, come up-stairs! I've got something to say to ye."

"Mr. Harkwell, will you come out with me? Let me go; I promise it's only to fetch my coat."

In her fine coat of soft moleskins, bought for her in Paris by her father, she went down the front steps with Jim Harkwell, grandson of the "big man" now abiding over by the lake. Jim carried his light overcoat, and outdoors he put it on—an action which caused the plain-clothes men to scrutinize him carefully; but neither of them halted him.

"Which way shall we go, Nora?" he deferred to her, taking hold of her arm.

"Anyway—so it's not far."

"You want to walk?" he said, somewhat dazedly, looking down at her small slippered feet and glancing from her to his car.

"Please. It's fine to-night, isn't it?"

It was fine—a clear, cool November evening, following a lazy,



"They shot Terry in the back, Nora—from a machine—the dirty dogs!"



"Nora, darlin', say to me what ye want done! Anythin' at all!" She put up her arm to him. "Get out of it all, father"

hazy day of Indian summer. Above the street stood stars and between the roofs of the houses on the east was the full moon moving along, building after building, with Nora Cregan and James Harkwell as they walked north side by side. Motor-cars sped by. Many people passed, singly or in pairs, joking or serious or silent, but all careless—except as maybe the news gave something to excite them for a few minutes—that Terry Mullane was shot; that Jake Summers had framed it, no matter if it was yet unknown who had fired the bullets from the black car; that it was defiance directed to Rap Cregan, who would have to fight for his own life or lie down and give over his organization to Summers. But no one thought that; everyone knew that, unless the police first found Jake Summers and put him safe out of harm's way and locked up Helstrom, too, and Weingeld and

the Kafora brothers, more bullets would fly in the streets of Chicago this night.

That is, it had seemed to Nora that everyone must know except the man holding to her arm, whom she loved with all her heart, and who had told her this night that he loved her.

"You'd heard the name, 'Rap Cregan,' hadn't you?" she appealed in despair, when they reached the bit of park at the end of the block and she dropped down upon a bench.

"Yes," he admitted.

"Then what did it mean to you?"

How could he tell this sweet, soft-voiced little girl that the name of Rap Cregan had brought up to him an image of a low and merciless gunman?

"Oh, speak it to me!" Nora begged. "D'you think you can

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hurt me by the saying? I know it all; you'd heard of Rap Cregan, the 'gun,' and a slugger, too. That's Rap Cregan—or was him. Rap," she repeated. "The name they know him by; it refers to something, Mr. Harkwell. This." From her sleeve of soft fur, she thrust her small, white hand, and, clenching as though holding a weight, she struck forward in the moonlight. "Sometimes he killed them, 'tis said; then he came to tap them just enough to put them away for a while. It satisfied most. Now, you didn't know that was my father, did you?"

"No, Nora."

"I knew not, or you'd not—"

"I don't care who or what—"

"Think well before you speak. This coat you touch—the dress beneath—the chain about my neck—the way I speak now and sing—my meeting you over there—all came—all came," she repeated, as though discarding it now. "from raps and shootings. Rap Cregan gave it all; and he came by it from—" She halted, choking with a sob. "Not robbery, you'll know. He shot no one—struck no man down for the cash upon him. He got into the big game with the big men—and against them. They wanted—a big, respectable man, he was—to tie up the work of another firm. Foley offered to do it and was paid for it. That started Foley, they say. He started my father, when he was young and bold and strong, slugging and shooting—when need came—to tie up jobs and make the big men pay. Great game, they called it, hurting few, making easy money for everyone else all around, but—"

A square or so to the west, an engine back-fired like a pistol-shot. Jim Harkwell felt Nora Cregan jump.

"Back-fire, Nora; that's all."

"Do you know?" She was upon her feet, trembling; and he stood gazing down at her delicate, wistful face as she strained slightly forward, listening. "If he's met Jake Summers this night, he's killed him or is killed," she said; then she looked up to the man who, a few minutes before, had proclaimed he loved her. "I'm returning home, Mr. Harkwell; you've no need to go back with me."

Jim clasped her soft, round arm, and the physical touch of her, the plaintive appeal of her eyes, and her quivering lips, which attempted so unrebukingly to dismiss him, stirred in him wild tremors, which she felt.

"Don't take it hard, Jim," she begged. "I don't."

"You don't—care, Nora?"

"So much," she said, looking down. "I'm shameless. So I'll tell you. I knew all along no one like you could come to me."

"Nora!"

"I'd not let you if you would. So I took each day with you, Mr. Harkwell, for itself. I've had them; naught can take them away. Loose me; I'll be needed at home."

"I'm going with you."

"You'd best not."

"Why?"

"You're hurting my arm, Jim."

"Oh!" He relaxed the tightness of his grasp, but still held to her. Within him, violent furies fought—the furies of his bodily passions roused this night as never before, only to be repulsed and baffled by his rage, not at Nora, but at her father for being what he was; at Jake Summers, his enemy; at Terry Mullane and his assassins for bringing disillusion crashing upon him.

When he had supposed Nora's father only an ordinary man of

common birth, Jim's problem of love had been so difficult that he had not yet mentioned at home his visits to the West Side; and now, what must he tell his people? Well, what of them? And what of Nora's father? What of anyone else but of her and of him? So, all turmoil within, he went back on the boulevard with Nora Cregan. Cars dashed by them and halted before her home.

"Let me free!" she cried, and, jerking from him, ran, with him beside her, till they reached the steps, where they found her father's friends going into the house. She tried to send Jim home, but he went in with her and met Castellozzi, and half a dozen others, not so well known—middle-aged men, mostly, with a sprinkling of youths partial to fur-collared coats, to good clothes and diamond rings. Rap Cregan had not returned.

"I ask you, Mr. Harkwell, don't stay here," Nora begged, before she went up-stairs.

Jim dropped into a seat in the hall, his mind and passions in a whirl. Gradually he was able to begin piecing together items he had read in newspapers about Chicago's sluggers and gunmen

with what he had seen of John Cregan, with what Nora this night had told him, with the men he was observing in the room to the right. Gunmen and sluggers they were, and known as such, but they went about free, immune from punishment, as Rap Cregan also had gone. Rap had risen—and they had seen him rise—to the position of a rich man, able to buy this home, able to educate his daughter to high taste and accomplishment. Rap, with their help, did this by laying tribute upon men doing business in the city.

But it was impossible to believe that such a group as this, unaided, could lay Chicago tribute; they must have many powerful friends who were hidden. Yes; Nora had mentioned them—the men who paid them, who made them possible—men who bribed Foley and then Cregan to leave them alone while making trouble for others.

Passion again blocked Jim's thoughts. Why was it that Nora, the one in all the world whom he loved, must come from such people?

A fellow whom Jim knew was coming in the door, a slickster named Faetz, who was often about the Harkwell offices. Jim did not know Faetz's precise position, but he was always prominent when disturbances threatened. The fellow saw Jim and took off his hat.

"Hello, Mr. Harkwell!" he said cautiously.

"How are you, Faetz?"

The fellow gazed down, somewhat puzzled and disturbed.

"What is it, sir? Does your father want to see Cregan?"

Jim jumped up.

"Faetz, are we—Harkwell & Company—are we in this? What are you doing here?"

For a moment, Faetz, the fixer, did not answer; and, after that moment, Jim had no need of his reply, for the position of Faetz and the Harkwells had become plain.

"I'd get out of this, Mr. Harkwell, quick!" Faetz cautioned; but Jim, instead, ascended to the upper hall, and when Nora appeared at the sound of his step, he took her by the arm and led her into the front sitting-room, which was empty just then.

"Nora," he said, holding her before him, "my father's one of your big men that pays your crowd. Yes," he went on, when she stared at him, but could not reply; "I just saw Faetz. He sees that, when the Harkwells want some work done, we don't have trouble. People that don't pay get (Continued on page 96)

HAVE YOU EVER THOUGHT OF THIS?

MAKING *Cosmopolitan* isn't work; it's pure, unadulterated pleasure.

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"Say! Do you want to hear the best thing I've ever done?" "Indubitably," said Archie politely. "Carry on, old bird!"

"Mother's Knee" *This is Archie at his funniest. If you are reading about him, you are getting the year's best laughs.*

By P. G. Wodehouse

Illustrated by T. D. Skidmore

ARCHIE MOFFAM'S connection with that devastatingly popular ballad, "Mother's Knee," was one to which he always looked back later with a certain pride. "Mother's Knee," it will be remembered, went through the world like a pestilence. In the United States alone, three million copies were disposed of. For a man who has not accomplished anything outstandingly great in his life, it is something to have been, in a sense, responsible for a song like that; and, though there were moments when Archie experienced some of the emotions of a man who has punched a hole in the dam of one of the larger reservoirs, he never really regretted his share in the launching of the thing.

It seems almost bizarre now to think that there was a time when even one person in the world had not heard "Mother's Knee," but it came fresh to Archie one afternoon in his suite at the Hotel Cosmopolis, where he was cementing his renewed friendship with Wilson Hymack, whom he had first met in the neighborhood of Armentières during the war.

"What are you doing these days?" inquired Wilson Hymack.

"Me?" said Archie. "Well, as a matter of fact, there is what you might call a sort of species of lull in my activities at the moment. But my jolly old father-in-law is bustling about, running up a new hotel a bit further down-town, and the scheme is for me to be manager when it's finished. How are you filling in the long hours?"

"I'm in my uncle's office—darn it!" said Wilson Hymack. "It gives me a pain in the gizzard. I want to be a composer."

"A composer, eh?"

Archie felt that he should have guessed this. The chappie had a distinctly artistic look. He wore a bow tie and all that sort of thing. His trousers bagged at the knees, and his hair fell about his ears in luxuriant disarray.

"Say! Do you want to hear the best thing I've ever done?"

"Indubitably," said Archie politely. "Carry on, old bird!"

"I wrote the lyric as well as the melody," said Wilson Hymack, who had already seated himself at the piano. "It's got the greatest title you ever heard. It's a lallapaloosa! It's called 'It's a Long Way Back to Mother's Knee.' How's that?"

Archie expelled a smoke ring doubtfully.

"Isn't it a little stale?"

"Stale?" What do you mean? There's always room for another song boosting mother."

"Oh, is it boosting mother?" Archie's face cleared. "I thought it was a hit at the short skirts. Why, of course, that makes all the diff. In that case, I see no reason why it should not be ripe, fruity, and pretty well all to the mustard. Let's have it."

Wilson Hymack cleared his throat, played a prelude, and began to sing in a weak, high voice:

"One night, a young man wandered through the glitter of Broadway. His money he had squandered. For a meal he couldn't pay."

"Tough luck!" murmured Archie sympathetically.

"He thought about the village where his boyhood he had spent, And yearned for all the simple joys with which he'd been content."

"The right spirit!" said Archie, with approval.

"Don't interrupt!"

"Oh, right-o! Carried away and all that!"

"He looked upon the city so frivolous and gay;

And, as he heaved a weary sigh, these words he then did say:

It's a long way back to mother's knee,
mother's knee,
mother's knee,

It's a long way back to mother's knee,

Where I used to stand and prattle

With my Teddy-bear and rattle.

Oh, those childhood days in Tennessee,

They sure look good to me!

It's a long, long way, but I'm gonna start to-day!

I'm going back,

Believe me, oh!

I'm going back

(I want to go!)

I'm going—back—back—on the seven-three

To the dear old shack where I used to be.

I'm going back to mother's knee!"

Wilson Hymack's voice cracked on the final high note, which was of an altitude beyond his powers. He turned to Archie.

"Mother's Knee"

"That'll give you an idea of it."
 "It has, old thing; it has!"
 "Is it or is it not a ball of fire?"
 "It has many of the earmarks of a sound egg," admitted Archie.
 "It wants a woman to sing it. A woman who could reach out for that last high note and teach it to take a joke. The whole refrain is working up to that. You need Tetrassini or some one who would just pick that note off the roof and hold it till the janitor came round to lock up the building for the night."

"I must buy a copy for my wife. Where can I get it?"
 Wilson Hymack snorted fiercely.
 "You can't get it! It isn't published. Writing music's the darndest job! You write the biggest thing in years, and you go round trying to get some one to sing it, and they say you're a genius and then shove the song away in a drawer and forget about it."

Archie lighted another cigarette.
 "I'm a jolly old child in these matters, old lad," he said, "but why don't you take it direct to a publisher? As a matter of fact, if it would be any use to you, I was foregathering with a music-publisher only the other day—a bird of the name of Blumenthal. Why not let me tool you round to the office to-morrow and play it to him?"

"No, thanks. Much obliged; but I'm not going to play that melody in any publisher's office with his hired gang of Tin Pan Alley composers listening at the key-hole and taking notes. I'll have to wait till I can find somebody to sing it. Well, I must be going along. Glad to have seen you again. Sooner or later, I'll take you to hear that high note sung by some one in a way that'll make your spine tie itself in knots round the back of your neck."

"I'll count the days," said Archie courteously. "Pip-pip!"

Hardly had the door closed behind the composer when it opened again to admit Lucille.

"Hullo, light of my soul!" said Archie, rising and embracing his wife. "Where have you been all the afternoon?"

"I've been having tea with a girl down in Greenwich Village. I couldn't get away before. Who was that who went out just as I came along the passage?"

"Chappie of the name of Hymack. I met him in France. A composer and what-not."

"We seem to have been moving in artistic circles this afternoon. The girl I went to see is a singer. At least, she wants to sing, but gets no encouragement."

"Precisely the same with my bird. He wants to get his music sung, but nobody'll sing it. But I didn't know you knew any Greenwich Village warblers, sunshine of my home. How did you meet this female?"

Lucille sat down and gazed forlornly at him with her big gray eyes.

"Archie darling, when you married me, you undertook to share my sorrows, didn't you?"

"Absolutely! It's all in the book of words. For better or for worse, in sickness and in health. Regular iron-clad contract!"

"Then share 'em!" said Lucille. "Bill's in love again."

Archie blinked.

"Bill? When you say 'Bill,' do you mean Bill? Your brother Bill? My brother-in-law Bill?"

"I do."

"You say he's in love? The tender pash and all that?"

"Even so."

"But, I say! Isn't this rather— What I mean to say is, the lad's an absolute scourge! The Great Lover—what? Also ran, Brigham Young, and all that sort of thing! Why, it's only a few weeks ago that he was moaning brokenly about that female who subsequently hooked onto old Reggie van Tuyl!"

"She's a little better than that girl, thank goodness! All the same, I don't think father will approve."

"Of what caliber is the latest exhibit?"

"Middle West overlaid with Washington Square."

"Once again!" requested Archie, puzzled.

"Well, I mean she comes from the Middle West and seems to be trying to be twice as bohemian as the rest of the girls down in Greenwich Village. She wears her hair bobbed and goes about in a kimono. It's so silly, when you can see Hicks Corners sticking out of her all the time."

"That one also got past me before I could grab it. What did you say she had sticking out of her?"

"I meant that anybody could see that she came from somewhere out in the wilds. As a matter of fact, Bill tells me that she was brought up in Snake Bite, Michigan."

"Snake Bite? What rummy names you have in America! How is old Bill? Pretty feverish?"

"He says this time it is the real thing."

"That's what they all say. I wish I had a dollar for every time—forgotten what I was going to say," broke off Archie prudently. "So you think," he went on, after a pause, "that William's latest is going to be one more shock for the old dad?"

"I can't imagine father approving of her."

"I've studied your merry old progenitor pretty closely," said Archie, "and I can't imagine him approving of anybody."

"I can't understand why it is that Bill goes out of his way to pick these horrors. And the worst of it is that one always feels one's got to do one's best to see him through."

"Absolutely! One doesn't want to throw a spanner into the works of Love's young dream. It behooves us to rally round. Have you heard this girl sing?"

"Yes. She sang this afternoon."

"What sort of a voice has she got?"

"Well, it's—loud."

"Could she pick a high note off the roof and hold it till the janitor came round to lock up the building for the night?"

"What on earth do you mean?"

"Answer me this, woman, frankly: How is her high note? Pretty lofty?"

"Why, yes."

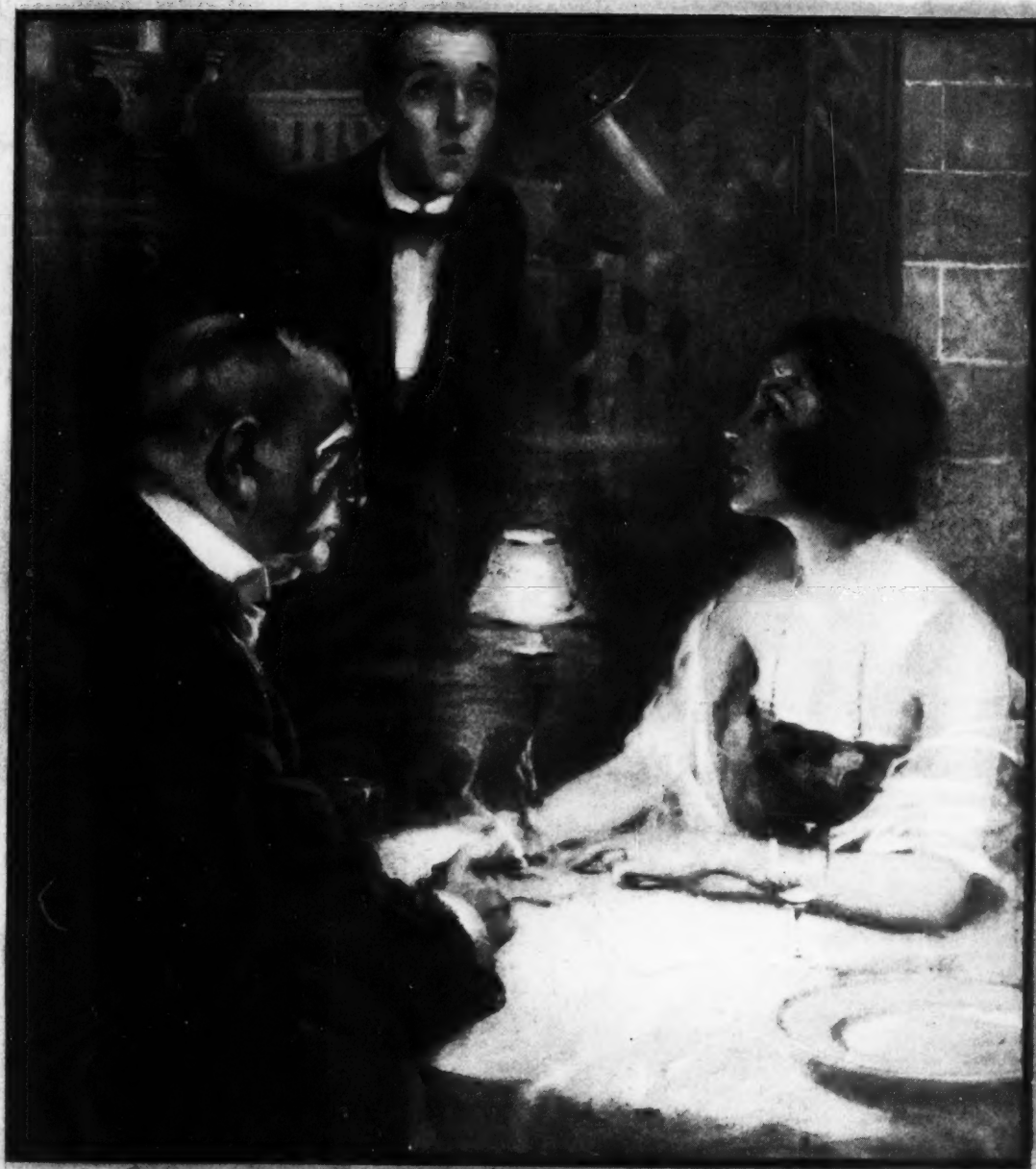
"Then say no more," said Archie.

"Leave this to me, my dear old better four-fifths! I have a scheme."

As Archie approached his suite on the following afternoon, he heard, through the closed door, the drone of a gruff male voice, and, going in, discovered Lucille in the company of his brother-in-law. Lucille, Archie thought, looked a trifle fatigued. Bill, on the other hand, was in great shape, and Archie had no difficulty in gathering that he had been lecturing on the subject of his latest enslaver.



Lucille, Archie thought, looked a trifle fatigued. Bill, on the other hand, was in great shape



"Quick! Now's your chance!" said Lucille eagerly. "Father's been called to the telephone. Hurry!"

"Hullo, Bill, old crumpet!" he said.

"Hullo, Archie!"

"I'm so glad you've come," said Lucille. "Bill is telling me all about Spectatia."

"Who?"

"Spectatia. The girl, you know. Her name is Spectatia Huskisson."

"It can't be!" said Archie incredulously.

"Why not?" growled Bill.

"Well, how could it?" said Archie, appealing to him as a reasonable man. "I mean to say! Spectatia Huskisson! I gravely doubt whether there is such a name."

"What's wrong with it?" demanded the incensed Bill. "It's a darned sight better name than Archibald Moffam."

"Don't fight, you two children!" intervened Lucille firmly. "It's a good old Middle-West name. Besides, Bill calls her Tootles."

"Pootles," corrected Bill austerely.

"Oh yes, 'Pootles.' He calls her 'Pootles.'"

"Young blood! Young blood!" sighed Archie.

"I wish you wouldn't talk as if you were my grandfather."

"I look on you as a son, laddie, a favorite son."

"If I had a father like you——"

"Ah, but you haven't, young feller-me-lad, and that's the trouble. Now, if you'll kindly listen to me for a moment——"

"I've been listening to you ever since you came in."

"You wouldn't speak in that harsh tone of voice if you knew all. William, I have a scheme!"

"Well?"

"Do you know the leader of the orchestra in the restaurant down-stairs?"

"I know there is a leader of the orchestra. What about him?"

"A sound fellow. Great pal of mine. I've forgotten his name——"

"Call him 'Pootles,'" suggested Lucille.

"Desist!" said Archie, as a wordless growl proceeded from his stricken brother-in-law. "Temper your hilarity with a modicum of reserve. This girlish frivolity is unseemly. Well, I'm going to have a chat with this chappie and fix it all up."

"Fix what up?"

"The whole jolly business. I'm going to kill two birds with one stone. I've a composer chappie popping about in the background,

whose one ambition is to have his pet song sung before a discriminating audience. You have a singer straining at the leash. I'm going to arrange with this egg who leads the orchestra that your female shall sing my chappie's song down-stairs one night during dinner. How about it? Is it or is it not a ball of fire?"

"It's not a bad idea," admitted Bill, brightening visibly.

"It's a capital idea," said Lucille. "Quite out of the question, of course."

"How do you mean?"

"Don't you know that the one thing father hates more than anything else in the world is anything like a cabaret? People are always coming to him, suggesting that it would brighten up the dinner-hour if he had singers and things, and he crushes them into little bits. He thinks there's nothing that lowers the tone of a place more. He'll bite you in three places when you suggest it to him."

"Ah! But has it escaped your notice, lighting-system of my soul, that the dear old dad is not at present in residence? He went off to fish at Lake What's-its-name this morning."

"You aren't dreaming of doing this without asking him?"

"That was the general idea."

"But he'll be furious when he finds out."

"But will he find out? I ask you, will he?"

"Of course he will."

"I don't see why he should," said Bill, on whose plastic mind the plan had made a deep impression.

"He won't," said Archie confidently. "This wheeze is for one night only. By the time the jolly old gov'nor returns, bitten to the bone by mosquitoes, with one small stuffed trout in his suitcase, everything will be over and all quiet once more along the Potomac. The scheme is this: My chappie wants his song heard by a publisher. Your girl wants her voice heard by one of the blighters who get up concerts and all that sort of thing. No doubt you know such a bird whom you could invite to the hotel for a bit of dinner?"

"I know Carl Steinberg. As a matter of fact, I was thinking of writing him about Spectatia."

"You're absolutely sure that is her name?" said Archie, his voice still tinged with incredulity. "Oh, well, I suppose she told you so herself, and no doubt she knows best. That will be topping! Rope in your pal, and hold him down at the table till the finish. Lucille, the beautiful vision on the sky-line yonder, and I will be at another table entertaining Maxie Blumenthal."

"Who on earth is Maxie Blumenthal?" asked Lucille.

"One of my boyhood chums. A music-publisher. I'll get him to come along, and then we'll all be set. At the conclusion of the performance, Miss"—Archie winced—"Miss Spectatia Huskisson will be signed up for a forty weeks' tour, and jovial old Blumenthal will be making all arrangements for publishing the song. How about it?"

"It's a winner," said Bill.

"Of course," said Archie. "I'm not urging you. I merely make the suggestion. If you know a better 'ole, go to it!"

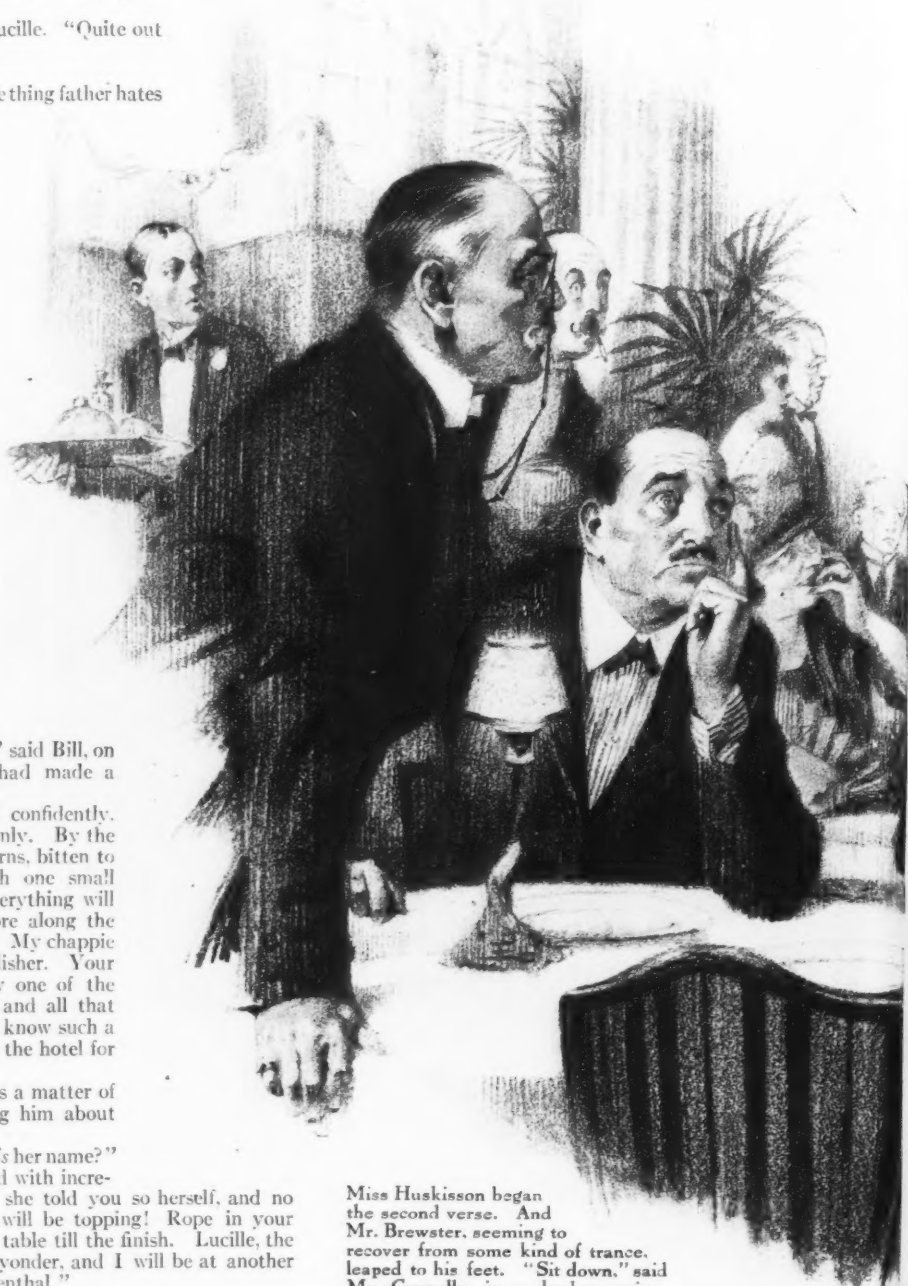
"It's absurd," said Lucille.

"My dear old partner of joys and sorrows," said Archie, wounded, "we court criticism, but this is mere abuse. What seems to be the difficulty?"

"The leader of the orchestra would be afraid to do it."

"Ten dollars—supplied by William here—push it over, Bill, old man—will remove his tremors."

"And father's certain to find out."



Miss Huskisson began the second verse. And Mr. Brewster, seeming to recover from some kind of trance, leaped to his feet. "Sit down," said Mr. Connolly, in a broken voice. "Sit down, Dan."

"Am I afraid of father?" cried Archie manfully. "Well, yes, I am!" he added, after a moment's reflection. "But I don't see how he can possibly get to know."

"Of course he can't," said Bill decidedly.

The main dining-room of the Hotel Cosmopolis is a decorous place. The lighting is artistically dim, and the genuine old tapestries on the walls seem, with their medieval calm, to discourage any essay in the riotous. Soft-footed waiters shimmer to and fro over thick, expensive carpets to the music of an orchestra which abstains wholly from the noisy modernity of jazz. To Archie, who, during the past few days, had been privileged to hear

Miss Huskisson rehearsing, the place had a sort of brooding quiet, like the ocean just before the arrival of a cyclone. As Lucille had said, Miss Huskisson's voice was loud. It was a powerful organ, and there was no doubt that it would take the cloistered stillness of the Cosmopolis dining-room and stand it on one ear. Almost unconsciously, Archie found himself bracing his muscles and holding his breath as he had done in France at the approach of the zero-hour when awaiting the first roar of a barrage. He listened mechanically to the conversation of Mr. Blumenthal.

The music-publisher was talking with some vehemence on the subject of Labor. A recent printers' strike had bitten deeply into Mr. Blumenthal's soul. The working man, he considered, was rapidly landing God's country in the soup, and he had twice upset his glass with the vehemence of his gesticulation. He was an energetic, ambidextrous talker.

"The more you give 'em, the more they want!" he complained. "There's no pleasing 'em! It isn't only in my business. There's your father, Mrs. Moffam!"

"Good God! Where?" said Archie, starting.

"I say, take your father's case. He's doing all he knows to get this new hotel of his finished, and what happens? A man gets fired for loafing on his job, and Connolly calls a strike. And

"Archie, you must do something!"

"I know! But what?"

"What's the trouble?" inquired Mr. Blumenthal, mystified.

"Go over to their table and talk to them," said Lucille.

"Me!" Archie quivered. "No, I say, old thing—really!"

"Get them away!"

"How do you mean?"

"I know!" cried Lucille, inspired. "Father promised that you should be manager of the new hotel when it was built. Well then, this strike affects you just as much as anybody else. You have a perfect right to talk it over with them. Go and ask them to have dinner up in our suite where you can discuss it quietly. Say that up there they won't be disturbed by the—the music."

At this moment, while Archie wavered, hesitating like a diver on the edge of a spring-board who is trying to summon up the necessary nerve to project himself into the deep, a bell-boy approached the table where the Messrs. Brewster and Connolly had seated themselves. He murmured something in Mr. Brewster's ear, and the proprietor of the Cosmopolis rose and followed him out of the room.

"Quick! Now's your chance!" said Lucille eagerly. "Father's been called to the telephone. Hurry!"

Archie took another drink of ice-water to steady his shaking nerve-centers, pulled down his waistcoat, straightened his tie, and then, with something of the air of a Roman gladiator entering the arena, tottered across the room. Lucille turned to entertain the perplexed music-publisher.

The nearer Archie got to Mr. Aloysius Connolly the less did he like the looks of him. Even at a distance, the labor-leader had had a formidable aspect. Seen close to, he looked even more uninviting.

"Hullo-ullo-ullo!" said Archie.

"Who the devil," inquired Mr. Connolly, "are you?"

"My name's Archibald Moffam."

"That's not my fault."

"I'm jolly old Brewster's son-in-law."

"Glad to meet you."

"Glad to meet you," said Archie handsomely.

"Well, good-by," said Mr. Connolly.

"Eh?"

"Run along and sell your papers. Your father-in-law and I have private business to discuss."

"Oh, but I'm in on this binge, you know. I'm going to be the manager of the new hotel."

"You?"

"Absolutely!"

"Well, well!" said Mr. Connolly non-committally.

Archie bent forward winsomely.

"I say, you know! It won't do, you know! Absolutely no! Not a bit like it! No; no, far from it! Well, how about it?"

"What on earth are you talking about?"

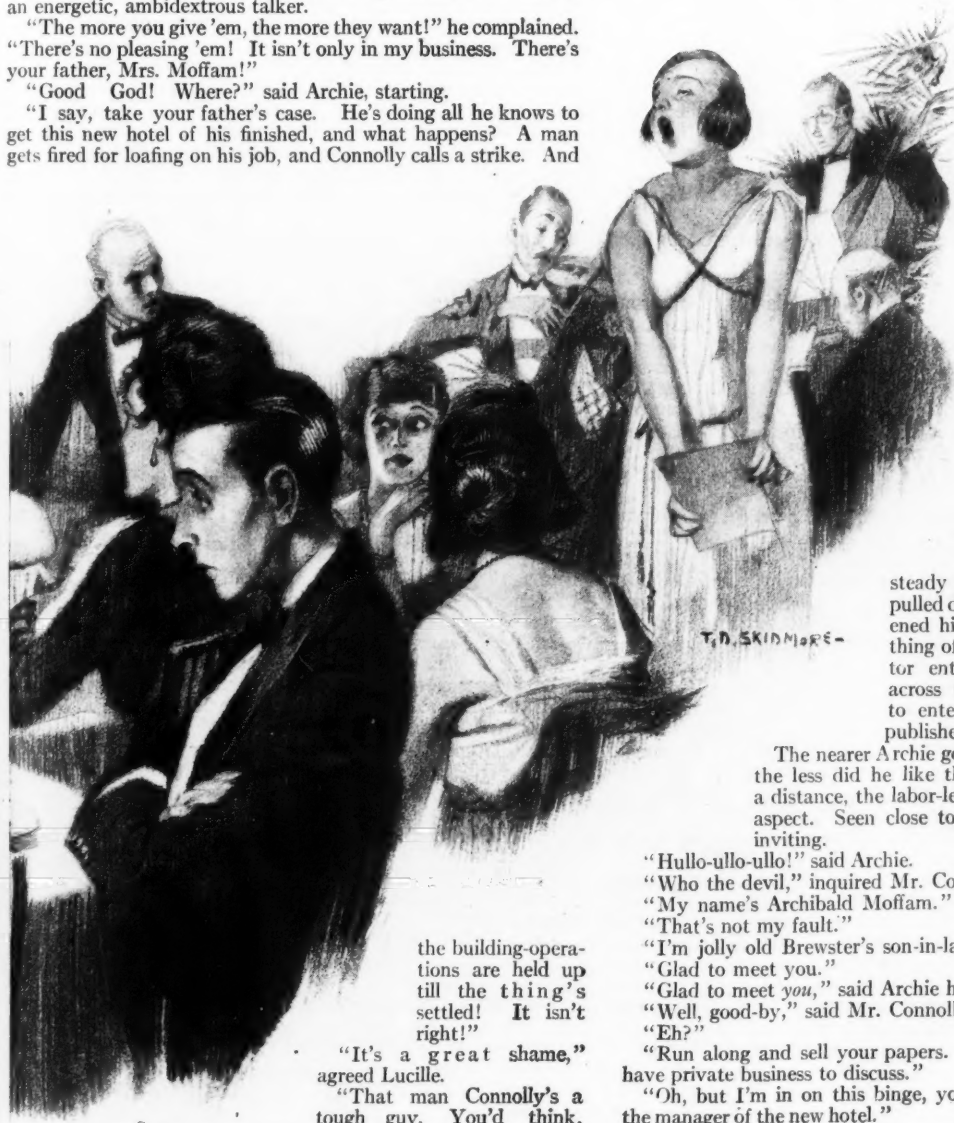
"Call it off, old thing!"

"Call what off?"

"This festive old strike."

"Not on your— Hello, Dan! Back again?"

Mr. Brewster, looming over the table like a thunder-cloud, regarded Archie with more than his customary hostility. Life was no pleasant thing for the proprietor of the Cosmopolis



the building-operations are held up till the thing's settled! It isn't right!"

"It's a great shame," agreed Lucille.

"That man Connolly's a tough guy. You'd think, being a personal friend of your father, he would—"

"I didn't know they were friends."

"Been friends for years. But a lot of difference that makes. Out come the men just the same. It isn't right! I was saying it wasn't right!" repeated Mr. Blumenthal to Archie, for he was a man who liked the attention of every member of his audience.

Archie did not reply. He was staring glassily across the room at two men who had just come in. One was a large, stout, square-faced man of commanding personality. The other was Mr. Daniel Brewster. Mr. Blumenthal followed his gaze.

"Why, there is Connolly coming in now!"

"Father!" gasped Lucille.

Her eyes met Archie's. Archie took a hasty drink of ice-water.

"This," he murmured, "has torn it!"

just now. Once a man starts building hotels, the thing becomes like dram-drinking. Any hitch, any sudden cutting-off of the daily dose has the worst effects; and the strike which was holding up the construction of his latest effort had plunged Mr. Brewster into a restless gloom. In addition to having this strike on his hands, he had had to abandon his annual fishing-trip just when he had begun to enjoy it, and, as if all this were not enough, here was his son-in-law sitting at his table.

"What do you want?" he demanded.

"I was just going to suggest to Mr. Connolly that we should all go up to my suite and talk this business over quietly."

"He says he's the manager of your new hotel," said Mr. Connolly. "Is that right?"

"I suppose so," said Mr. Brewster gloomily.

"Then I'm doing you a kindness," said Mr. Connolly, "in not letting it be built."

Archie dabbed at his forehead with his handkerchief. The moments were flying, and it began to seem impossible to shift these two men.

Suddenly, from the orchestra at the other end of the room, there came a familiar sound, the prelude of "Mother's Knee."

"So you've started a cabaret, Dan?" said Mr. Connolly, in a satisfied voice.

"Cabaret!" Mr. Brewster jumped.

He stared unbelievably at the white-robed figure which had just mounted the orchestra dais, and then concentrated his gaze on Archie.

"Is this one of your fool tricks?"

Even in this tense moment, Archie found time, almost unconsciously, to admire his father-in-law's penetration and intuition.

"Well, as a matter of fact, it was like this—"

"Say, cut it out!" said Mr. Connolly. "I want to listen."

Archie was only too ready to oblige him. Conversation at the moment was the last thing he himself desired. He managed, with a strong effort, to disengage himself from Mr. Brewster's eye, and turned to the orchestra dais, where Miss Spectatua Huskisson was now beginning the first verse of Wilson Hymack's masterpiece.

Miss Huskisson, like so many of the female denizens of the Middle West, was tall and blond, and constructed on substantial lines. She was a girl whose appearance suggested the old homestead and fried pancakes and pop coming home to dinner after the morning's plowing. Even her bobbed hair did not altogether destroy this impression. She attacked the verse of the song with something of the vigor and breadth of treatment with which, in other days, she had reasoned with refractory mules. Whether you wanted to or not, you heard every word.

In the momentary lull between verse and refrain, Archie could hear the deep breathing of Mr. Brewster. Involuntarily, he turned to gaze at him once more, and, as he did so, he caught sight of Mr. Connolly and paused in astonishment.

Mr. Connolly was an altered man. His whole personality had undergone a subtle change. His face still looked as though hewn from the living rock, but into his eyes had crept an expression which, in another man, might almost have been called sentimental. Incredible as it seemed to Archie, Mr. Connolly's eyes were dreamy. There was even in them a suggestion of unshed tears. And when, with a vast culmination of sound, Miss Huskisson reached the high note at the end of the refrain and, after holding it as some storming party, spent but victorious, holds the summit of a hard-won redoubt, broke off suddenly, in the stillness which followed there proceeded from Mr. Connolly a deep sigh.

Miss Huskisson began the second verse. And Mr. Brewster, seeming to recover from some kind of trance, leaped to his feet.

"Sit down," said Mr. Connolly, in a broken voice. "Sit down, Dan."

"He went back to his mother on the train that very day.

He knew there was no other who could make him bright and gay.

He kissed her on the forehead and he whispered, 'I've come home.'

He told her he was never going any more to roam.

And onward through the happy years, till he grew old and gray,

He never once regretted those brave words he once did say:

'It's a long way back to mother's knee—'

The last high note screeched across the room like a shell, and the applause that followed was like a shell's bursting. One could hardly have recognized the refined interior of the Cosmopolis dining-room. Fair women were waving napkins; brave men were hammering on the tables with the butt-end of knives, for all the world as if they imagined themselves to be in one of those distressing midnight-revue places. Miss Huskisson bowed, retired,

returned, bowed, and retired again, the tears streaming down her ample face. Over in a corner, Archie could see his brother-in-law applauding strenuously.

"Thirty years ago last October," said Mr. Connolly, in a shaking voice, "I—"

Mr. Brewster interrupted him violently.

"I'll fire that orchestra leader!" He turned on Archie. "What the devil do you mean by it, you—you—"

"Thirty years ago," said Mr. Connolly, wiping away a tear, "I left me dear old home in the Old Country—"

"My hotel a bear-garden!"

"Frightfully sorry and all that, old companion—"

"Thirty years ago last October! Me old mother, she came to the station to see me off."

Mr. Brewster, who was not deeply interested in Mr. Connolly's old mother, continued to splutter inarticulately, like a firework trying to go off.

"Ye'll always be a good boy, Aloysius?" she said to me," said Mr. Connolly, proceeding with his autobiography. "And I said, 'Yes, mother; I will!'" Mr. Connolly sighed. "'Twas a liar I was!" he observed remorsefully. "Many's the dirty trick I've played since then. It's a long way back to mother's knee! 'Tis a true word!" He turned impulsively to Mr. Brewster. "Dan, there's a deal of trouble in this world without me going out of me way to make more. The strike is over. I'll send the men back to-morrow. There's me hand on it!"

Mr. Brewster, who had just managed to coordinate his views on the situation and was about to express them with the generous strength which was ever his custom when dealing with his son-in-law, checked himself abruptly. He stared at his old friend and business enemy, wondering if he could have heard aright.

"You'll what?"

"I'll send the men back to-morrow. That song was sent to guide me, Dan! It was meant! Thirty years ago last October, me dear old mother—"

Mr. Brewster bent forward attentively. His views on Mr. Connolly's dear old mother had changed. He wanted to hear all about her.

"'Twas that last note that girl sang brought it all back to me as if 'twas yesterday—"

Archie stole softly from the table. He felt that his presence, if it had ever been required, was required no longer. Looking back, he could see his father-in-law patting Mr. Connolly affectionately on the shoulder.

Archie and Lucille lingered over their coffee. Mr. Blumenthal was out in the telephone-booth, settling the business end with Wilson Hymack. The music-publisher had been unstinted in his praise of "Mother's Knee." It was sure-fire, he said. The words, stated Mr. Blumenthal, were gooey enough to hurt, and the tune reminded him of every other song-hit he had ever heard. There was, in Mr. Blumenthal's opinion, nothing to stop the thing selling a million copies.

Archie smoked contentedly.

"Not a bad evening's work, old thing," he said. "Talk about birds with one stone!" He looked at Lucille reproachfully. "You don't seem bubbling over with joy."

"Oh, I am, precious!" Lucille sighed. "I was only thinking about Bill."

"What about Bill?"

"Well, it's rather awful to think of him tied for life to that—that steam-siren."

"Oh, we mustn't look on the jolly old dark side. Perhaps—Hullo, Bill, old top! We were just talking about you."

"Were you?" said Bill Brewster, in a dispirited voice.

"I take it that you want congratulations, what?"

"I want sympathy!"

"Sympathy?"

"Sympathy! And lots of it! She's gone!"

"Gone? Who?"

"Spectatua!"

"How do you mean gone?"

Bill glowered at the table-cloth.

"Gone home. I've just seen her off in a cab. She's gone back to Washington Square to pack. She's catching the ten-o'clock train back to Snake Bite. It was that damned song!" muttered Bill, in a stricken voice. "She says she never realized before she sang it to-night how hollow New York was. She says she's going to give up her career and go back to her mother. What the deuce are you twiddling your fingers for?" he broke off irritably.

"Sorry, old man. I was just counting."

"Counting? Counting what?"

"Birds, old thing. Only birds," said Archie.

"Happy New Year—how I'll greet it!
Here is my pledge. Can you beat it?
Such resolving
Is easy as shooting
Campbell's—You betcha I'll eat it!"



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From an actual photograph taken in Mr. Rachmaninoff's home, in New York City





Her Place in the Sun

(Continued from page 57)



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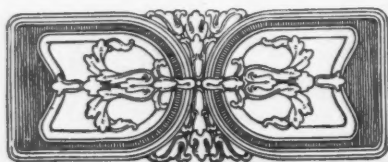
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in a world none too kind to mother's children, would have recognized the slight touch of conscious patronage as an excellent sign that the young man felt himself quite capable of taking proper care of a young wife. As indeed it was. And as he was indeed capable, Catharine felt herself almost self-convicted of pure selfishness when she ought to have been knowing only pure gratitude for Flo's excellent fortune.

But it was the next day, toward mid-afternoon, that Catharine Jorwin looked up from her belated sandwich and cup of coffee in a dairy lunch-room where she occasionally ate and met the coolly proffered recognition of a thin, rather sallow woman, like herself in the late thirties, who was as dowdy as herself, and whose gray eyes were as habitually careful-lidded.

Catharine's own eyes coolly proffered return recognition. But she was obviously surprised when the woman rose and crossed to seat herself at the same small table, beckoning a waitress to follow with her order.

Like Homer, Anne Hoxey once had been claimed by seven cities. They would have done her handcuff-homage, however, not the laurel stuff. Her aliases were like the leaves of the forest in that they had never been listed.

Between her and Catharine Jorwin there lay—not friendship, for once the latter, over a jewelry table, had snapped the steel cuffs on the former's thin white wrists, and once, at the imported-fan counter, Catharine had cruelly twisted Anne's furtive right arm from around some booty and almost out of socket. But it was not enmity either, for Anne, that first time, had admitted with a grin, "Your hand's quicker than my eye, old girl," and the second time had lightly promised a return and successful visit, which she made two years later, uncaught by Catharine, and got a better haul of expensive frail old-ivory sticks than the previous frustrated one. And afterward she had 'phoned Catharine a daring, flippant "So long," which Catharine returned good humoredly, "Till we meet again."

Once or twice since, their glance had crossed fleetingly on State Street or one of its crowded crossways.

"But I might have to explain being seen at the same dairy-lunch table with you," objected Catharine. "Why this desire for my company?"

"Well, it's a desire," coolly retorted Anne. She added, grumbling, "You don't eat at this place noons as often as you're reported to."

"What of it? But why should you want to see me?"

Anne smiled.

"Business, old girl. Nothing merely social, I assure you."

It was hinted that, far back in Anne Hoxey's life, lay family and the accomplishments given by a select girls' school. Her voice still held the music of cultured tones.

Catharine Jorwin stared steadily at her, unnoting of tone. Anne stared back, smiling slightly. And the two pairs of shrewd, sharp gray eyes, meeting, gave and took instant sentence.

"Oh, I know what this means," con-

temptuously yielded Catharine. "But I haven't any reputation for being approachable, have I?" She began to finish her sandwich with expedition.

"No," said Anne instantly. "You're reputed to give an honest day's work to the people that hire you."

"Well then?"—still contemptuous.

Anne Hoxey smiled again, faintly and a bit cynically.

"I glimpsed you in a street-car one night. You were clinging to a strap. Your expression—somehow, I got the impression that you and I, oldish, tired, snubbed, somehow, by some of the powers that be, might have common understanding—on something."

"Afraid not," said Catharine briefly.

"You couldn't use five thousand good dollars?"—matter-of-factly. "How about it, C. Jorwin?"

"Not some."

"Sure?"

"Very."

"Your part would be so simple. Merely one day, when your eyes wandered only unseeingly through the furs." Anne's voice was coaxing and friendly.

"Simple enough"—ironically. "But my eyes have the habit of seeing."

"Break that habit—for once?"

"Couldn't possibly." Catharine rose, having finished her sandwich.

But the other woman caught at her arm. And since she did not care to attract attention by a struggle, Catharine sank back in her chair.

"Let me tell you," pleaded Anne. "I only want to make one last good haul—I'm sick of this life. But I'm down to nothing—my two best friends, too. We're planning to pull out—if we can get hold of a fair stake apiece. Settle down on land out West. We're—some of us—losing our nerve, I guess. Or we're getting old and tired. And—"

"This doesn't interest me"—impatiently. "Take your hand off my arm, or I'll—"

"You can't tell me you're not in some kind of trouble," urged Anne, in fast, impetuous whisper. "I saw a heart-sick look in your eyes that night. I've seen it in my own eyes, when the future shows up pretty gray and hopeless—"

"Never mind." Catharine, in anger, rose and tried to pull away.

"Wait—please wait—just another moment. I'll wager, C. Jorwin, you've got to the same place in life that some others of us have—when we feel that we've no place in the sun. Don't deny it to me. I've seen too much and know too much not to read—"

"Read all you like," irritably said Catharine. "But don't use me for your book. And if you don't let me go—"

"All I and these two friends want is a small place in the sun—for our remaining years," pleaded Anne, not loosing her hold. "Just one haul! Help us—and help yourself at the same time—"

"I tell you—"

"Oh, no; you can't tell me! And, remember, earth has few sorrows that cash cannot heal. You can use five thousand dollars. I'm sure of that. And you run no risk—"



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"Don't I? Put it I won't."

"Wait! Wait! There's a chinchilla dolman—eighteen thousand dollars was the wholesale price. There's three sable and Alaskan-seal capes—twenty thousand apiece. There's two Russian-mink coats—thirty thousand—that's all we want. And they're sold as soon as we get 'em."

"They are?" with sarcastic interest.

"They are"—relaxing from fervor to a cool grin. "Oh, once diamonds were loot supreme. But now, since women the world over have gone fur-mad, and, whereas a diamond is often handicapped by the record of its carats—" She chuckled. "But it's a wise muskrat that can identify its own Hudson-seal skin. The fence business in Chicago and elsewhere has never known better days, C. Jorwin."

"I'm aware of that," said Catharine disagreeably. "But—"

"You'll be handed your five thousand dollars before we take the stuff. I don't ask you to trust us—but I'll trust you if you'll say—"

"But I'm not going to say it"—with cold finality. And Catharine pulled away at last.

"But you will—won't you?"—pleadingly. "I'm going to 'phone you the day—"

"Don't bother to 'phone me."

"But I will!" Anne was following her closely to the street. "Think, C. Jorwin! Five thousand dollars! I'll bet—oh, I do—there's several things you could do with that amount—that you'd like to do. Suppose you get tired some day of working for other people—this sum would mean independence. Or a home, with a warranty deed. Suppose—"

Catharine was out on the street, walking rapidly from ear-shot. However, Anne Hoxey gazed after her not unhelpfully.

Afterward, Catharine Jorwin reluctantly admitted to herself that a seed does not sprout in barren soil.

She did not admit this sprouting for quite a while. She only admitted that Anne Hoxey had given her two points on which to hang her own heaviness of mind and heart. She could not help thinking what she could do with five thousand dollars—in a lump. Before, she had not crystallized her vague desire for some usable money into a plain amount. But now she realized that five thousand was about the amount that would be a lever of action. As Anne had said, she would be independent. She could buy some land and a house somewhere, or a blouse shop—or something.

But, of course, she didn't have the five thousand. And she had no intention of falling in with Anne's proposition. She thought of her simply as Anne; the meeting had created a feeling of acquaintanceship, set the other apart from the great horde of her kind. She reflected, once or twice, not reluctantly, that, had they met under other circumstances, they might have been pretty good friends. There was something attractive about Anne Hoxey's flippant frankness and straight points of view.

And the odd phrase she had used—"a place in the sun." Catharine could use that herself. She received it with forlorn gratefulness. A place in the sun! Why, that was all she asked! And not a large place. Just some little, narrow spot—Flo's would-be kindness directed her

toward the shadows. Comfortable, warm tidy shadows—but shadows.

A touch of kinship for Anne Hoxey, who had shadows threatening, too, came to Catharine Jorwin. Sallow, cynical, middle-aged like herself, Anne wasn't such a bad sort. And Catharine would snap handcuffs on her again, if necessary. But she would not especially enjoy doing it.

Once, Catharine wondered thoughtfully how Abe Livvy would have treated such a proposition. He must have had such made to him. No store detective escaped those propositions—always. More than one similar one had been made to her in years past. She did not dislike Livvy. But she wondered if innate honesty or a large bump of caution ruled him.

In a case like this, no one need be deterred by caution. There would be no risk. Merely to overlook what happened—easy, simple. But, at this point in her reflections, Catharine Jorwin flushed a little. It had abruptly been borne in upon her that she was actually visualizing herself on a certain day as one who overlooked—did not see—

But, of course, nothing was further from her thoughts than really to do what had been asked of her. She was simply thinking idly about the ease with which it could be done—without risk. She doubted very much if a man like Livvy, or some of the others, would not be greatly tempted. Say that Livvy needed five thousand dollars—or would greatly like to have five thousand dollars—

The amount hung at her thoughts.

It seemed to represent a very fair meed of achievement. It seemed such a good bulwark against—oh, against so many of the ills that flesh is heir to.

A mind divided against itself is not an effective mind. There came a day when, at reporting-time, she had only an immature schoolgirl in the hair-ribbons, a newsboy at the butter-scotch counter, and an old dope-ridden harridan at the millinery trimmings—poor pickings for her time.

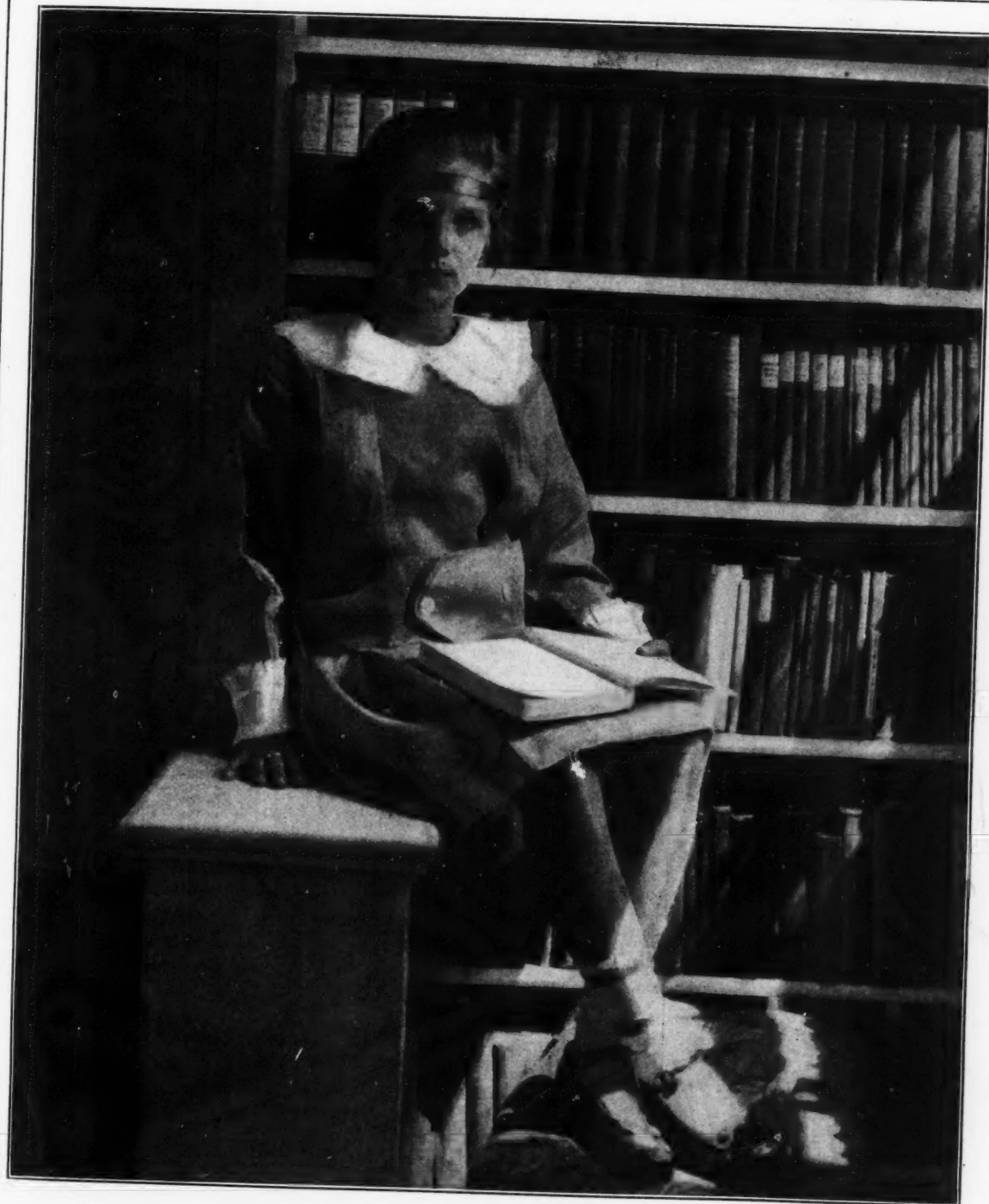
"Quite poor," said Boffton unkindly. "Let's hope to-morrow is different."

He turned to Livvy and the others. Catharine felt a small stab of self-martyrdom. After all, she had had countless exceptional days. Against her will, she reflected that the years had never created much liking for Boffton as a superior. No one—Livvy, for instance—need feel any great remorse for deceiving that result-demanding man.

The next day, Catharine Jorwin quite deliberately allowed a little youthful blondined person to escape justice. The girl did not take the plated bracelet she had her eyes, and almost hand, on. Catharine's warning eyes withheld her. But there was no movement of an oldish, sure hand toward her.

"I suppose Anne Hoxey started that way," mused Catharine. Almost imperceptibly, there had come over her a sense of alignment with the small blondined person and Anne Hoxey and their blundering kind. She recalled, too, that Boffton was reported—this was years back—to have taken another man's job by some trickery—

She began to wonder, curiously, what Boffton would do if, hard pressed for money, seeing a gray, unhappy future ahead without that money, he should have some offered to him, for no exertion of



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his—on the contrary, for an all too easy lack of exertion. Along State Street, it was said that the managers of this particular department store were not squeamish about their methods when a competitor was to be harried—

But, at this point, Catharine Jorwin knew a small sensation of genuine horror. Was she planning—yielding?

She assured herself hurriedly that she was not. Certainly not! Down in her heart she had not the slightest intention of doing as Anne Hoxey wanted her to. Never—never! She stood farther back on the mezzanine floor, that her perturbed face might not draw attention.

And she tried to speak quite naturally when Peter Corency, passing with a royal-blue brocade bolt for his windows, murmured,

"Loafing on your job again?"

"It looks that way"—focusing her eyes, with would-be alertness, on an umbrella-stand below, where a silver-bearded gentleman, ostentatiously respectable of bearing, was standing too close to a platinum handle.

But Peter Corency had paused, calmly ignoring the rule against gossiping with store detectives.

"I hear your daughter is going to be married."

"Yes, she is." Catharine spoke absently. The silver-bearded person—

"Make much difference in your life?"

At this, she brought her focused glance back from the silver-bearded person with a start and gave it curiously to Peter Corency. Once—

"Why—yes—in a way."

"Any more likely to marry me now than you were nine years ago?" he asked casually.

A passing messenger put an envelop in Catharine Jorwin's right hand. But though she accepted it mechanically, she did not glance at it or at the messenger going hastily on. She had started again, almost tremulously, at Peter Corency's casually put question.

"Why—why, Peter—do you mean you haven't forgotten that—"

"I haven't proposed to so many women in my life," he grinned, "that I forget. You said then you wouldn't quit your work for any man, but lately I've been wondering if work hadn't palled. You've lost pep. And so—"

The fingers of the woman to whom he spoke tightened on the envelop which she was unconsciously holding, bent it double.

"I thought you'd forgotten all about it," she said slowly.

"Had you forgotten?" he asked quickly.

"N-no."

"I was often minded to try again"—rather sheepishly. "But your envelop every once in a while held a bonus which mine didn't."

"I needed the bonuses—for Flo—but—"

"But if it hadn't been a question of bonuses?"

"I'm pretty old now," she countered wistfully.

"So'm I," he retorted. "But since you couldn't make up your mind any younger—"

"But—but—"

"Our taste in vaudeville used to be the same," he urged. "It's rather lonesome seeing movies by yourself. And there's so

many movies. And at some of 'em you can forget your nationality, let alone your age—"

A silver-bearded person outside on State Street was congratulating himself on his luck. Behind him, Catharine Jorwin's gray eyes had followed, in absorption, not a forty-dollar platinum-handled umbrella but a shirt-sleeved window-trimmer hurrying down to his window. And her glance, a curiously young and bright glance, was still derelict to duty when, ten minutes later, Flo Jorwin, who happened to be down-town—breezed up to her mother.

Ten minutes later:

"Well, if you're really going to be married, mother—and I'm really glad if you think you'll be happier than with me and Marvin, though goodness knows I can't help thinking it queer that you think you will be—" It was at this point that Flo's cool, critical voice veered from rising inflection to level. "If that's your pay-envelop in your hand—though this isn't Thursday—you're almost losing a bill or two—"

"What—" Catharine Jorwin glanced down, and was startled at the envelop in her unnoting hand. Its flap was open—her fingers playing with it had allowed the enclosure almost to tumble out.

And at that enclosure, a sickening premonition came to her. A heavy terror laid hold of her heart—her mind—a terror that tightened. Her fingers, half lax in their first hold of the bills, began to clutch stiffly, began to burn, to feel blistered. She saw the ominous ciphers at the corners of the outer bill, knew, rather than counted, that there were five bills, *five one thousand dollar bills!*

She crushed them out of Flo's mildly interested sight and turned swiftly, furiously. The fur section! It might be—

She fairly ran. Flo followed, impatient, but not having finished all she wished to say to her parent.

The second floor, and then the swift stairs to the third. No time to seek an elevator. And at the farthest end of the velvet-carpeted third floor, a mirrored and lustrous end—

Catharine Jorwin drew a gasp of relief that was almost a sob as her sick, gray eyes swept that end. Before a pier-glass, leisurely, rather pompously, as befitted an important customer with a saleswoman anxious to make a sale, a gray-eyed woman in her thirties was revolving in a chinchilla dolman. Not a dowdy woman to-day. Oh, Anne Hoxey could fit her attire to the occasion. So that Flo Jorwin, a little out of breath but still intent on her own train of thought, murmured,

"If you'd dress a little on that woman's style, mother, though not so expensively, of course, I'm sure Marvin would say—"

Flo's mother paid no attention to Flo. She was at Anne Hoxey's side; she was putting the bills in Anne's taut hand which would furiously have refused to take them had Catharine's fingers been less ominously compelling. And then her mouth was close to Anne's ear, so that neither Flo, who was sharp of hearing, nor a saleswoman, who was sharper, heard the half gritted:

"Nothing doing—I told you!"

There were words gritted low in return, across a high, soft, muffling collar of costly pelts:



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"You didn't say it like you meant it. Of all dirty tricks—to trap us and——"

"There's no trap—yet. But State Street outside——"

Barely three minutes later, Anne Hoxey was drawing a disappointed but safe breath outside on State Street.

Behind her, Flo, who had watched her depart, was saying:

"Did you notice that woman's darling blue metal-brocade hat? For goodness' sake, mother, let me get you one like it, so Marvin——"

Catharine Jorwin murmured absently, "If you want to, Flo dear."

A Daughter of Violence

(Continued from page 80)

the trouble. We're rotten cowards and scoundrels at the bottom of it all. We've made the job for your father that Summers is fighting him for to-night. Isn't that it, Nora?" He held her, fair and little and quivering, in his strong hands.

She could not dispute the terms of what he said; she could only oppose him with her passion.

"You're out of it all, Mr. Harkwell! I'm in; I've been in all my life—in sluggings and shootings, and oh, oh, I loathe it so! I'd rather lie down and die, it's seemed to me; I'd rather see my father dead—anyone dead, Mr. Harkwell, than go on with it. O our Good Lady of Mercy, I've lived with it since I knew anything at all! I can't get out, but I'll not drag you in; you're out! So keep out, I tell you! Keep away! Leave me and go home."

And she tore from him and ran into her own room and slammed the door. Jim stood in the hall; then, as some one else came up, he went down.

Sometime later, when the front door opened and shut, Nora rose from her bed, where she had flung herself. The room, which was beside her mother's, had a window looking out upon the street, and, raising the blind, she saw that Jim Harkwell was leaving the house. He was alone, and, when he reached the curb, he turned, but though he glanced at her window, the darkness of the room concealed her. He stepped into the car directly in front of the house, and she saw him trying to unlock the ignition with his key.

He failed, because it was not his car, but one of her father's, which Castelozzi had been driving. After a moment, Jim discovered this and went to his own car further on, started it, and, after looking again at her window, steered into the street.

As he got away, Nora saw another car come up behind him; it slowed to let him lead it, and she looked at it sharply. It was a black car, with curtains down, with headlight and tail-light properly lighted, but without a number under the glow in the rear. When Jim accelerated, it also speeded up and followed closely.

Nora tore aside the curtain and bent, in violent tension, to haul up the heavy window-sash.

"Jim!" she screamed. "Jake Summers—he's after you! O Mother of Mercy!"

The window resisted, and she snatched up a vase, burst out the pane, sending the glass crashing down upon the steps. Her mother, in alarm, rushed into the room.

There was still the blistered feeling in her fingers. She looked down at them curiously. She had not known that lifeless paper could produce the same effect as living fire. But the departure of the blue hat, held at a drearily alert angle, had been watched by her with a curious ache. As though from an unexpectedly sunny corner, she watched another woman in the shadow.

She knew clearly that she would forever dislike blue metal-brocade hats. She would be achingly reminded of——

But it was not a great matter. She wanted to please Flo for once.

"Nora! Saints preserve us!"

The two plain-clothes men in the street below were running to the house. Faetz and his companions in the car were shouting to know about the crash. But Nora had come to herself—she was running down-stairs with the key of her car in one hand, a revolver in the other.

"Jake Summers or Weingeld, maybe, or the Kaforas went by! They took after Jim Harkwell!"

"But, Nora, they'd not——"

"They would! His car's like father's. Mike, I drive; are ye with me?"

"Go ahead," said Castelozzi.

Nora reached the door and thrust back the plain-clothes men.

"I'm going by," she told them, her pistol wavering from one to the other.

She went into the street in her thin dress. Castelozzi, getting into the seat beside her, picked up a robe and tried to hold it about her; but she cast it off to steer and, working the starter and the clutch, she pulled up her skirt to her knees. "Mother of Mercy!" she prayed, as the ignition hung. The spark caught and she thrust forward her gears and got away.

But, before her, the boulevard was clear. Far, far off—two blocks or more—she saw tail-lights; between them and her a street-car track, where cars and carts and motor-trucks crossed. A couple of reports echoed, which one could call back-fires if one knew no better. But Nora stepped down hard on the foot-throttle and went through that cross-traffic deaf to the shouts and whistle of the policeman who tried to stop her. Castelozzi, with deep satisfaction, drew from a shoulder-holster a small, blue pistol.

"Mike, you heard shots?"

"Two, Nora. You drive quick!"

She had never driven so fast before. Two shots! The tail-lights ahead bobbed and swayed in their race down the boulevard.

"Easy, Nora!" Castelozzi warned. They were coming up on the first pair of cars too fast for Mike, who was bending forward a little and fingering his pistol. Now, quickly, Mike straightened; he had seen that these cars were not those they pursued, but evidently were themselves pursuers of the car from which the shots had been fired. "Go on, Nora!"

She was past them—past, in a flash, a number of slower machines which seemed barely moving. Ahead now was a clear stretch of asphalt; far down it, two tail-lights, upon which she could not gain.

Nora felt the toe of her slipper pressing the floor as she held the foot-throttle wide open. A streak of shiny, glinting fluid stretched before them down the street pavement. "Gas or water," Nora said to herself. "One of 'em losing it." She knew, in her fear-swollen heart, which one; she knew that, though her lover might have escaped wounding from the first shots fired at him and might have been able for a while to outrace the other car, soon he must be stopped and shot mercilessly, as Rossman had been murdered and Mullane that day attacked—that is, unless she and Castelozi first overtook that murder-car. But her machine was doing all it could. She did not gain; and, "It's gas," she now recognized hopelessly.

It was gas—and from Jim Harkwell's car. During the first few squares of his drive homeward, he had no suspicion that he was being pursued and no thought of peril to himself from the business of this evening. He had left Rap Cregan's house thinking of his Nora and himself. Her cry to him to keep out, while she stayed "in," echoed in his ears. He keep out! He wanted to tell everyone who could read the papers to-morrow that he was in it as much as she; his people paid and profited with Rap Cregan.

The flash of a shot spat at him; before him, his wind-shield was splintered and riven. He crouched spontaneously, stepping on the gas; another shot sounded. He did not see this flash; the bullet struck somewhere forward, he thought.

In the instant while, automatically, he spent his instinct and skill in endeavor to outdistance the car beside him, his subconsciousness grasped the situation. He recalled how there had been standing before Rap Cregan's door a car identical with his own; he realized a general resemblance in height and bearing between himself and Nora's father; he knew it was not possible that opportunity would be given to explain the mistake to the pursuers. A thrill seized him as he recognized that he was without other defense than the speed of his car—a thrill which pricked sharp as, glancing at the dial before him, he saw his gasoline-gage dropping, and he knew that the second bullet had pierced his fuel-tank. But, for the moment, he was ahead.

For a few blocks more, he held his advantage, as Nora was able to estimate from her position far behind.

"Mamma mia!" Castelozi ejaculated in admiration, as she went through the traffic of the next main crossing.

"Mike, help me!" she begged him, irrationally.

"How?" said Mike, practically, "You drive like—*Per Dio!*" Again she got from him spontaneous admiration.

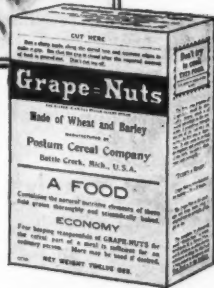
Yet she knew she did not gain. "Mother of Mercy!" She prayed wildly for more strength to the steel thing hurtling her onward. They were dropping back. Now they seemed to gain, drop back—no; now surely a gain!

"Bibantel!" Castelozi breathed. "Look, Nora!" And, at the same instant, she saw proof of disaster. The leading car was losing speed; she was rushing up on it, rushing up on the other, too. For, as Jim's slowed, Summers' driver also slackened in order not to pass too fast, to let his companion, this time, make sure of his shot from the seat.

"Slow, Nora! *Per Dio!*" Castelozi



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dropped his pistol, and, turning on Nora, grabbed the steering-wheel and tried to take it from her; but, with all her body tense, she blocked him off, and, bracing herself, held the wheel to steer her car, at its utmost speed, straight into the back of Jack Summers'. For she knew she had not time to overtake alongside to let Mike get in his shot.

"Get down, Mike! Low!" she cried to the gunman. "We're—goin' over."

They went over, and hurled over Jake Summer's car, too, with Jake and Weingeld both in it. And Summers and Weingeld, not being warned and not expecting anything like that—indeed, both being wholly intent upon getting in a shot at the driver of the car to their right—had no time to crouch and get under the protection of the wheel and the seat-back as their car went over. Consequently, when Jim Harkwell, the police, and wreckers from the nearest garage got the car off them, Weingeld was already dead. Jake Summers was taken to a hospital with fracture of the skull. Mike Castellozzi, in Nora Cregan's car, had got down quick enough to escape with cuts and concussion. Nora was found conscious, internally injured, they thought, and with her right arm broken. She was able to speak once to Jim Harkwell and make sure that he had not been hurt at all; then she fainted. But at the hospital, in a private room near to Summers', she recovered consciousness that same night. They set her arm and kept her in bed a few days; and every day Jim Harkwell, as well as her father and mother, visited her.

Of course the newspapers made much of the story of Rap Cregan's daughter saving Jim Harkwell; and with the pictures of Nora and Rap, and of the wounded Terry Mullane, they printed their war-time photograph of Lieutenant James Harkwell, junior; and, later, pictures of his father and several business associates. For one reporter began the disclosure of the unsentimental bonds between the Harkwell set and the organization of Rap Cregan.

At the end of the week, the doctors pronounced Nora out of danger, and her father and Jim together escorted her home. Rap carried his daughter up from the car, and when he laid her down on her own bed and saw how frail she looked, he broke down, as he had on the first night at the hospital.

"Nora darlin', say to me what ye want done! Anythin' at all!"

She put up her arm to him, "Get out of it all, father."

"I will," Rap promised. "I swore that to Father Moyne if the Lord spared ye to me that night ye seemed dyin'. I'd have gone out before, Nora, for your sake; but I'd not be druv out. But ye've saved the state further trouble from Weingeld. Jake Summers'll get well; but he'll drive no one no more. An' the Kaforas have gone—far from the jurisdiction av the courts and av Dan. They'll stay away."

"You'll leave town, too, father? And stay?"

"Arrah? Wud ye not trust me here? Where wud ye name me to go?"

"Paris—you liked that; and there I'll keep an eye on you."

"Not thrustin' yer mother? Who takes ye to Paris?"

"Mr. Harkwell, father—Jim. We're married, you see, in two weeks. We'll take a week's start; then you follow us."

Fools Keep Faith

(Concluded from page 48)

behind it and made terrible grimaces at Bluebell. Darker and darker grew her father's manner, retreating from her day by day, until it seemed that they would never again reach one another; and day by day she suffered double torture—the torture of his strained face, and the torture of Slippery Sam with his: "Well, gel?" until she felt each night that her breaking-point had been reached.

At the end of the week, the surly red broke into fierce flames. Hawkins came home early that evening, before ten o'clock. He dropped heavily into the chair by the kitchen stove. Bluebell brought a bottle of beer and poured him a glass. She placed it on the table at his elbow, but he did not drink. He looked deep into the fire, and spoke slowly.

"Er—Bluebell—girl—got some bad news for yeh."

"Bad news?"

She was standing at the cupboard, replacing the bottle. He saw only her back. It was bent as to receive a blow.

"Yersee. I'm in trouble."

"Trouble?" The voice was a shred of a voice, naked.

He turned round in the chair.

"Yes, girl—trouble. Big trouble. I'm going to be—I mean the police are after me. I can't get away. They know who I am, and where I live, and they'll be here any minute now. I bin running a bad shop, and somebody's give me away."

The bottle slipped from her hand and fell, with a jagged crash, to the floor. She turned and faced him, and, even in his own deep misery, he thought he had never seen so terrible a face as that she showed him, with its wide eyes and blank wet mouth.

"Give you away? Who? Who? Sam Booth? Slippery Sam give you away?"

"No—it wasn't Slippery Sam. He's been quite nice to me lately. It was that loony boy, Sing-a-song Joe, they call him. He gave 'em the office. Put that nasty superior kind o' copper—Gossett—you know him—onto it. Slippery Sam tried to stop it, but Gossett was too quick for him. Said that Sing-a-song Joe done it to help you. What you staring at like that?"

"O God! Done for by my pal!"

"Done for?" Here—girl—don't take on so. It ain't so bad, perhaps. There'll be a bit o' money for you to go on with. I oughta known it was bound to come. If it hadn't come that way, it 'd'a' come by Slippery Sam. He found out about it a week or two ago. I've had to keep him quiet with money, but he wasn't satisfied with money. He's bin asking me for all sorts of things. Things I'd never think of giving him. Bluebell, girl, it's just as well, perhaps, that I'm in for it, and don't have to think over what he wanted. Bluebell—he was asking me for you."

"Yes. That's what makes it more awful. To think that Sing-a-song should have done this! 'Cos, you see, dad"—the words dropped hard and black from her lips like chips of ebony—"you see, to save you, I married Slippery Sam last night."

Out of the quiet evening came the long scream of a tin whistle as Sing-a-song pranced about the alleys, warm with the thought of service done to his lady.

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The Pace That Kills

(Concluded from page 67)

that still other diseases are forging rapidly toward the front out of the ruck. Bright's disease, for instance, bids fair to tie tuberculosis for the third place in the race of death, while cancer, with over eighty-thousand deaths a year, is coming up strong as fifth. As a matter of fact, it is not that these diseases of the heart, kidneys, and so forth are more violent or less curable than they were before. Indeed, just the contrary is the case, but simply in very large measure that more people are, in Hibernian phrase, living long enough to die of them. All of these so-called chronic degenerative diseases are chiefly of middle or later life, and the more babies we save from summer diarrhea, the more children we rescue from diphtheria, from measles and from scarlet fever, the more boys and girls and young men and young women we protect against tuberculosis and typhoid and pneumonia and rheumatic fever, the more millions there will be of the community who will survive to middle life and become subject to die of middle-age diseases.

There is also another connection between the swift and stormy infectious diseases of childhood and young adult life and the slower and more gradual "decays" of later middle life, and that is that the former very frequently actually cause the latter. We may recover from scarlet fever at ten, and yet die at fifty of a Bright's disease whose foundation was laid by the damage inflicted upon our kidneys by the fever.

In fine, there is considerable evidence for the belief that we are dying faster and more numerously of the chronic degenerative diseases of middle life, not only because there are more of us reaching those ages to die of them, and because by far the greatest saving of life and raising of the average lifetime has been in infancy and childhood, but also because our defense against these infections of young life has not been complete enough. Cure is all very well, but prevention is vastly better, and there are signs already that when that proportion of the children of the last two decades who have really had something approaching adequate protection from the acute infections come to maturity unscarred and untouched in heart, in blood-vessels and kidneys, in liver and nerves by the poisons of infection, they will proceed to push the danger-period ten or fifteen years further up the life-scale.

More important yet, we have hardly begun to teach children how to protect their own health. As Surgeon-General Braisted, of the United American navy, in his presidential address before the recent meeting of the American Medical Association, eloquently urges, the teaching of hygiene to children, with the formation of good health-habits at the earliest possible age in our public schools, is one of the most urgent needs of the present day and by far the most effective and far-reaching method of improving the future physique of the nation.

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In other words, what seems to be taking place is a general averaging-up and equalizing of health-rights and opportunities, so to speak—giving every child born a better chance of surviving and of living his life in happiness and efficiency until maturity and a little after, the net result being an increase in the years of enjoyment and productiveness and a decrease in the number of "days when they shall say there is no pleasure in them."

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The fewer collisions we can have with these on the race-course of life the longer will our body auto run, no matter what pace we travel. Loeb, in a brilliant and fascinating experiment upon lower forms of life, has given us a wonderful though tantalizing glimpse of what control over life and its continuance we might possibly some day reach. By hatching a certain species of fruit-fly from sterilized eggs in an absolutely aseptic chamber and feeding them upon sterilized yeast, he succeeded in making them live and grow in an absolutely germ-free condition, both within and without. Thus proving that life could flourish without bacteria and cutting off all danger to it from infection. This, apparently, lengthened the fruit-flies' life as compared with their fellows of the same species living in the open, and it occurred to him that having, so to speak, protected them from an unnatural death from disease and provided a pure and adequate food for the support of life, as life consisted of a series of chemical changes, it ought to be possible to modify it by chemical and physical means.

Chemical changes, broadly speaking, are

hastened by raising the temperature and slowed by lowering it, and when this test was applied to the germ-free fruit-flies, they responded so promptly that it was found possible to prolong their lives enormously, actually increasing the length of their life-span from twenty-one days at thirty-degrees Centigrade to a hundred and seventy-seven days at ten degrees, Centigrade, or eight hundred per cent.

This method, of course, cannot be applied directly to human beings, which is God's mercy, for such an intolerable multiplication of our years would be a ghastly calamity. But it just gives a cheering suggestion that perhaps some day we might be able to gain a tenth or a twentieth part of this degree of control over the chemical processes going on in our body, whose backward and forward rhythmic play produce what we call "life."

Even for those of us who, in our mind's eye, can almost see the foam of the reefs of the late forties and fifties across our course in the distant horizon, or hear the roar of their surf, there is no reason for discouragement. The same intelligent pilotage and high steam-pressure which has brought us past the earlier rocks and shoals will carry nine-tenths of us past these future perils.

All we need is to remember that infections are still our most dangerous enemies, just as in childhood, although in different form. Even if we have the seeds of trouble implanted a score of years ago, slumbering in our tissues, it will take the touch and the war-cry of one of their lighter-armed fellow marauders from without to waken them to the deadly onslaught. Even the most trivial of colds or sore throats, a toothache, a bronchitis, or dysentery may prove the match that fires the mine. And if we will avoid these minor pests as completely as we reasonably can, and, if they attack us, take them seriously to the extent of going to bed or, at least, of putting ourselves at rest the moment we have fever, or even "feel mean" and feverish, and staying there until our temperature is down to normal, we shall escape full half if not two-thirds of the risks of these increasing degenerative diseases.

The next deadliest enemy is fatigue, which produces a toxin as genuine and almost as poisonous as that of any germ. This can be neutralized by following the prevailing sane and healthful tendencies toward shortening the working day and religiously observing the Saturday half-holiday as well as the Sunday day of rest. Also by acquiring the country and commuter habit and if possible the golf addiction as well, or taking frequent doses of the best life-prolonging medicine, a day in bed. Lastly, by keeping up our resisting power and the "alkali reserve" in our blood by a liberal diet of sound, appetizing food, particularly insisting upon those rich in vitamins and alkaline salts, milk, green vegetables, crisp salads and fresh fruits.

If we direct our habits, our work, and our food with scientific intelligence, which is just glorified common sense, our chances of reaching threescore and ten are better than ever before. Good speed means better steering-control, economy of power, and a longer life-run.

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It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, and makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

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Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

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THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

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bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

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WATKINS Mulsified COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO



Betty Compson

The Pace That Kills

(Concluded from page 67)

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hastened by raising the temperature and slowed by lowering it, and when this test was applied to the germ-free fruit-flies, they responded so promptly that it was found possible to prolong their lives enormously, actually increasing the length of their life-span from twenty-one days at thirty-degrees Centigrade to a hundred and seventy-seven days at ten degrees, Centigrade, or eight hundred per cent.

This method, of course, cannot be applied directly to human beings, which is God's mercy, for such an intolerable multiplication of our years would be a ghastly calamity. But it just gives a cheering suggestion that perhaps some day we might be able to gain a tenth or a twentieth part of this degree of control over the chemical processes going on in our body, whose backward and forward rhythmic play produce what we call "life."

Even for those of us who, in our mind's eye, can almost see the foam of the reefs of the late forties and fifties across our course in the distant horizon, or hear the roar of their surf, there is no reason for discouragement. The same intelligent pilotage and high steam-pressure which has brought us past the earlier rocks and shoals will carry nine-tenths of us past these future perils.

All we need is to remember that infections are still our most dangerous enemies, just as in childhood, although in different form. Even if we have the seeds of trouble implanted a score of years ago, slumbering in our tissues, it will take the touch and the war-cry of one of their lighter-armed fellow marauders from without to waken them to the deadly onslaught. Even the most trivial of colds or sore throats, a toothache, a bronchitis, or dysentery may prove the match that fires the mine. And if we will avoid these minor pests as completely as we reasonably can, and, if they attack us, take them seriously to the extent of going to bed or, at least, of putting ourselves at rest the moment we have fever, or even "feel mean" and feverish, and staying there until our temperature is down to normal, we shall escape full half if not two-thirds of the risks of these increasing degenerative diseases.

The next deadliest enemy is fatigue, which produces a toxin as genuine and almost as poisonous as that of any germ. This can be neutralized by following the prevailing sane and healthful tendencies toward shortening the working day and religiously observing the Saturday half-holiday as well as the Sunday day of rest. Also by acquiring the country and commuter habit and if possible the golf addiction as well, or taking frequent doses of the best life-prolonging medicine, a day in bed. Lastly, by keeping up our resisting power and the "alkali reserve" in our blood by a liberal diet of sound, appetizing food, particularly insisting upon those rich in vitamins and alkaline salts, milk, green vegetables, crisp salads and fresh fruits.

If we direct our habits, our work, and our food with scientific intelligence, which is just glorified common sense, our chances of reaching threescore and ten are better than ever before. Good speed means better steering-control, economy of power, and a longer life-run.

How To Keep Your Hair Beautiful

Without Beautiful well kept Hair,
You can never be Really Attractive

STUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance.

Beautiful hair is not just a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care. You, too, can have beautiful hair if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing, to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women use Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product, cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp, or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just

Follow This Simple Method

FIRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then, apply a little Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, rubbing it in thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Rub the Lather in Thoroughly

TWO or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

When you have done this, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly, using clear, fresh water. Then use another application of Mulsified.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water.

Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo, you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft, and the hair fine and silky.

bright, fresh looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage, and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo at any drug store or toilet goods counter. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

WATKINS
MULSIFIED
COCONUT OIL SHAMPOO



Betty Compson



PAINTED FOR FATHER TIME BY HUGH RANKIN

Galileo's Pendulum:

SWINGING from the lofty dome of the ancient cathedral at Pisa, Italy, hangs a massive bronze lamp.

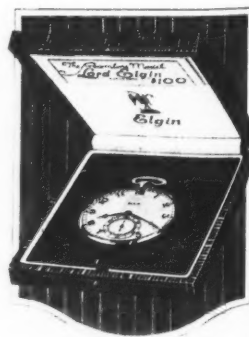
Watch it sway, as Galileo and Marina watched it three hundred years ago, and you may notice a peculiar thing: the *distance* of its swing varies, but the *time* remains the same.

Countless eyes had idly gazed at it, but Galileo's were first to read its secret—the principle of isochronism, or "equal time." The seventeen-year-old philosopher had discovered *the law of the Pendulum!*

Sixty years later, hopelessly blind, he thought out its practical application to clock work, afterwards adapted to pocket watches in the form of the "pendulum balance."

American watch owners owe a debt of gratitude to Italy. For the "pendulum balance," or balance wheel, is a prime factor in the precision of those timekeeping marvels of our day—

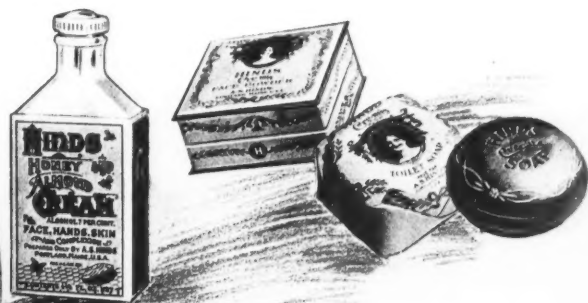
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Find the Woman

(Continued from page 74)

"Exactly; we will stop it," said Vandervent. "There's a way." Oddly, he blushed vividly as he spoke. "I know of one way—but we won't dwell on that just now. I—I have a right—to suppress information that—that I don't think is essential to the enforcing of justice. I—I—if the suppressing of the elevator-man would work good for Miss Deane, I would see to his suppression. Because I know her to be innocent."

"Well, what are you going to do?" demanded the judge.

Vandervent shrugged.

"It's not an offhand matter, Judge. We must think."

They thought. But Clancy's thoughts traveled far afield from the tremendous issue that confronted her. Mentally, she was comparing Randall and Vandervent, trying to find out what it was in Randall that, during the past few hours, had depressed her, aroused her resentment.

"You see," said Vandervent finally, "the relations between the Police Department and the district attorney's office are rather strained at the moment. If the police should happen to learn, in any way, that we've been conducting an independent investigation into the Beiner murder and that we'd dropped it—"

"Where would they learn it?" asked the judge. His brusqueness had left him. With a little thrill that might have been amazement, Clancy noted that the few minutes' silence had somehow caused Judge Walbrough to drop into a secondary place; Vandervent now seemed to have taken command of the situation.

"Spofford," answered Vandervent.

"Would he dare?" asked the judge.

Vandervent laughed.

"Even the lowly plain-clothes man plays politics. There'll be glory of a sort for the man who solves the Beiner mystery. If Spofford finally decides that he is by way of being close to the solution, I don't believe that he can be stopped from telling it to the police or the newspapers."

"And you don't see any way of stopping Spofford?" asked the judge.

"He may have been convinced by your story," Vandervent suggested.

The judge shook his head.

"His conviction won't last."

Vandervent shrugged.

"In that case— Well, we can wait."

Clancy interjected herself into the conversation.

"You won't really just simply wait? You'll be trying to find out who really killed Mr. Beiner?"

"You may be sure of that," said Vandervent. "You see"—and he shrugged again—"we become one-idea'd a bit too easily in the district attorney's office. It's a police habit, too. We know that a young woman had been in Beiner's office,

that Beiner had had an engagement to take a young woman over to a film-studio. We discovered a card introducing a Miss Ladue to Beiner. From its position on Beiner's desk, we dared assume that the young woman of the studio appointment was this Miss Ladue. Our assumptions were correct, it seems. But we didn't stop at that assumption; we assumed that she was the murderess. We were wrong there."

Clancy's bosom lifted at his matter-of-fact statement. With so much evidence against her, and with this evidence appar-



HARRISON FISHER is one of the great group of California artists who successfully invaded New York. Aside from being the highest-paid magazine-cover artist in the world—drawing exclusively for *Cosmopolitan*—he is accepted as the greatest critic of feminine beauty. He has served as judge in beauty-contests a greater number of times than any other living man. Notwithstanding which, he is one of the most attractive bachelors in Manhattan.

ently corroborated by her flight, it was wonderful to realize that not a single person to whom she had told her story doubted it.

"And, because we believed that we had hit upon the correct theory, we dropped all other ends of the case," continued Vandervent. "Now, with the case almost a week old—oh, we'll get him—or her—all right," he added hastily. "Only—the notoriety that may occur first—" He broke off abruptly.

Clancy's bosom fell; her hopes also. The palms of her hands became moist. In the presence of Vandervent, she realized more fully than ever what notoriety might mean. Vandervent sensed her horror.

"But I assure you, Miss Deane, that we'll avoid that notoriety. I know a way—"

"What?" demanded the judge.

"Well, we'll wait a bit," said Vandervent. "Meanwhile, I'm going to the office."

"On Sunday?" asked Mrs. Walbrough. Vandervent smiled faintly.

"I think I'll be forgiven—considering the cause for which I labor," he finished. He was rewarded by a smile from Clancy that brought the color to his cheeks.

And then, the blush still lingering, he left them. Walbrough escorted him to the door. He returned, a puzzled look upon his face.

"Well, I wonder what he means by saying that he knows a way to keep the thing out of the papers."

"You're an idiot!" snapped his wife. "Why—anyone ought to know what he means."

The judge ran his fingers across the top of his head.

"Anyone ought to know," eh? Well, I'm one person that doesn't."

"You'll find out soon enough," retorted Mrs. Walbrough. She turned to Clancy. "Come along, dear; you must lie down."

Randall, whose silence during the past half-hour had been conspicuous, opened his mouth.

"Why—er—," he began.

But Mrs. Walbrough cut him off.

"You'll forgive Miss Deane, won't you?" she pleaded. "She's exhausted, poor thing, though she doesn't know it."

Indeed, Clancy didn't know it, hadn't even suspected it. But she could offer no protest. Mrs. Walbrough was dominating the situation as Vandervent had been doing a few moments ago. She found herself shaking hands with Randall, thanking him, telling him that her plans necessarily were uncertain, but adding, with the irrefragable Clancy grin, that, if she weren't here, she'd certainly be in jail where anyone could find her, and bidding him good-by. All this without knowing exactly why. Randall deserved better treatment. Yet, queerly enough, she didn't want to accord it to him.

A little later, she was uncorseted and lying down in a Walbrough guest bedroom, a charming room in soft grays that soothed her and made her yearn for night and sleep. Just now she wasn't the least bit sleepy, but she yielded to Mrs. Walbrough's insistence that she should rest.

Mrs. Walbrough, leaving her guest, found her husband in his study; he was gravely mixing himself a cocktail. She surveyed him with contempt. Mildly he looked at her.

"What have I done now?" he demanded.

"Almost rushed that poor girl into a marriage," she replied.

"Marriage?" God bless me—what do you mean?"

"Asking again and again what Phil Vandervent meant when he said that he knew a way to avoid publicity. And then you didn't have sense enough to edge young Randall out of the house. You let me be almost rude to him."

"Well, why should I have been the one

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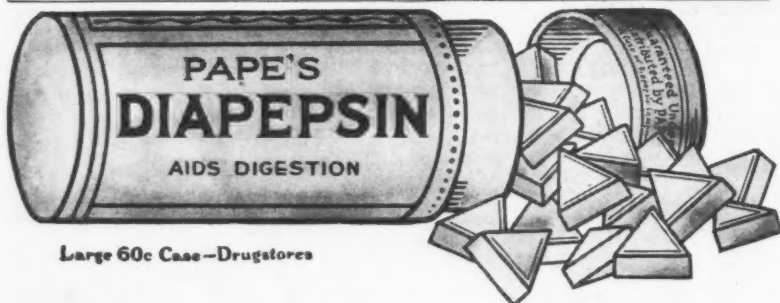
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to be rude? Why be rude, anyway? He's been darned nice to the girl."

"That's just it! Do you want her to keep thinking how nice he is?"

"Well, in the name of heaven, why not?" demanded her exasperated husband.

"Because he's not good enough for her."

"Why isn't he?"

"Because she can do better."

The judge drained his cocktail.

"Mrs. Walbrough, do you know I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about?"

"Of course you haven't! You'd have let her stay here and listen, maybe, to a proposal from that young man, and perhaps accept it, and possibly—"

"Peace!" thundered the judge. "No more 'supposes,' please. I'll not be henpecked in my own house."

She came close to him and put her arm about him.

"Where shall I henpeck you then, Tommy boy?" she asked.

"Tommy boy! Tommy boy!" O my good Lord, what talk! sputtered the judge. But he kissed her as she lifted her mouth to his.

XXV

FAMILIARITY breeds endurance as well as contempt. Clancy ate as hearty a breakfast on Monday morning as any criminal that ever lived, and, according to what one reads, condemned criminals on the morning of execution have most rapacious appetites. Which is not so odd as people think; how can they know when they're going to eat again?

She had been in New York one week, lacking a few hours, and in that week she had run the scale of sensation. She did not believe that she could ever be excited again. No matter what came, she believed that she would have fortitude to endure it.

The judge and his wife seemed to have banished alarm. Indeed, they had seemed to do that last night, for when Mrs. Walbrough had permitted Clancy to rise for dinner, she had conducted her to a meal at which no talk of Clancy's plight had been permitted to take place. Later, the three had played draw-pitch, a card game at which Clancy had shown what the judge was pleased to term a "genuine talent."

Then had come bed. And now, having disposed of a breakfast that would have met the approval of any resident of Zenith, she announced that she was going out.

"Better stay indoors," said the judge. "Just as well, you know, if people don't see you too much."

Clancy laughed.

"I've been outdoors right along," she said. "It's rather a late date to hide indoors. Besides, I mustn't lose my job."

"Job!" The judge snorted disgustedly.

"Why, you mustn't think of work until this matter is all settled!" cried Mrs. Walbrough.

Clancy smiled.

I must live, you know."

"Live! Live!" The judge lifted an empty coffee-cup to his mouth, then set it down with a crash that should have broken it. "Don't be absurd, my dear girl. Mrs. Walbrough and I—"

"Please!" begged Clancy. She fought against tears of gratitude—of affection. "You've been so dear, so—so—angelic"

is the only word that fits it. Both of you. I'll adore you—always. But you mustn't—I didn't come to New York to let other people, no matter how sweet and generous they might be, do for me."

The judge cleared his throat.

"Quite right, my dear; quite right."

"Of course she is," said Mrs. Walbrough.

Clancy hid her mirth. It is a wonderful thing to realize that in the eyes of certain people we may do no wrong, that, whatever we do, even though these certain people have advised against it, becomes suddenly the only correct, the only possible course. And to think that she had known the Walbroughs only a few days!

Fate had been brutal to her these past seven days; but Fate had also been kindly.

"But you'll continue to make this your home—for the present, at least," said the judge. "Until this affair is closed."

To have refused would have been an unkindness. They wanted her. Clancy was one of those persons who would always be wanted.

The judge, as she was leaving, wrote on a card his private-office telephone-number.

"If you got the listed one, you might have difficulty in speaking with me. But this wire ends on my desk. I answer it myself."

Clancy thanked him. Mrs. Walbrough kissed her, and the judge assumed a forlorn, abused expression. So Clancy kissed him also.

A servant stopped her in the hall.

"Just arrived, Miss Deane," she said, putting in Clancy's hand a long box, from one end of which protruded flower-stems. Clancy had never been presented with "store" flowers before. In Zenith, people patronize a florist only on sorrowful occasions.

And now, gazing at the glorious red roses that filled the box, Clancy knew that she would never go back to Zenith. She had known it several times during the past week, but to-day she knew it definitely, finally. With scandal hovering in a black cloud over her, she still knew it. These roses were emblematic of the things for which she had come to New York. They stood for the little luxuries, the refinements of living that one couldn't have in a country town. Had the greatest sage in the world come to Clancy now and told her of what little worth these things were in comparison with the simpler, truer things of the country, Clancy would have laughed at him. How could a man be expected to understand? Further, she wouldn't have believed him. She had seen meannesses in Zenith that its gorgeous sunsets and its tonic air could not eradicate from memory.

She turned back, and up-stairs found Mrs. Walbrough.

"I'll fix them for you," said the judge's wife.

But Clancy hugged the opened box to her bosom.

"These are the first flowers from a florist's that I ever received," she said.

"Bless your heart!" said Mrs. Walbrough.

"I'll even let you fill the vases." Mrs. Walbrough could remember the first flowers that had been sent her by her first beau. "But you haven't read the card!" she cried.

HEINZ

TOMATO KETCHUP



BEEF LOAF

[With ketchup in lemon cups]

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1 lb. ground round steak | 1 cupful soft breadcrumbs |
| $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. beef suet. | crumbled crackers |
| 1 medium-sized onion | $1\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonfuls salt |
| 1 small red pepper | $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoonful pepper |
| $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful water | 2 eggs |

Try out suet, grind with vegetables, add to meat with other ingredients, make into a loaf, dredge with flour, salt and pepper, and bake for 45 minutes, basting after it browns.

$\frac{1}{2}$ cupful of cold cooked hominy or rice may be substituted for $\frac{1}{4}$ cupful of breadcrumbs.

AN EXCELLENT RECIPE but the addition of *Heinz Ketchup*, when the dish is served, makes it much more delicious.

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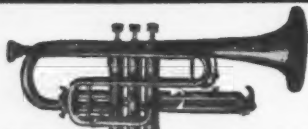
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Clancy colored. She hadn't thought of that. She picked up the envelop.

"Oh!" she gasped, when she had torn the envelop open and had read the sender's name. And there were scribbled words below the engraved script: "To a brave young lady."

Mutely she handed the card to her hostess. Mrs. Walbrough smiled.

"He isn't as brave as you, my dear. Or else," she explained, "he'd have written, 'To a beautiful young lady.' Why," she cried, "that's what he started to write! Look! There's a blot, and it's scratched—"

Clancy's color was fier.

"He wouldn't have!" she protested.

"Well, he didn't; but he wanted to," retorted Mrs. Walbrough.

Clancy gathered the roses in her arms. She could say nothing. Of course, it was absurd. Mrs. Walbrough had acquired a sudden and great fondness for her, and therefore was colored in her views. Still, there was the evidence. There is no letter "t" in brave, and undeniably there had been a "t" in the word that had preceded "young." She saw visions; she saw herself—she dismissed them. Mr. Philip Vandervent was a kindly, chivalrous young man and had done a thoughtful thing. That's all there was to it. She would be an idiot to read more into the incident. And yet, there had been a "t" in brave" until he had scratched it out!

Her heart was singing as she left the Walbrough house. A score of Spoffords might have been lurking watchfully near and she would never have seen them.

Suddenly the thought of Randall. Why hadn't he thought of sending her roses? He had come back from Albany, cut short his trip to California to see her, to plead once more his cause. Her eyes hardened. He hadn't pleaded it very strongly. Suddenly she knew why she had been resentful yesterday—because she had sensed his refusal of her. Refusal! She offered to marry him, and—he'd said, "Wait."

But she could not keep her mind on him long enough to realize that she was unjust. The glamour of Vandervent overwhelmed her.

She walked slowly, and it was after nine when she arrived at Sally Henderson's office.

Her employer greeted her cordially.

"Easy job—though tiresome—for you to-day, Miss Deane," she said. "Sophie Carey has made another lightning change. Wants to rent her house furnished as quick as we can get a client. You've got to check her inventory. Hurry along, will you? Here!" She thrust into Clancy's hands printed slips of paper and almost pushed her employee toward the door.

Clancy caught a bus and rode as far as Eighth Street. On the way, she glanced at the printed slips. They were lists of about everything, she imagined, that could possibly be crowded into a house. The task had frightened her at first, but now it seemed simple.

Mrs. Carey's maid had evidently recovered from the indisposition of the other day, or else she had engaged a new one. Anyway, a young woman in apron and cap opened the door.

Yes; Mrs. Carey was in. In a moment, Clancy had verbal evidence of the fact, for she heard Sophie's voice calling to her. She entered the dining-room. Mrs. Carey

was at breakfast. Her husband was with her, but that his breakfast was the ordinary sort Clancy was inclined to doubt. For by his apparently untouched plate stood a tall glass.

He rose, not too easily, as Clancy entered. "Welcome to our city, little stranger!" he cried.

Clancy shot a glance at Sophie Carey. She was sorry for her. Mrs. Carey's face was white; she looked old.

"Going to find me a tenant?" she asked. Her attempt at joviality was rather pathetic.

"Take the house herself. Why not?" demanded Carey. "Nice person to leave it with. Take good care ev'rything. Make it pleasant for me when I run into town for a day or so. Nice, friendly li'l brunette to talk to. 'Scuse me," he suddenly added. "Sorry! Did I say anything I shouldn't, Sophie darling? I ask you, Miss Deane, did I say a single thing shouldn't've said. Tell me."

"No, indeed," said Clancy.

Her heart ached for Sophie Carey. A brilliant, charming beautiful woman tied to a thing like this! Not that she judged Don Carey because of his intoxication. She was not too rigorous in her judgment of other people's weaknesses. She knew that men can become intoxicated and still be men of genius and strength. But Carey's weak mouth, too small for virility, his mean eyes, disgusted her. What a woman Mrs. Carey would make if the right man— And yet she was drawn to her husband in some way or another. Possibly, Clancy decided, sheer loneliness made her endure him on those occasions when he returned from wanderings to her side.

Mrs. Carey rose.

"You'll excuse us, Don? Miss Deane must go over the house, you know."

"Surest thing! Go right 'long. 'F I can help, don't hes'tate t' call on me. Love help li'l brunette."

How they got out of the room, Clancy didn't know. She thought that Sophie Carey would faint, but she didn't. As for herself, the feeling that Don Carey's drunken eyes were appraising her figure nauseated her. She was so pitifully inclined toward Sophie that her eyes were blurry.

Upstairs in her bedroom, Mrs. Carey met Clancy's eyes. She had been calm, self-controlled up to now. But the sympathy that she read in Clancy weakened her resolution. She sat heavily down upon the edge of the bed and hid her face in her hands.

"O my God, what shall I do?" she moaned.

Awkwardly, Clancy advanced to her. She put an arm about the older woman's shoulders.

"Please," she said, "you mustn't!"

Mrs. Carey's hands dropped to her side. Her eyes seemed to grow dry, as though she were controlling her tears by an effort of her will.

"I won't. The beast!" she cried. She rose, flinging off, though not rudely, Clancy's sympathetic embrace. "Miss Deane, don't you ever marry. Beasts—all of them!"

Clancy, with the memory of Vandervent's roses in her mind, shook her head.

"He—he just isn't himself, Mrs. Carey," she said.

The older woman shrugged.

"Not himself?" He is himself. When he's sober, he's worse, because then one

can make no excuses for him. To insult a guest in my house—"

"I don't mind," stammered Clancy. "I—I make allowances—"

"So have I. So have all my friends. But now—I'm through with him. I—" Suddenly she sat down again, before a dressing-table. "That's isn't true. I've promised him his chance, Miss Deane. He shall have it. We're going to the country. He has a little place up in Dutchess County. We're going there today. The good Lord only knows how we'll reach it over the roads, but—it's his only chance. It's his last. And I'm a fool to give it to him. He'll be sober, but—worse then. And still— Hear him," she sneered.

Clancy listened. At first, she thought that it was mere maudlin speech, but as Don Carey's voice died away, she heard another voice—a mean, snarling voice.

"You think so, hey? Lemme tell you diff'rent. All I gotta do is to 'phone a cop, and—"

"Go ahead—'phone 'em," she heard Carey's voice interrupt.

The other's changed to a whine.

"Aw, be sensible, Carey! You're soused now, or you wouldn't be such a fool. Why not slip me a li'l jack and let it go at that? You don't want the bulls comin' in on this."

Clancy stared at Sophie. The wife walked to the door.

"Don!" she called. "Who's down-stairs?"

"You 'tend to your own affairs," came her husband's answer. "Shut your door, and your mouth, too."

Mrs. Carey seemed to stagger under the retort. She sat down again. She turned to Clancy, licking her lips with her tongue.

"Please—please—" she gasped, "see—who it is—with Don."

Down-stairs Clancy tiptoed. Voices were raised again in altercation.

"Why the deuce *should* I give you money?" demanded Carey. "Suppose I did run a fake agency for the pictures? Suppose I did promise a few girls jobs that they never got? What about it? You can't dig any of those girls up. Run tell the police."

"Yes; that's all right," said the other voice. "But suppose that I tell 'em that you had a key to Morris Weiner's office, hey? Suppose I tell 'em that, hey?"

Something seemed to rise from Clancy's chest right up through her throat and into her mouth. Once again on tiptoe, wanting to scream, yet determined to keep silent, she edged her way to the dining-room door. Don Carey had made no answer to this last speech of his visitor. Peering through the door, Clancy knew why. He was lying back in a chair, his mouth wide open, his eyes equally wide with fright. And the man at whom he stared was the man who had been with Spofford yesterday, the elevator-man from the Heberworth Building!

Again that elevator-man appears like Nemesis before Clancy Deane. The reader may well ask, "What's he doing here?" Suffice it to reply that Mr. Roche's supreme ingenuity in plot-weaving is nowhere better shown than in the next instalment of *Find the Woman*, in **February Cosmopolitan**. This is indeed one of the biggest of mystery stories—big in conception, big in interest.



The Business Side of Happy New Year

ALL over this country there are families whose happiness this and every New Year's Day is the result of the foresight of men who, while still living, made wise provision for the future.

One of these men, who is typical of the others, at the beginning of a New Year now long past, looked into the faces of his loved ones and thought: "They are happy now, but how can I insure their happiness in the years to come?"

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Then came the question: "Who is to carry out these plans?" He decided that it was unfair to his wife to ask her to manage property which it had taken his utmost labor and trained effort to accumulate. He named a trust company, therefore, as executor and trustee, because it had attributes which only a corporation could have—continuous existence, accumulated experience, financial responsibility, perfected mechanism, the counsel and direction of many men skilled in business.

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The Pride of Palomar

(Continued from page 21)

permitted the screen door to slam in the face of the man following him; with a very definite appreciation of the good things of life, he had instantly selected the chair in the corner opposite Farrel, where he could smoke his cigar free from the wind. Following the Japanese came an American, as distinctive of his class as the Japanese was of his. In point of age, this man was about fifty years old—a large man of strikingly handsome and impressive personality. He courteously held the door open to permit the passage of the girl whom Farrel had noticed when he first entered the car.

To Farrel, at least, a surprising incident now occurred. There were eight vacant seats on the platform, and the girl's glance swept them all; he fancied it rested longest upon the chair beside him. Then, with the faintest possible little *moue* of disapproval, she seated herself beside the Japanese. The other man took the seat in front of the girl, half turned, and entered into conversation with the Jap.

Farrel studied the trio with interest, decided that they were traveling together, and that the man in the gray tweeds was the father of the girl. She bore a striking resemblance to him and had inherited his handsome features a thousandfold, albeit her eyes were different, being large, brown, and wide apart; from them beamed a sweetness, a benignancy, and tenderness that, to the impressionable Farrel, bespoke mental as well as physical beauty. She was gowned, gloved, and hatted with rich simplicity.

"I think that white man is from the East," Farrel concluded, although why that impression came to him, he would have been at a loss to explain. Perhaps it was because he appeared to associate on terms of social equality with a Japanese whose boorishness, coupled with an evident desire to agree with everything the white man said, proclaimed him anything but a consular representative or a visiting merchant.

Presently the girl's brown eyes were turned casually in Farrel's direction, seemingly without interest. Instantly he rose, fixed her with a comprehending look, nodded almost imperceptibly toward the chair he was vacating, and returned to his seat inside the car. Her fine brows lifted a trifle; her slight inclination of the head was robbed of the chill of brevity by a fleeting smile of gratitude, not so much for the sacrifice of his seat in her favor as for the fine courtesy which had moved him to proffer it without making of his action an excuse to sit beside her and attempt an acquaintance.

From his exile, Farrel observed with satisfaction how quickly the girl excused herself to her companions and crossed over to the seat vacated in her favor.

At the first call for luncheon, he entered the diner and was given a seat at a small table. The seat opposite him was unoccupied, and when the girl entered the diner alone and was shown to this vacant seat, Farrel thrilled pleasurably.

"Three long, loud ones for you, young lady!" he soliloquized. "You didn't care to eat at the same table with the brown beggar; so you came to luncheon alone."

As their glances met, there was in Farrel's black eyes no hint of recognition, for he possessed in full measure all of the modesty and timidity of the most modest and timid race on earth where women are concerned—the Irish—tempered with the exquisite courtesy of that race for whom courtesy and gallantry toward woman are a tradition—the Spanish of that all but extinct Californian caste known as the *gente*.

It pleased Farrel to pretend careful study of the menu. Although his preferences in food were simple, he was extraordinarily hungry and knew exactly what he wanted. For long months he had dreamed of a porterhouse steak smothered in mushrooms, and now, finding that appetizing viand listed on the menu, he ordered it without giving mature deliberation to the possible consequences of his act. For the past two months he had been forced to avoid, when dining alone, meats served in such a manner as to necessitate firm and skilful manipulation of a knife—and when the waiter served his steak, he discovered, to his embarrassment, that it was not particularly tender nor was his knife even reasonably sharp. Consequently, following an unsatisfactory assault, he laid the knife aside and cast an anxious glance toward the kitchen, into which his waiter had disappeared; while awaiting the aid of this functionary, he hid his right hand under the table and gently massaged the back of it at a point where a vivid red scar showed.

He was aware that the girl was watching him, and, with the fascination peculiar to such a situation, he could not forbear a quick glance at her. Interest and concern showed in the brown eyes, and she smiled frankly, as she said:

"I very much fear, Mr. Ex-First Sergeant, that your steak constitutes an order you are unable to execute. Perhaps you will not mind if I carve it for you."

"Please do not bother about me!" he exclaimed. "The waiter will be here presently. 'You are very kind, but—'"

"Oh, I'm quite an expert in the gentle art of mothering military men. I commanded a hot-cake-and-doughnut brigade in France." She reached across the little table and possessed herself of his plate.

"I'll bet my last coopeck you had good discipline, too," he declared admiringly. He could imagine the number of daring devils from whose amorous advances even a hot-cake queen was not immune.

"The recipe was absurdly simple: No discipline, no hot-cakes. And there were always a sufficient number of good fellows around to squelch anybody who tried to interfere with my efficiency. By the way, I observed how hungrily you were looking out the window this morning. Quite a change from Siberia, isn't it?"

"How did you know I'd soldiered in Siberia?"

"You said you'd bet your last coopeck." "You should have served in Intelligence."

"You are blessed with a fair amount of intuition yourself."

"Oh, I knew you didn't want to sit near that Jap. Can't bear the race myself." She nodded approvingly.

"Waiter's still out in the kitchen," she reminded him. "Now, old soldier, aren't you glad I took pity on you? Your steak would have been cold before he got round to you, and I imagine you've had sufficient cold rations to do you quite a while."

"It was sweet of you to come to my rescue. I'm not exactly crippled, though I haven't used my hand for more than two months, and the muscles are slightly atrophied. The knife slips because I cannot close my hand tightly. But I'll be all right in another month."

"What happened to it?"

"Saber-thrust. Wouldn't have amounted to much if the Bolshevik who did the thrusting had a clean saber. Blood-poisoning set in, but our battalion surgeon got to work on it in time to save me from being permanently crippled."

"Saber-thrust?" They got that close to you?"

He nodded.

"Troop of Semenoff's bandits in a little two-by-four fight out on the Transsiberian railroad. Guess they wanted the train-load of rations we were guarding. My captain killed the fellow who stuck me and accounted for four others who tried to finish me."

"Captains think a great deal of good first sergeants," she suggested. "And you got a wound-chevron out of it. I suppose, like every soldier, you wanted one, provided it didn't cost too much."

"Oh, yes. And I got mine rather cheap. The battalion surgeon fixed it so I didn't have to go to the hospital. Never missed a day of duty."

She handed him his plate with the steak cut into bits.

"It was nice of you to surrender your cozy seat to me this morning, Sergeant." She buttered a piece of bread for him and added, "But very much nicer the way you did it."

"Cast thy bread upon the waters," he quoted, and grinned brazenly. "Nevertheless, if I were in civvies, you'd have permitted the waiter to cut my steak."

"Oh, of course we veterans must stand together, Sergeant."

"I find it pleasanter sitting together. By the way, may I ask the identity of the Nipponese person with your father?"

"How do you know he is my father?" she parried.

"I do not know. I merely thought he looked quite worthy of the honor."

"While away with the rough, bad soldiers, you did not forget how to make graceful speeches," she complimented him.

"The object of your pardonable curiosity is a Mr. Okada, the potato baron of California. He was formerly prime minister to the potato king of the San Joaquin, but revolted and became a pretender to the throne. While the king lives, however, Okada is merely a baron, although in a few years he will probably control the potato market absolutely."

He thumped the table lightly with his maimed hand.

"I knew he was just a coolie dressed up."

She reached for an olive.

"Go as far as you like, native son. He's no friend of mine."

"Well, in that case, I'll spare his life," he countered boldly. "And I've always wanted to kill a Japanese potato baron. Do you not think it would be patriotic of

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me to immolate myself and reduce the cost of spuds?"

"I never eat them. They're very fattening. Now, if you really wish to be a humanitarian, why not search out the Japanese garlic king?"

"I dare not. His demise would place me in bad odor."

She laughed merrily. Evidently she was finding him amusing company. She looked him over appraisingly and queried bluntly,

"Were you educated abroad?"

"I was not. I'm a product of a one-room schoolhouse perched on a bare hill down in San Marcos County."

"But you speak like a college man."

"I am. I'm a graduate of the University of California Agricultural College, at Davis. I'm a sharp on pure-bred beef cattle, pure-bred swine, and irrigation. I know why hens decline to lay when eggs are worth eighty cents a dozen, and why young turkeys are so blamed hard to raise in the fall. My grandfather and my father were educated at Trinity College, Dublin, and were sharps on Latin and Greek, but I never figured the dead languages as much of an aid to a man doomed from birth to view cows from the hurricane-deck of a horse."

"But you have such a funny little clipped accent."

He opened his great black eyes in feigned astonishment.

"Oh, didn't you know?" he whispered.

"Know what?"

"Unfortunate young woman!" he murmured to his water-glass. "No wonder she sits in public with that pudgy son of a chrysanthemum, when she isn't even able to recognize a greaser at a glance. Oh, Lord!"

"You're not a greaser," she challenged.

"No?" he bantered. "You ought to see me squatting under an avocado tree, singing the 'Spanish Cavalier' to a guitar accompaniment. Listen: I'll prove it without the accompaniment." And he hummed softly:

"The Spanish cavalier,
Went out to rope a steer,
Along with his paper cigar-o,
'Car-ramba!' says he.
'Mañana you will be
Mucho bueno carne por mio!'"

Her brown eyes danced.

"That doesn't prove anything except that you're an incorrigible Celt. When you stooped down to kiss the stone at Blarney Castle, you lost your balance and fell in the well. And you've dripped blarney ever since."

"Oh, not that bad, really! I'm a very serious person ordinarily. That little forget-me-not of language is a heritage of my childhood. Mother taught me to pray in Spanish, and I learned that language first. Later, my grandfather taught me to swear in English with an Irish accent, and I've been fearfully balled up ever since. It's very inconvenient."

"Be serious, soldier, or I shall not cut your meat for you at dinner."

"Excuse me. I forgot I was addressing a hot-cake queen. But please do not threaten me, because I'm out of the army just twenty-four hours, and I'm independent and I may resent it. I can order spoon-victuals, you know."

"You aren't really Spanish?"

"Not really. Mostly. I'd fight a wild bull this minute for a single red-chilli pepper. I eat them raw."

"And you're going home to your ranch now?"

"Si. And I'll not take advantage of any stop-over privileges on the way, either. Remember the fellow in the song who kept on proclaiming that he had to go back—that he must go back—that he would go back—to that dear old Chicago town? Well, that poor exile had only just commenced to think that he ought to begin feeling the urge to go home. And when you consider that the unfortunate man hailed from Chicago, while I—" He blew a kiss out the window and hummed:

"I love you, California.
You're the greatest state of all——"

"Oh dear! You native sons are all alike. Congenial advertisers, every one."

"Well, isn't it beautiful? Isn't it wonderful?" He was serious now.

"One-half of your state is worthless mountain country——"

"He country—and beautiful!" he interrupted.

"The other half is desert."

"Ever see the Mojave in the late afternoon from the top of the Tejon Pass?" he challenged. "The wild, barbaric beauty of it? And with water it would be a garden-spot."

"Of course your valleys are wonderful."

"Gracias, señorita."

"But the bare brown hills in summertime—and the ghost-rivers of the South! I do not think they are beautiful."

"They grow on one," he assured her earnestly. "You wait and see. I wish you could ride over the hills back of Sespe with me this afternoon, and see the San Gregorio valley in her new spring gown. Ah, how my heart yearns for the San Gregorio!"

To her amazement, she detected a mistiness in his eyes, and her generous heart warmed to him.

"How profoundly happy you are!" she commented.

"Happy?" I should tell a man! I'm as happy as a cock valley-quail with a large family and no coyotes in sight. Wow! This steak is good."

"Not very, I think. It's tough."

"I have good teeth."

She permitted him to eat in silence for several minutes, and when he had disposed of the steak, she asked,

"You live in the San Gregorio valley?"

He nodded.

"We have a ranch there also," she volunteered. "Father acquired it recently."

"From whom did he acquire it?"

"I do not know the man's name, but the ranch is one of those old Mexican grants. It has a Spanish name. I'll try to remember it." She knitted her delicate brows. "It's Pal-something or other."

"Is it the Palomares grant?" he suggested.

"I think it is. I know the former owner is dead, and my father acquired the ranch by foreclosure of mortgage on the estate."

"Then it's the Palomares grant. My father wrote in his last letter that old man Gonzales had died and that a suit to foreclose the mortgage had been entered against the estate. The eastern edge of that grant laps over the lower end of the

San Gregorio. Is your father a banker?"

"He controls the First National Bank of El Toro."

"That settles the identity of the ranch. Gonzales was mortgaged to the First National." He smiled a trifle foolishly. "You gave me a bad ten seconds," he explained. "I thought you meant my father's ranch at first."

"Horrible!" She favored him with a delightful little grimace of sympathy. "Just think of coming home and finding yourself homeless!"

"I think such a condition would make me wish that Russian had been given time to finish what he started. By the way, I knew all of the stockholders in the First National Bank, of El Toro. Your father is a newcomer. He must have bought out old Dan Hayes' interest." She nodded affirmatively. "Am I at liberty to be inquisitive—just a little bit?" he queried.

"That depends, Sergeant. Ask your question, and if I feel at liberty to answer it, I shall."

"Is that Japanese, Okada, a member of your party?"

"Yes; he is traveling with us. He has a land-deal on with my father."

"Ah!" She glanced across at him with new interest.

"There was resentment in that last observation of yours," she challenged.

"In common with all other Californians with manhood enough to resent imposition, I resent all Japanese."

"Is it true, then, that there is a real Japanese problem out here?"

"Why, I thought everybody knew that," he replied, a trifle reproachfully. "As the outpost of Occidental civilization, we've been battling Oriental aggression for forty years."

"I had thought this agitation largely the mouthings of professional agitators—a part of the labor-leaders' plan to pose as the watch-dogs of the rights of the California laboring man."

"That is sheer buncombe carefully fostered by a very efficient corps of Japanese propagandists. The resentment against the Japanese invasion of California is not confined to any class, but is a very vital issue with every white citizen of the state who has reached the age of reason and regardless of whether he was born in California or Timbaktu. Look!"

He pointed to a huge sign-board fronting a bend in the highway that ran close to the railroad track and parallel with it:

NO MORE JAPS WANTED HERE

"This is entirely an agricultural section," he explained. "There are no labor-unions here. But," he added bitterly, "you could throw a stone in the air and be moderately safe on the small end of a bet that the stone would land on a Jap farmer."

"Do the white farmers think that sign will frighten them away?"

"No; of course not. That sign is merely a polite intimation to white men who may contemplate selling or leasing their lands to Japs that the organized sentiment of this community is against such a course. The lower standards of living of the Oriental enable him to pay much higher prices for land than a white man can."

"But," she persisted, "these aliens have a legal right to own and lease land in this state, have they not?"



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"Unfortunately, through the treachery of white lawyers, they have devised means to comply with the letter of a law denying them the right to own land, while evading the spirit of that law. Corporations with white dummy directors—purchases by alien Japs in the names of their infants in arms who happen to have been born in this country—" He shrugged.

"Then you should amend your laws." He looked at her with the faintest hint of cool belligerence in his fine dark eyes.

"Every time we Californians try to enact a law calculated to keep our state a white man's country, you Easterners, who know nothing of our problem, and are too infernally lazy to read up on it, permit yourselves to be stampeded by that hoary shibboleth of strained diplomatic relations with the Mikado's government. Pressure is brought to bear on us from the seat of the national government; the President sends us a message to proceed cautiously, and our loyalty to the sisterhood of states is used as a club to beat our brains out. Once, when we were all primed to settle this issue decisively, the immortal Theodore Roosevelt—our two-fisted, non-bluffable President at that time—made us call off our dogs. Later, when again we began to squirm under our burden, the secretary of State, pacific William J. Bryan, hurried out to our state capital held up both pious hands, and cried: 'Oh, no! Really, you mustn't! We insist that you consider the other members of the family. Withhold this radical legislation until we can settle this row amicably.' Well, we were dutiful sons. We tried out the gentleman's agreement imposed on us in 1907, but when, in 1913, we knew it for a failure, we passed our Alien Land Bill, which hampered but did not prevent, although we knew from experience that the class of Japs who have a strangle-hold on California are not gentlemen but coolies, and never respect an agreement they can break if, in the breaking, they are financially benefited.

"Well," the girl queried, a little subdued by his vehemence, "how has that law worked out?"

"Fine—for the Japs. The Japanese population of California has doubled in five years; the area of fertile lands under their domination has increased a thousand-fold, until eighty-five per cent. of the vegetables raised in this state are controlled by Japs. They are not a dull people, and they know how to make that control yield rich dividends—at the expense of the white race. That man Okada is called the 'potato baron' because presently he will actually control the potato crop of central California—and that is where most of the potatoes of this state are raised. Which reminds me that I started to ask you a question about him. Do you happen to know if he is contemplating expanding his enterprise to include a section of southern California?"

"I suppose I ought not to discuss my father's business affairs with a stranger," she replied, "but since he is making no secret of them, I dare say I do not violate his confidence when I tell you that he has a deal on with Mr. Okada to colonize the San Gregorio valley in San Marcos County."

The look of a thousand devils leaped into Farrell's eyes. The storm of passion that swept him was truly Latin in its ter-

rrible intensity. He glared at the girl with a malevolence that terrified her.

"My valley!" he managed to murmur presently. "My beautiful San Gregorio! Japs! Japs!"

"I hadn't the faintest idea that information would upset you so," the girl protested. "Please forgive me."

"I—I come from the San Gregorio," he cried passionately. "I love every rock and cactus and rattlesnake in it. *Válgame Dios!* And the maimed right hand twisted and clutched as, subconsciously, he strove to clench his fist. "Ah, who was the coward—who was the traitor that betrayed us for a handful of silver?"

"Yes; I believe there is a great deal of the Latin about you," she said demurely. "If I had a temper as volcanic as yours, I would never, never go armed."

"I could kill with my naked hands the white man who betrays his community to a Jap. *Madre de Dios*, how I hate them!"

"Well, wait until your trusty right hand is healed before you try garroting anybody," she suggested dryly. "Suppose you cool off, Mr. Pepper-pot, and tell me more about this terrible menace?"

"You are interested—really?"

"I could be made to listen without interrupting you, if you could bring yourself to cease glaring at me with those terrible *chile-con-carne* eyes. I can almost see myself at my own funeral. Please remember that I have nothing whatsoever to do with my father's business affairs."

"Your father looks like a human being, and if he realized the economic crime he is fostering—"

"Easy, soldier! You're discussing my father, whereas I desire to discuss the Yellow Peril. To begin, are you prejudiced against a citizen of Japan just because he's a Jap?"

"I will be frank. I do not like the race. To a white man, there is nothing lovable about a Jap, nothing that would lead, except in isolated cases, to a warm friendship between members of our race and theirs. And I dare say the individual Jap has as instinctive a dislike for us as we have for him."

"Well then, how about John Chinaman?" His face brightened.

"Oh, a Chinaman is different. He's a regular fellow. You can have a great deal of respect and downright admiration for a Chinaman, even of the coolie class."

"Nevertheless, the Chinese are excluded from California."

He nodded.

"But not because of strong racial prejudice. The Chinese, like any other Oriental, are not assimilable; also, like the Jap and the Hindu, they are smart enough to know a good thing when they see it—and California looks good to everybody. John Chinaman would overrun us if we permitted it, but since he is a mighty decent sort and realizes the sanity of our contention that he is not assimilable with us, or we with him, he admits the wisdom and justice of our slogan: 'California for white men.' There was no protest from Peking when we passed the Exclusion Act. Now, however, when we endeavor to exclude Japanese, Tokio throws a fit. But if we can muster enough courage among our state legislators to pass a law that will absolutely divorce the Japanese coolie from California land, we can cope with him in other lines of trade."

She had listened earnestly to his argument, delivered with all the earnestness of which he was capable.

"Why is he not assimilable?" she asked.

"Would you marry the potato baron?" he demanded bluntly.

"Certainly not!" she answered.

"He has gobs of money. Is that not a point worthy of consideration?"

"Not with me. It never could be."

"Perhaps you have gobs of money also."

"If I were a scrubwoman and starving, I wouldn't consider a proposal of marriage from that Jap sufficiently long to reject it."

"Then you have answered your own question," he reminded her triumphantly.

"The purity of our race—aye, the purity of the Japanese race—forbids intermarriage; hence we are confronted with the intolerable prospect of sharing our wonderful state with an alien race that must forever remain alien—in thought, language, morals, religion, patriotism, and standards of living. They will dominate us, because they are a dominant people; they will shoulder us aside, control us, dictate to us, and we shall disappear from this beautiful land as surely and as swiftly as did the Mission Indian. While the South has its negro problem—and a sorry problem it is—the South is responsible for it, but we Californians have had an infinitely more dangerous problem thrust upon us. We've got to shake them off. We've got to!"

"I'll speak to my father. I do not think he understands—that he fully realizes—"

"Ah! Thank you so much. Your father is rich, is he not?"

"I think he possesses more money than he will ever need," she replied soberly.

"Please try to make him see that the big American thing to do would be to colonize his land in the San Gregorio for white men and take a lesser profit. Really, I do not relish the idea of Japanese neighbors."

"You live there, then?"

He nodded.

"Hope to die there, too. You leave the train at El Toro, I suppose?"

"My father has telegraphed mother to have the car meet us there. We shall motor out to the ranch. And are you alighting at El Toro also?"

"No. I plan to pile off at Sespe, away up the line, and take a short cut via a cattle-trail over the hills. I'll hike it."

She hesitated slightly. Then:

"I'm sure father would be very happy to give you a lift out from El Toro. Sergeant. We shall have oodles of room."

"Thank you. You are very kind. But the fact is," he went on to explain, "nobody knows I'm coming home, and I have a childish desire to sneak in the back way and surprise them. Were I to appear in El Toro, I'd have to shake hands with everybody in town and relate a history of my exploits and—"

"I understand perfectly. You just want to get home, don't you?" And she bent upon him a smile of complete understanding—a smile all-compelling, maternal. "But did you say you'd hike it in from Sespe? Why not hire a horse?"

"I'd like to have a horse, and if I cared to ask for one, I could borrow one. But I'll hike it instead. It will be easy in light marching-order."



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"Speaking of horses," she said abruptly. "Do you know a horse in the San Gregorio named Panchito?"

"A very dark chestnut with silver mane and tail, five-gaited, and as stylish as a lady?"

"The very same."

"I should say I do know that horse! What about him?"

"My father is going to buy him for me." This was news, and Farrel's manner indicated as much.

"Where did you see Panchito?" he demanded.

"An Indian named Pablo rode him into El Toro to be shod one day while we were living at the hotel there. He's perfectly adorable."

"Pablo? Hardly. I know the oldascal."

"Be serious. Panchito—I was passing the blacksmith's shop, and I simply had to step in and admire him."

"That tickled old Pablo to death—of course."

"It did. He put Panchito through all of his tricks for me, and, after the horse was shod, he permitted me to ride the dear for half an hour. Pablo was so kind! He waited until I could run back to the hotel and change into my riding-habit."

"Did you try to give Pablo some money—say, about five dollars?" he demanded smilingly.

"Yes." Her eyes betrayed wonder.

"He declined it with profuse thanks, didn't he?"

"You're the queerest man I've ever met. Pablo did refuse it. How did you know?"

"I know Pablo. He wouldn't take money from a lady. It's against the code of the Rancho Palomar, and if his boss ever heard that he had fractured that code, he'd skin him alive."

"Not Pablo's boss. Pablo told me his Don Mike, as he calls him, was killed by the bewiskered devils in a cold country the name of which he had heard but could not remember. He meant Siberia."

Farrel sat up suddenly.

"What's that?" he cried sharply. "He told you Don Mike had been killed?"

"Yes—poor fellow! Pablo said Don Mike's father had had a telegram from the War Department."

Farrel's first impulse was to curse the War Department—in Spanish, so she would not understand. His second was to laugh, and his third to burst into tears. How his father had suffered! Then he remembered that to-night, he, the said Don Mike, was to have the proud privilege of returning from Valhalla, of bringing the light of joy back to the faded eyes of old Don Miguel, and in the swift contemplation of the drama and the comedy impending, he stood staring at her rather stupidly. Pablo would doubtless believe he was a ghost returned to haunt old scenes; the majordomo would make the sign of the cross and start running, never pausing till he would reach the Mission of the Mother of Sorrows, there to pour forth his unbelievable tale to Father Dominic. Whereupon Father Dominic would spring into his prehistoric automobile and come up to investigate. Great jumped-up Jehoshaphat! What a climax to two years of soldiering!

"Wha—what—why—do you mean to tell me poor old Mike Farrel has lost the number of his mess?" he blurted. "Great

snakes! That news breaks me all up in business."

"You knew him well, then?"

"Knew him?" Why, I ate with him, slept with him, rode with him, went to school with him. Know him? I should tell a man! We even soldiered together in Siberia; but, strange to say, I hadn't heard of his death."

"Judging by all the nice things I heard about him in El Toro, his death was a genuine loss to his section of the country. Everybody appears to have known him and loved him."

"One has to die before his virtues are apparent to some people." Farrel murmured philosophically. "And now that Don Mike Farrel is dead, you hope to acquire Panchito, eh?"

"I'll be broken-hearted if I cannot."

"He'll cost you a lot of money."

"He's worth a lot of money."

He gazed at her very solemnly.

"I am aware that what I am about to say is but poor return for your sweet courtesy, but I feel that you might as well begin now to abandon all hope of ever owning Panchito."

"Why?"

"I—I hate to tell you this, but the fact is—I'm going to acquire him."

She shook her head and smiled at him—the superior smile of one quite conscious of her strength.

"He is to be sold at public action." She informed him. "And the man who outbids me for that horse will have to mortgage his ranch and borrow money on his Liberty Bonds."

"We shall see that which we shall see," he returned enigmatically. "Waiter, bring me my check, please."

While the waiter was counting out the change from a twenty-dollar bill, Farrel resumed his conversation with the girl.

"Do you plan to remain in the San Gregorio very long?"

"All summer, I think."

He rose from his chair and bowed to her with an Old-World courtliness.

"Once more I thank you for your kindness to me, *señorita*," he said. "It is a debt that I shall always remember—and rejoice because I can never repay it. I dare say we shall meet again in the very near future, and when we do, I am going to arrange matters so that I may have the honor of being properly introduced." He pocketed his change. "Until some day in the San Gregorio, then," he finished, *adios!*

Despite his smile, her woman's intuition told her that something more poignant than the threatened Japanese invasion of the San Gregorio valley had cast a shadow over his sunny soul. She concluded it must have been the news of the death of his childhood chum, the beloved Don Mike.

"What a wonderful fellow Don Mike must have been!" she mused. "White men sing his praises, and Indians and mixed breeds cry them. No wonder this ex-soldier plans to outbid me for Panchito. He attaches a sentimental value to the horse because of his love for poor Don Mike. I wonder if I ought to bid against him under the circumstances. Poor dear! He wants his buddy's horse so badly. He's really very nice—so old-fashioned and sincere. And he's dreadfully good-looking."

"Nature was overgenerous with that young lady," Farrel decided, as he made his way up to the smoking-car. "As a usual thing, she seldom dispenses brains with beauty—and this girl has both. I wonder who she can be? Well, she's too late for Panchito. She may have any other horse on the ranch, but—"

He glanced down at the angry red scar on the back of his right hand and remembered. What a charger was Panchito for a battery commander!

IV

FARREL remained in the smoking-car throughout the rest of his journey, for he feared the possibility of a renewal of acquaintance with his quondam companion of the dining-car should he return to the observation-platform. He did not wish to meet her as a discharged soldier, homeward bound—the sort of stray dog every man, woman, and child feels free to enter into conversation with and question regarding his battles, wounds, and post-office address. When he met that girl again, he wanted to meet her as Don Miguel José Farrel, of Palomar. He was not so unintelligent as to fail to realize that in his own country he was a personage, and he had sufficient self-esteem to desire her to realize it also. He had a feeling that, should they meet frequently in the future, they would become very good friends. Also, he looked forward with quiet amusement to the explanations that would ensue when the supposedly dead should return to life.

During their brief conversation, she had given him much food for thought—so much, in fact, that presently he forgot about her entirely. His mind was occupied with the problem that confronts practically all discharged soldiers—that of readjustment, not to the life of pre-war days, but to one newer, better, more ambitious, and efficient. Farrel realized that a continuation of his *dolce-far-niente* life on the Rancho Palomar under the careless, generous, and rather shiftless administration of his father was not for him. Indeed, the threatened invasion of the San Gregorio by Japanese rendered imperative and immediate decision to that effect. He was the first of an ancient lineage who had even dreamed of progress; he *had* progressed, and he could never, by any possibility, afford to retrograde.

The Farrels had never challenged competition. They had been content to make their broad acres pay a sum sufficient to meet operating-expenses and the interest-charges on the ancient mortgage, meanwhile supporting themselves in all the ease and comfort of their class by nibbling at their principal. Just how far his ancestors had nibbled, the last of the Farrels was not fully informed, but he was young and optimistic, and believed that, with proper management and the application of modern ranching principles, he would succeed, by the time he was fifty, in saving this principality intact for those who might come after him, for it was not a part of his life plan to die childless—now that the war was over and he out of it practically with a whole skin. This aspect of his future he considered as the train rolled into the Southland. He was twenty-eight years old, and he had never been in love, although, since his twenty-first birthday,



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his father and Don Juan Sepulvida, of the Rancho Capajo, had planned a merger of their involved estates through the simple medium of a merger of their families. Anita Sepulvida was a beauty that any man might be proud of; her blood was of the purest and best, but, with a certain curious hard-headness (the faint strain of Scotch in him, in all likelihood), Don Mike had declined to please the oldsters by paying court to her.

"There's sufficient of the *mañana* spirit in our tribe now, even with the Celtic admixture," he had declared forcibly. "I believe that like begets like in the human family as well as in the animal kingdom, and we know from experience that it never fails there. An infusion of pep is what our family needs, and I'll be hanged if I relish the job of rehabilitating two decayed estates for a posterity that I know could no more compete with the Anglo-Saxon race than did their ancestors."

Whereat, old Don Miguel, who possessed a large measure of the Celtic instinct for domination, had informed Don Mike that the latter was too infernally particular. By the blood of the devil, his son's statement indicated a certain priggishness, which he, Don Miguel, could not deplore too greatly.

"You taught me pride of race," his son reminded him. "I merely desire to improve our race by judicious selection when I mate. And, of course, I'll have to love the woman I marry. And I do not love Anita Sepulvida."

"She loves you," the old don had declared bluntly.

"Then she's playing in hard luck. Believe me, father, I'm no prig, but I do realize the necessity for grafting a little gringo hustle to our family tree. Consider the supergrandson you will have if you leave me to follow my own desires in this matter. In him will be blended the courtliness and chivalry of Spain, the imagery and romance and belligerency of the Irish, the thrift and caution of the Scotch, and the go-get-him-boy, knock-down-and-drag-out spirit of our own Uncle Sam. Why, that's a combination you cannot improve upon!"

"I wish I could fall in love with some fine girl, marry her, and give my father optical assurance, before he passes on, that the Farrel tribe is not, like the mule, without pride of ancestry or hope of posterity," he mused; "but I'll be shot if I'll ever permit myself to fall in love with the sort of woman I want until I know I have something more tangible than love and kisses to offer her. About all I own in this world is this old uniform and Panchito—and I'm getting home just in time to prevent my father from selling him at auction for the benefit of my estate. And since I'm going to chuck this uniform to-morrow and give Panchito away the day after—by the gods of War, that girl gave me a fright when she was trying to remember the name of old man Gonzales's ranch! If it had been the Palomar instead of the Palomares! I might be able to stand the sight of Japs on the Palomares end of the San Gregorio, but on the Palomar—"

At four o'clock, when the train whistled for Sespe, he hurried back to the observation-car to procure his baggage preparatory to alighting from the train. The girl sat in the seat opposite his, and she looked up at him now with friendly eyes.

"Would you care to leave your things in the car and entrust them to father's man?" she queried. "We would be glad to take them in the motor as far as the mission. My father suggested it," she added.

"Your father's a brick. I shall be happy to accept, thank you. Just tell the chauffeur to leave them off in front of the mission and I'll pick them up when I come over the trail from Sespe. I can make far better time over the hills without this suitcase, light as it is."

"You're exceedingly welcome, Sergeant. And, by the way, I have decided not to contest your right to Panchito. It wouldn't be sporty of me to outbid you for your dead buddy's horse."

His heart leaped.

"I think you're tremendously sweet," he declared bluntly. "As matters stand, we happen to have a full brother of Panchito up on the ranch—or, at least, we did have when I enlisted. He's coming four, and he ought to be a beauty. I'll break him for you myself. However," he added, with a deprecatory grin, "I—I realize you're not the sort of girl who accepts gifts from strangers; so, if you have a nickel on you, I'll sell you this horse, sight unseen. If he's gone, I'll give the nickel back."

"You are quite right," she replied, with an arch smile. "I could not possibly accept a gift from a stranger. Neither could I buy a horse from a stranger—no; not even at the ridiculous price of five cents."

"Perhaps if I introduced myself—have I your permission to be that bold?"

"Well," she replied, still with that bright, friendly, understanding smile, "that might make a difference."

"I do not deserve such consideration. Consequently, for your gentle forbearance, you shall be accorded a unique privilege—that of meeting a dead soldier. I am Miguel José Farrel, better known as 'Don Mike,' of the Rancho Palomar, and I own Panchito. To quote the language of Mark Twain, 'the report of my death has been grossly exaggerated,' as is the case of several thousand other soldiers in this man's army." He chuckled as he saw a look of amazement replace the sweet smile. "And you are Miss—" he queried.

She did not answer. She could only stare at him, and in that look he thought he noted signs of perturbation. While he had talked, the train had slid to a momentary halt for the flag-station, and while he waited now for her name, the train began creeping out of Sespe.

"All right," he laughed. "You can tell me your name when we meet again. I must run for it. Good-by." He hurried through the screen door to the platform, stepped over the brass railing, and clung there a moment, looking back into the car at her before dropping lightly to the ground between the tracks.

"Now what the devil is the meaning of that?" he mused, as he stood there watching the train. "There were tears in her eyes."

He crossed the tracks, climbed a fence, and after traversing a small piece of bottom-land, entered a trail through the chaparral, and started his upward climb to the crest of the range that hid the San Gregorio. Suddenly he paused.

Had the girl's unfamiliarity with Spanish names caused her to confuse Palomar with

Palomares? And why was Panchito to be sold at auction? Was it like his father to sacrifice his son's horse to any fellow with the money to buy him? No! No! Rather would he sell his own mount and retain Panchito for the sake of the son he mourned as dead. The Palomares end of the San Gregorio was too infertile to interest an experienced agriculturist like Okada; there wasn't sufficient acreage to make a colonization-scheme worth while. On the contrary, fifty thousand acres of the Rancho Palomar lay in the heart of the valley and immediately contiguous to the flood-waters at the head of the ghost-river for which the valley was named.

Don Mike, of Palomar, leaned against the bole of a scrub-oak and closed his eyes in sudden pain. Presently, he roused himself and went his way with uncertain step, for, from time to time, tears blinded him. And the last of the sunlight had faded from the San Gregorio before he topped the crest of its western boundary; the melody of Brother Flavio's angelus had ceased an hour previous, and over the mountains to the east a full moon stood in a cloudless sky, flooding the silent valley with its silver light, and pricking out in bold relief the gray-white walls of the Mission de la Madre Dolorosa, crumbling souvenir of a day that was done.

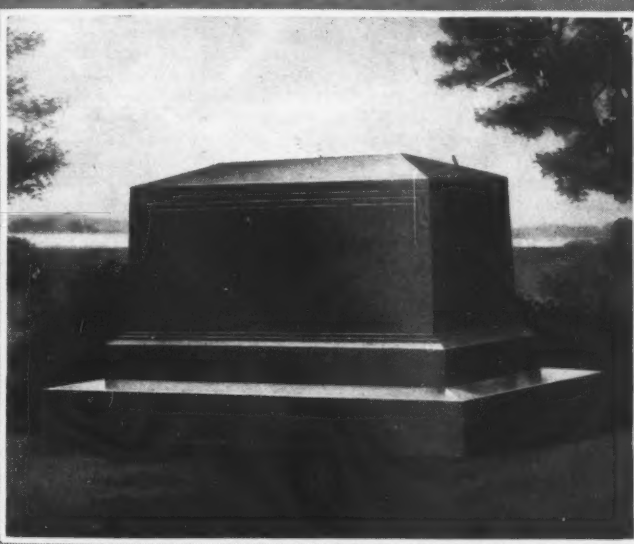
He ran down the long hill, and came presently to the mission. In the grass beside the white road, he searched for his straw suitcase, his gas-mask, and the helmet, but failing to find them, he concluded the girl had neglected to remind her father's chauffeur to throw them off in front of the mission, as promised. So he passed along the front of the ancient pile and let himself in through a wooden door in the high adobe wall that surrounded the churchyard immediately adjacent to the mission. With the assurance of one who treads familiar ground, he strode rapidly up a weed-grown path to a spot where a tall black-granite monument proclaimed that here rested the clay of one superior to his peon and Indian neighbors. And this was so, for the shaft marked the grave of the original Michael Joseph Farrel, the adventurer the sea had cast up on the shore of San Marcos County.

Immediately to the left of this monument, Don Mike saw a grave that had not been there when he left the Palomar. At the head of it stood a tile taken from the ruin of the mission roof, and on this brown tile some one had printed in rude lettering with white paint:

Falleció
Don Miguel José Noriaga Farrel
Nacio, Junio 3, 1841
Muerto, Diciembre 29, 1919

The last scion of that ancient house knelt in the mold of his father's grave and made the sign of the cross.

What would you do if, coming home from the war, you found yourself the last of your clan, and with strangers housed in your home and in possession of your thousands of acres? Blow upon blow falls upon "Don Mike" in the next instalment of Mr. Kyne's mighty novel, in *February Cosmopolitan*. One of the most beautiful scenes that this man-to-man writer has ever penned is the next meeting of the boy and the girl, Kay Parker. You will not want to miss a word of it.



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Elinor Glyn's Thoughts on a Real Bull-fight

(Continued from page 37)

looking? And what splendid eyes he has!

Now they all salute the king and queen, and the procession gradually passes out of the big doors it entered by, opposite the royal box. Those doors to the right will open for the bull—their action in opening making a barrier to shelter the man who manipulates them. Now the trumpets sound again, and the picadors come in slowly from the doors the procession went out by. There are four of them—or is it six? Their poor Rosinantes of horses are bandaged over the eye which will be turned to the foe.

They take their places at about equal distances around the semicircle under the royal box—the tails of the horses toward the palisades—and some of the men in the red shirts hold the bridles.

The matadors are in a mass just under the royal box, slightly to the left. Have you ever seen such lovely colors as their cloaks are? Magenta and purple and cerise and plum and brown and green. I had always imagined that they had red cloaks, but these are only for the actual end, when the matador is alone with the bull, and that is a smaller cloak, made of scarlet cloth.

Now watch the door of the bull's compartment opening! Oh, what a splendid creature dashing in—all the pride of life and strength and breeding in him!

What will he do? Whom will he charge? He has been kept in the dark, without food or water, for twenty-four hours, and is in a thoroughly disagreeable temper. If he is a very high-couraged fellow, he does not paw the ground (as one imagined he would, from stories). If he does this, it is a bad sign, and shows he is not a first-class creature. The whole psychology of the bull is studied by the crowd. Look, X! He has decided to rush at that matador who waves the plum-colored cloak.

Watch the exquisite agility with which the group avoids him, and some, indeed, vault the palings—and now, baffled, he has drawn back and caught sight of one of the horses. The poor thing does not see him, because the eye on that side is bandaged—it stands quite quiet—and the bull pauses so that the picador advances and pricks his shoulder. Yes; I quite understand that your heart is beating in your throat, X, and listen as Señorita de T. is kindly telling you that, as it is your first bull-fight, you had better, perhaps, put your fan up to hide what you will otherwise see—No; you are going to look? Very well. The bull has charged the horse now and runs his horns right into its stomach, and, for an instant, has hoisted both horse and rider off the ground. The picador falls backward between his gored mount and the railings. But while the bull is tugging to extricate his horns, the aids in the scarlet shirts and gray trousers pull up the picador, and the matadors attract the bull's attention to another part of the ring.

The picador must be hurt? No; he is all right. He is quite accustomed to be thrown at every bull-fight—and even the poor horse gets up. It is quivering, and blood is flowing, but it is not yet *hors de combat* and must serve again.

The argument for the employment of

horses is that nothing else tires out the bull sufficiently to enable the matador to fight him single-handed in the end, and that the horses are in any case going to the knackers, and are just as quickly killed in this way as they would be at the shambles. All this is probably true, and we must be just and get down to actualities, for if we let emotion speak, we can very well say that it is hideous to see suffering, and that the horses may be ten minutes or a quarter of an hour in pain, if they are not killed right out at the first assault—because they have to go on as long as they can stand on their legs.

Well, there is no use in discussing all this. Keep your eyes fixed on the bull and try to control your nerves not to mind.

You feel terribly excited, you say? So do I. The bull is now being teased by the matadors with their lovely cloaks. Not so dangerous this part, because of there being several of them, who take off his attention from one to another. He has caught sight of a second horse—a gray one, this time. Ah, it is too terrible! His horns pierce the poor brute's body and nearly caught the picador, who fell under the horse—did you see? Look at that brave matador with the green cloak drawing him off while the aids are extricating the picador—he is a little hurt, it seems—but they must be awfully quick and get out of that safety-exit, which, fortunately, is near. For, look! The bull has left the matadors, and is fiercely charging the horse again before it can rise. Then the matadors attract him away again.

Thank goodness, the aids put a knife into the horse's forehead, but there is not a chance for a while for them to bring in the sand to cover the appalling sight of the miserable carcass. When they can get back to it, they will remove the saddle and carry it out, and disguise the horrors as best they can. You say you can hardly bear it? Try to think only of the art of the thing, and the marvelous courage of the men, and don't let your emotions unbalance you.

Well, you have seen three horses despatched like this now, X, and in a minute the bugle will sound and this part will be over, and the poor fourth brute will have respite, for the picador will ride out. I am glad the bull killed the first wounded horse immediately when he charged it a second time—and the third one was not quite so awful, because the horn must have touched its heart. It fell dead without blood.

You say you hate to see the wretched creatures lying there up close to the palisades? Well, don't look at those horrid things, for now all is fine, real excitement—men alone with the animal—their lives or his!

Now the *banderillas* will be thrown at the bull—and, as this is such a grand bull-fight, Joselito or Belmonté will throw them once or twice, and that will please the people very much. Generally, the *banderillas* are thrown by lesser matadors who have not risen to the honor of despatching the bull. The *banderillas* are darts about a yard long, with sharp points—they are decorated with ribbons. This part of the fight is very dangerous; so you have a right to be excited. The matador

who is going to throw them has to stand still, the two darts pointing at the bull, and when the bull charges, he must make a jump in "style" to plant them in the bull's shoulders. It will look almost as though he were going to throw himself right between the bull's horns, and, at the same time, he has to avoid being tossed. It sounds an impossibility—so you can imagine what skill it requires.

The bull sometimes bellows with pain, for when the *banderillas* are in, his shoulders stream with blood; but he is more often silent during the whole course, I am told, though he is naturally very angry. Look! He is rushing at another matador.

How gay it is with them all standing about—first one, then another, waving a cloak at him! Listen! You are being told that, if the *banderillas* are well placed, they stick in, and with every movement of the animal they irritate and pain him more, but if they are not exact, they fall out as he gallops.

Six will be thrown. See how beautifully Joselito performs this act—as light as a feather, and what grace! And according to how each matador throws them, the crowd applauds or groans and even hisses—every stroke and action is judged by a standard of "style."

They do not regard the part which seems horrible to us; it is the skill of the thing they are interested in.

This *banderilla* part and the constant hairbreadth escapes are very exciting; but wait! Now the supreme moment has arrived when the matador will kill the bull single-handed—with only his second in command, so to speak, in the ring with him, but not very near him. This other man will take off the attention of the bull if any *contretemps* occurs, such as the matador's sword not entering the exact spot which will cause death, but hitting the back-bone and being jerked up into the air. The matador would then be defenseless were he quite alone; so the second teases the bull until another sword can be given.

Look! It is Belmonté who will kill this first bull—Joselito the second one.

See! He has saluted the king and queen, and is coming in with his short red-cloth cloak, the sword concealed beneath it.

Oh, heavens! What a near thing! And what supreme *sang-froid*! Look! Belmonté is actually kneeling on one knee as the bull charges his outstretched red cloak—and he smiles at him as though he were a mere puppy gamboling.

This bull is not so tricky as some, you are being told. He goes for the cloak every time. Some seem to know it is the man who is the real enemy, but most want to wreak their wrath on the cloak—and I cannot help moralizing even here in the middle of this thrilling scene—how like life! How we rush at the obvious red cloaks when we are angry and want to destroy them, never seeing the real force which is manipulating them! We have not much more discrimination than the bull shows generally.

The matador has his sword ready all the time under his cloak—it is not exactly a sword; it is more of a rapier.

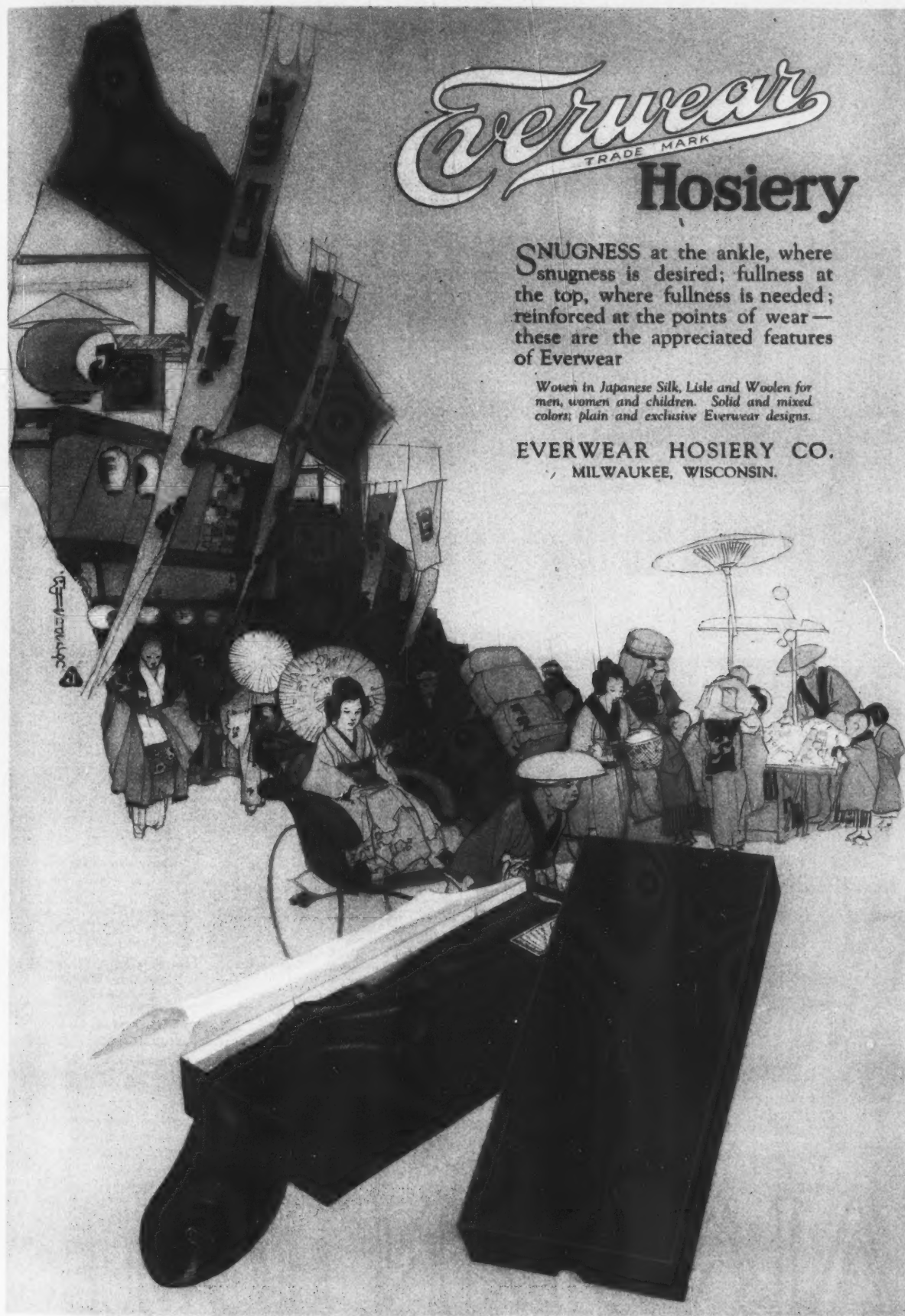
What an appallingly nervous moment!

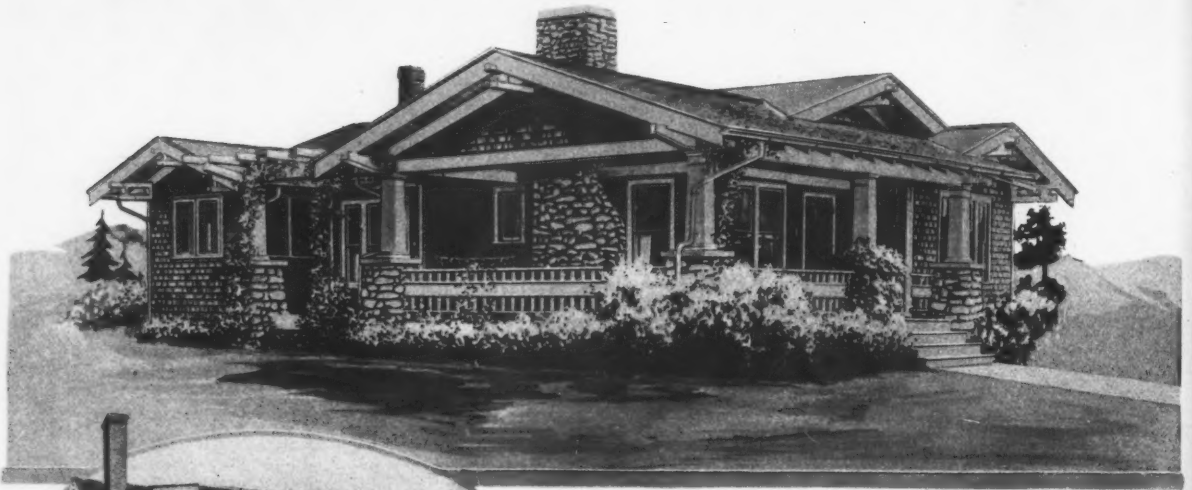
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Think what it must be if, for one reason or another, the matador is not feeling his best! When this happens to a tennis champion, at worst he can lose the game and yet keep all the sympathy of the audience with him; but a matador is groaned at, and even hissed, for the smallest error of judgment or skill, although the whole time he is risking his life. The crowd even shrieking, "Coward!" if he delays in his final stroke too long.

Whatever may be said of bull-fighting as a sport, the men who take part in it are the bravest men in the world, I think. And there is no use in pretending you don't like it. There is something in all of us which cannot help being wildly moved at a life-and-death struggle. What generally happens is that English people begin by saying it is a disgusting spectacle—and that there is no fair play, because, from the outset, the bull is doomed, and they thoroughly disapprove of it altogether. Then they go again, and the excitement takes hold of them, and they argue to themselves that there is a great deal to be said for the Spanish side—and, finally, they save all qualms by saying, as it is not their country, and they cannot help it one way or another, they may as well enjoy the thrill while they are there. The Spaniards smile quietly. They are too polite to call us hypocrites; but smiles have meanings, and I am not sure the epithet would be undeserved.

Now there is a dead silence; the bull has come up within ten feet of Belmonté, who has enticed him to a spot just facing the royal box. You are being told that it is only when the animal is in a certain position, with his feet evenly near together and his head slightly lowered, that the vertebræ of his spine open in a certain place on the arch of his neck, where it joins the shoulders, and it is in that place the sword must enter. Ah! The sword is thrust! But it has not entered far enough to kill—and now other matadors must come in and make the bull move about by exciting him to come at them, and in that way the sword will work into the vital spot itself.

No; it has fallen right out, and Belmonté has a second one given him. Oh, what agility! He springs aside like a kid, and now look! This time, it has entered up to the hilt—and the gallant, weary beast falls on his knees and finally rolls over dead—and, as the stroke was perfectly delivered, the crowds are pleased and shout with delight and flutter their handkerchiefs.

The great doors on the right-hand side now open, and the mules gallop in, harnessed four abreast and led by the aids in the red shirts and gray trousers, running at top speed beside them. The dead bull is fastened to traces and dragged out, and everyone is talking and gay. And round the promenade oranges are being thrown, and parcels of sweets, and cigarettes, and—look, X!—the sellers aim so well that each person receives what he has called out for, no matter how high up he may be; he throws the money, and the orange-seller even throws back the change, always to the right person!

Why are you pulling my arm, X, and looking so strained? Because you see four

more poor Rosinantes of horses ambling in mounted by the picadors—and you have realized that in a minute the trumpet will sound, the ring will be cleared, and, barring the initial procession, the whole fight will begin again exactly as before—and that not only will you have to see this fresh bull killed, but six more sets—one after another; for is it not a grand occasion—for the hospitals—and are not eight bulls to be sacrificed in all? But pull yourself together, and this time use your fan to hide all ugly sights.

After the second bull is killed and everyone is chatting and taking a look at friends with opera-glasses, light beer is brought into the boxes, and the sherry, which everyone drinks in Spain, and, with this, the

"Guilty"

By Fannie Hurst

The most powerful story the brilliant author of "Humoresque" and "Back Pay" has ever written—and one of the most unusual stories published in years—in—

February Cosmopolitan

queerest dish of *friture*—little three-cornered scraps of some part of the first bull killed, fried in a crisp way and quite dry. It is a great delicacy, and only served to the president and the favored few. I could not pluck up courage to taste it.

The sight leaving the building is so pretty! All the ladies in their wonderful mantillas and mantonas; and the great *chic* is to possess antique ones of the latter, and you can tell them not only by their much more beautiful coloring but by their rather shabby and often dilapidated fringe.

Perhaps you have had enough of bull-fights, so I will not give you a description of one of another kind which I had the honor of witnessing with her Majesty, a few days later, where the art is different. This gala entertainment was given especially for the queen, and only very few people were invited to it.

In this one, the picadors are dressed in Louis XV hunting-dress, and the horses are splendid animals; and the point is to escape the bull by fine horsemanship, so there are no horrible sights, and it is all most exciting. But before it began, we went to see the matadors' chapel, and the separation of the bulls, and this is a most curious sight, which may perhaps interest you.

The matadors' chapel touches on the ring. It is a small room, with an altar and lighted candles, and from it, opening directly into it, the hospital, with four beds and all the instruments for an operating-room.

When a bull-fighter is hurt, he is taken straight in there and put to bed and attended to; and if he is dying, the priest in

charge gives him the last sacrament, and he is carried to the altar steps. All religiously pray there before entering the ring.

The investigation of this finished, we went up to an open gallery which looks on to the great pen into which the bulls are driven when they come in from the country. There they were—fierce, naughty fellows—but only three years old; the five-year-olds would be too dangerous for this sort of fight. They bellowed when they saw us looking down at them. Then we went inside on the first floor to the place above the separation-chambers. There are six of these, and fragile-looking wooden galleries are above each, from which we looked down. Into the first came six raging bulls, led by two old oxen with bells on their necks, "just as if they were chamberlains," as some one said laughingly—they were so ceremonious! They showed the others their places and what to do. And the director of the bull-fights told me that these oxen never make the slightest attempt to go into the beyond; but when they have conducted the fighters into the first chamber, they wait quietly for the door to be opened for them to return to the big open pen outside, and they prevent the fighting bulls from getting through the door when it is opened for them! How intelligent animals are, even oxen!

Imagine, now, six furious and bellowing and stamping bulls in the first chamber, and all of us leaning on the wooden balustrades to look down. Then the clever separation begins. The first door is opened by ropes from above, and half are let through into the second chamber, the old oxen keeping the other half back. The instinct is to rush to the light of one opened door. Three are through now, and the same process goes on until one alone has got into the last chamber, and one into the second, to wait alone until the six are in rotation to enter the ring.

It all seemed very weird and fierce being so close to them—and one aspect struck me particularly as symbolical. We passed from these galleries into a place immediately above the last chamber (and behind the royal box, which had been erected close down on the ring for this fight). The floor was of open planks about three inches apart, and here a magnificent buffet for *gouter* was laid, with plate and flowers and a sumptuous tea, all of the highest civilization, and all the time we were drinking it, down below, we could see primitive nature stamping and snorting, ready to kill us all if the planks had given way! And this is very like some aspects of Spain. Always one feels that wild rush of untamed nature underneath, no matter how wonderful the art and the civilization may appear on the top, and this is what causes the wonderful fascination to me of everything Spanish.

II

I HAVE one more awful thing to tell you that I did in Spain, X—I went to a cock-fight in Seville—yes, I did! And it was, I think, a nastier exhibition than the bull-fight. Now listen—and feel as shocked as you please.



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It took place in a common-looking house—that is the peculiarity of Seville, this mixture of poor and great houses cheek by jowl. We went up a narrow staircase and so into the cockpit—a small center-place, with high seats all round it, and two projections at each side, on the top row, quite overhanging the actual pit. These were the two boxes—and kept for the élite. The little center where the cocks fight is all covered with matting and surrounded by a low palisade.

We went into one of the boxes, and then two combatants were put into the pit. They looked smallish creatures of the game-cock species, and their heads were shaven, also round their tails, which gave them already a sore and miserable appearance.

Their owners and backers stood round watching eagerly, and every seat was filled on the steep sides of the pit.

There was no hesitation. One bird crowed impudently and the other flew at it, and then began a determined fight of the same character as can be seen in any chicken-yard—only, this was not a more or less amiable scrimmage for a lady, but a combat to the death. Each cock was encouraged by shouts from its backers. Anything like the courage and insolence of the

Another of Elinor Glyn's fascinating descriptions of Spanish life and customs will appear in **February Cosmopolitan**.

Buried Madness

(Continued from page 28)

When he arose again, a new strength in him; the lamp's light was paling before the gray skirmishers of coming day.

It was mid-morning when Lloyd sought out old Enoch. He found Margaret busy in the side yard, hanging out freshly-tubbed garments, and he stopped to speak a word with her before he asked where her father might be.

She said Enoch was in the front room; and Lloyd went into the house and found the old man sitting with the great Bible open upon his knees, his eyes staring with thought. He looked up at Lloyd's coming; his grim mouth softened a little with pleasure. He said,

"Good-day, then, Lloyd."

Lloyd responded to the greeting, and he added,

"I want to have some words with you, sir—where Margaret may not hear."

Enoch looked at him acutely.

"Where Maggie may not hear, you say?"

And when Lloyd nodded, the old man's lips twitched with something like a smile, and he climbed stiffly out of his chair. "Come, then—out by the barn, beyond the garden. She's busy with her washing now."

Behind the house there was a garden, long and narrow—the pasture at one side, the barn at the further end. They went through the pasture, out toward the garden's end, and, when they came to the barn, old Enoch sat down on the shoulder of one of the sandstone slabs on which the sills were laid and waited for Lloyd to say that which was in his mind.

There was no hesitancy in Lloyd.

"For beginning, sir, I love Margaret."

Enoch slapped his knee.

"Eh, Lloyd; I'm an old man, but I'm far from blind."

"You knew that much?"

creatures! One could almost think that one heard the insulting taunts they threw at one another.

They went on furiously charging, pecking combs and eyes, until their heads looked as if they were trickling bits of red-currant jelly, and this continued until, fainting and sightless, one dropped to the ground. Then his adversary crowed triumphantly, although half dead himself, profound insolence in his notes. But, while he was again announcing his triumph, the vanquished bird rose once more and feebly challenged him again, and then fell dead. Upon which, there were murmurs of applause and appreciation. Fresh owners advanced with two new combatants. I was obliged to sit there and watch three "mains," X—and, really, horrible and even disgusting as it was, no one could fail to admire the courage and endurance of the birds. And what superlative belief in *self*! For the fight is not caused by previous personal hatred of the adversary but by resentment that *any rival could exist*! They do not hesitate a second to fly at each other once they are in their matting-covered ring, never having met before. Vanity and egotism are evidently the chief characteristics of cocks!

"Long ago. At the beginning of it."

"You're willing she should marry, then?"

Enoch nodded soberly enough.

"Why not, man? The house is big. Plenty for three of us. And we have much in common, Lloyd—you and I."

Lloyd looked away across the pasture toward the line of willows that fringed the creek in the bottom-lands. For a moment, there was hesitation in him; then he stiffened his resolution again.

"You have somewhat misunderstood, sir," he said gently. "I told you that I loved her; I meant that I loved her as you do. We must want her to be happiest, you and I. And since you are willing she should marry, it is not me, it is Dan Jones that she should wed."

He saw then, more clearly than he had ever seen before, that Enoch was an old man. At Lloyd's word, the gentle friendship that had been mirrored on his grim old face was slowly frozen into astonishment that changed to blackest rage. And, under the stress of his own fury, Enoch was somehow paralyzed; he could not stir. Yet there was a trembling all upon him, so that he seemed to shiver to and fro. Lloyd said steadily,

"They love each other so deeply I wonder you've not married them long ago."

Old Enoch found a stumbling word.

"I—marry? Better she died!"

He came to his feet with a shaking rush of energy, and, for a moment, Lloyd thought the man would strike at him. "Meddling—That madness was dead and buried long ago."

Lloyd shook his head, quietly insisted:

"Not dead, sir. That is one thing which in this world never dies."

"Tis all done!" Enoch cried impatiently. "How you came on it, I do not know. No doubt Dan has blatted it all to

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you, sent you here this day. No good at all, I say. The thing is done, past, forgotten. A man without a God!"

"You knew they loved each other?" Enoch flung both hands high.

"You'll question me? Be still, boy!"

"I question you," said Lloyd. "And you will answer me."

The old minister's hands descended on Lloyd's shoulders; his eyes burned into Lloyd's eyes. For a long minute, this scrutiny continued; then Enoch said harshly:

"I knew. At the first outbreaking of the thing, I stamped it out, as I'd stamp out the life of any snake. Now let the dead thing lie."

"She loves him," Lloyd insisted. "And he loves her."

"Not so!" the other cried. "I crushed that silly thought in her, I tell you now."

Lloyd shook his head, faintly smiling.

"She's a daughter of yours. Would not you have her happy as may be?"

"Aye, if she has sense with it. No, if she choose that impious man."

Lloyd put away the other's hands, that still gripped him; he asked slowly,

"What is your grudge against Dan Jones?"

"Grudge!" Enoch cried. "Grudge! I've no grudge against the man. God has a grudge against him, because he has scorned God. It is for that I would not have her think of him."

"Yet I have heard," said Lloyd, "that you did him and his father grievous wrong. We do hate those we most have wronged."

"Who says I did them wrong?"

"I have heard what you did," Lloyd told him. "I say that what you did was sinful wrong. Furthermore, there is another wrong. Have you not heard that God is love? Does that not suggest that he who battles love does battle God?"

Enoch flung one hand out as though to cast this argument aside.

"A man's lust, a child's intrigued fancy—you call these dull matters 'love'?" His tone was firm enough, but Lloyd, watching him, thought there was a wavering in Enoch's burning eyes.

"Shame!" he said. "Shame, sir! You know well that Dan is not unworthy, that Margaret is not given to idle fancies. Seek out some kindness in your heart for them, I beg."

"No!" the old man cried. "I tell you, once for all, that matter is forever dead. Dead and buried deep, beyond the digging-up again."

Lloyd swung toward him with a step that made Enoch reluctantly give way; and the young man's anger suddenly broke out in an accusing storm.

"Aye!" he cried. "That is your thought, I have no doubt. And if it were dead, it might be buried fair. But when a thing not dead is buried, it may be dug to light again."

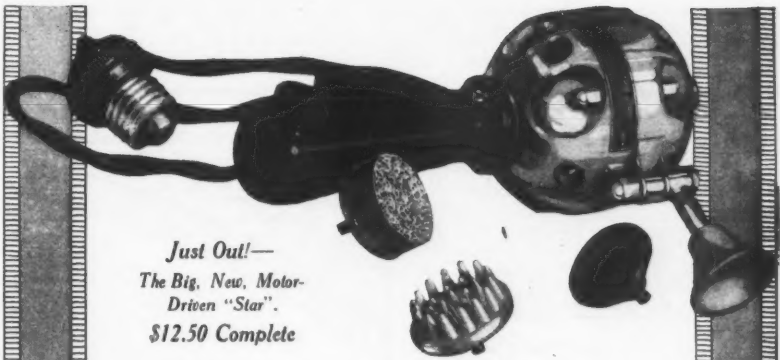
Enoch stared at him, his mouth working in slow, unspoken questions. He tried to read the young man's eyes, and Lloyd slowly nodded.

"I see that you do understand," he said. And then, more gently, "I will bring your tool-chest back to you this day."

Enoch's gaunt countenance turned white and hard as stone.

"Mine!" he stammered. "My—"

How came you by that thing?"



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(Continued from page 7)

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"Digged it from a secret grave in Sinai churchyard," Lloyd told him steadily. "Digged it up, and opened it, and found that which it contained."

There was a terrible, bleak anger in Enoch's eye.

"You desecrated——"

Lloyd cried:

"Not so! If there was desecration, it was not by me. I did but undo an ugly and unhallowed deed."

"Unhallowed?" Enoch seemed to tower. "It was I, God's minister, who laid it in that holy and immaculate ground."

"When you did that," said Lloyd, "you were no minister of God; you ministered to your own selfishness and hate." Enoch would have spoken, but the young man swept his word aside. "Eh, Enoch; that was ugly doing. I can read you plain. You were God's word to Sinai church so long that all your words seemed to you words of God. But this was sheer hate, Enoch—hate and mummery. Burying that bridal gown, that symbol of the love she lived for—as though, by so doing, you could slay and bury all her love. Seeking to rule Margaret by this idolatrous mockery of the service of God. When you did this, you were no better than the miracle-contriving ministers of a heathen god."

His voice was steady and afire with something more than his own stern judgment on the older man, and Enoch, facing him, seemed conscious that another than young Lloyd Hughes was here accusing him. The old man's eyes wavered; his lips twitched; his great head was faintly drooping. And Lloyd, watching him, turned abruptly away, turned his back on the old man, left Enoch to consider, to weigh guilt alone. He stopped, a little way apart.

An hour later, they came back together along the garden fence, through the pasture to the house, came in through the kitchen, found Margaret working there.

She looked up at their entrance, looked up with her faint, appealing smile; but when she saw their countenances, she ceased to smile, a wonder leaped into her eyes. She looked at Lloyd, looked at the older man, and slowly went toward where Enoch stood.

"But—what is it, now, *nhad*?" she whispered to him.

And Enoch, with a swift and sorrowfully hungry gesture, swept his daughter close into his arms.

Now and then, the oily surface of a placid sea is stirred by circling currents. It bubbles, and seems for an instant to boil; and the observer knows thereby that somewhere underneath has been enacted one of those swift and relentless dramas which make up the lives of the fishes that dwell therein. Now and then, in like fashion, the soft tranquillity of a meadow is broken. The grasses sway and bend; the bushes stir, and sometimes a squeak or a cry of deadly pain does further evidence the tragedy that has occurred there. And now and then, in some pleasant human community, a stark and dreadful incident ruptures all the surface-peace; so that one may guess that here, too, all is not so smooth as the seeming. It was in this fashion that the matter of the grave in Sinai churchyard gave some hint to all the world of the flux of human passions which has been here set down.

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Man-handling Ethel

(Continued from page 34)

Ernie Eddison went out and found a taxi-cab while Ethel resumed her street clothes.

"May I drive you home by way of the park?" he inquired.

"If you wish," Ethel conceded.

"I certainly do wish," Ernie returned.

"If I had known that Naila was going to be such a selfish pup, I never would have taken you over there."

He spoke to the driver. An hour later, they were still bowling along.

"We ought to be home by now," Ethel opined, looking out the cab window. It was quite dark.

"You said I might drive by way of the park."

"Yes; but I didn't mean Van Cortlandt Park, and you know it. Tell that man to turn round instantly! You have a way of talking that robs me of all idea of time, Mr. Eddison, but you're a trouble-maker all the same. If my father hears of this, he'll disown us both."

The taxi-cab, as directed, turned round. "Now," she said, "make up some more delightful stories about your past. It's a pity this is the last time we're to be together. You're the most entertaining liar I've met. Have you told me a single word of truth this day?"

"Not yet; but here's a whole sentence that's truer than gospel: You're a fascinating spoiled child, Ethel Hoyt, and I'm constantly overcome with a desire to spank the daylight out of you and then hold you in my arms and kiss away your tears."

"Well, why don't you try?" Even in the dark, her eyes challenged him—a curious, naive dare. "I've never been spanked in a taxi-cab," she continued. "It sounds difficult. Now, the other—"

He did kiss her. No mortal man could have withstood such teasing.

To every person in this world, there is allotted at birth one kiss like that. It may never be collected by the beneficiary, but it exists just the same. All others are merely attempts to duplicate the same thrill.

"Oh!" said Ethel, disengaging herself. "You mustn't! I never dreamed it would be like that."

"Nor I," returned Ernie, dizzily casting back into his past for a sensation by which to compare this one.

"You must never touch me again," the girl declared, her voice shaken but strangely sweet. "Father is right. I must not see you ever."

Ernie huskily agreed. It was all very well to try to teach a young lady a lesson, but quite a different proposition to find your own life whirling topsyturvy as the result of the first laboratory problem.

"We're nearly home," said Ethel, after a long silence. "Since this is to be farewell forever, you may kiss me just once good-by."

After the cab had been standing in front of the house about ten minutes, the butler came out to say that no one had ordered a vehicle at that address.

They met every day for two weeks. Never by appointment. They just happened accidentally to patronize that same tea-shop at about the same hour. And

since they were there, it would have been silly not to speak, wouldn't it?

"I don't know what's getting into Ethel," her mother reported to Mr. Hoyt. "More disagreeable than ever?"

"No. She's being just as sweet as she can be. I'm afraid she is sick."

Mr. Hoyt, who thought he knew what had happened, smiled into his evening paper, but vouchsafed no explanation.

Which was just as well. Because, as a god in the car, Ethel's father was a distinct and conspicuous failure.

Ethel did not come to dinner at all one evening. At first, nothing was said about it, because she was almost always late, but when dessert had been served and still no Ethel, Mr. Hoyt made inquiries and discovered that his daughter was in the house but had declined to come down.

Her mother went up to see her, but came down without success. Her door was locked, she reported, and Ethel was crying.

Her father counseled patience.

"Don't bother her now. A cry will do her good. I'll talk with her after dinner."

When he went up-stairs, he tapped lightly at her door.

"I'll be in my den," he said, without waiting for an answer.

It had been a long time since father and daughter had had a conference, but he was right in guessing that Ethel wanted to tell him all about it.

She came in to him after about twenty minutes—long enough for her to try to remove the traces of tears and to give it up finally as a bad job.

No; Ethel was not as lovely as usual when she hurled herself into her father's arms, but she was very sincere. Her eyes were quite honestly swollen, and her nose had acquired a hectic flush from being constantly blown. Her hair was down, and she had on a blue woolly bath-robe over her lavender pajamas. The two colors swore at each other like a couple of tomcats on a back fence.

Her father held her tenderly on his lap and patted her just as he had always done when she hurt herself or had been punished. There was a big old leather chair in the den just dedicated to that purpose, plenty big and strong enough for two, and he was sitting in it now.

"When you're ready, tell me about it," he suggested, when the sobs seemed to be temporarily over.

"It's all my own fault," Ethel confessed. "You told me not to have anything to do with Mr. Eddison, but—but I disobeyed you."

"Well"—Hoyt smiled, but over her shoulder, so she didn't see it—"if you're properly sorry, I'll forgive you for being disobedient. Don't cry about it any more."

"I'm not c-c-crying about that."

"Then about what?"

"It's because I love him s-s-s-o."

"That's nothing, dear. At your age, a person is pretty apt to be in and out of love about once every month."

"Oh, I know about that kind of love," said Ethel, "but, oh, daddy, this is the real one! I know he's bad, and I adore him. He treats me terribly, and I worship him. It just seems as if there was something

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about the thought of him that tears me here." She put her hand on her side, not the stage gesture of a presumably heart-broken heroine, but the movement of a child or an animal that is hurt without knowing how or why.

"I don't just see why being in this frame of mind should make you cry."

"But, daddy, it's a-a-all over. I'm n-n-never going to s-s-see him again, and I d-don't know how I can s-s-s-stand it. For two weeks, I've nearly died every minute that I've been away from him, and now, all the rest of the minutes of my life I've got to spend without him."

"Tell daddy what happened."

"N-n-nothing happened. He just said he couldn't see me any more. He's engaged—o-o-o-oh!" The announcement ended in a wail that she tried to stifle unsuccessfully and finally let go frankly on his coat lapel.

"There, there!" comforted her father. "You'll soon forget."

"I'm afraid I can't. Besides, I don't want to forget. Would you want to forget mother, even if you were never going to see her again? That's the way I feel about him. Why, daddy, lately I've even made up most of my prayers about him, and it's awfully difficult to get a person out of your prayers."

She was such a little girl to be having grown-up troubles. To her father, holding her close in his arms, it seemed impossible that any problems could beset her which could not be soothed with a stick of candy and a rag doll.

He felt conscience-stricken to think that he had caused her so much suffering. True, he had intended to take Ethel down a peg or two, but his scheme had been more of a practical joke than anything else. He had never dreamed that it would cause any real heartache to the being he loved most in all the world.

"I hate him—I hate him—I hate him!" Ethel was saying, over and over again.

"But I can't hate him quite as much as I l-l-l-love him." She sobbed again. "Why couldn't he have told me at first that he belonged to some one else instead of waiting until I got so that I can't live without him? He seemed to care, too, daddy. Are all men as bad as he is?"

Now, Ethel's father was feeling very much as if he had poisoned a dog by mistake. Perhaps he couldn't correct the error, but he felt that he ought to step forward and take the blame. It is a masculine idea that blurring out a mess of unpleasant truth is a salutary remedy for an impossible situation.

So he did it. With embarrassment that he had never expected to feel before his own daughter, he told the whole plot, and, in his flagellation of himself, he exonerated Ernie from all blame, even told of the actor's reluctance to take part in the scheme.

"It was my idea, even, to have him break off with you when he found out that you cared. You see, it was easy for him to do all this because he is a very good actor."

"Then he was just pretending all the time?"

"I'm afraid so, dear."

"And his fiancée?" questioned Ethel hopefully. "Did you make her up, too?"

"No," declared Mr. Hoyt regretfully; "she is real. He told me about her before he met you."

"Then he's a cad—that's all! It was bad enough to play a trick on me, but to this other girl he has behaved like a cur. I hope she treats him like one as long as he lives, and that he dies soon—" She halted, herself aghast. "No—no—I don't mean that. Dear Lord, don't pay any attention to what I'm saying."

Mr. Hoyt's butler appeared in the open door of the den.

"Mr. Eddison to see you, sir."

"To see me, you mean," said Ethel, with sudden hopefulness. "Tell him I never want to speak to him again," she lied.

"He said it was Mr. Hoyt he wished to talk to," the butler corrected firmly.

"Very well," Mr. Hoyt replied. "I'll see him here. Ethel, go back to your room. I'll call you when he is gone."

Ernie Eddison was a pale and agitated young man when he entered Mr. Hoyt's den, but he covered his mental perturbation by lighting a cigarette while the butler was in the room.

"Close the door, Hill," Hoyt directed his servant. "Now what?" he asked Ernie, when they were alone.

"I've done the most damnable thing a man ever did," Ernie began.

"So Ethel says," returned Hoyt.

"Ethel doesn't know what I've done."

"She seems to."

"She can't know. It has all happened since I saw her."

"Perhaps," suggested Ethel's father, "you had better explain what you're driving at."

"You remember I told you, when I started out on this scheme of yours, that I was engaged? It was a pleasant, comfortable engagement. She was a nice girl of good family, and we were quite fond of one another. I think I would have made a good husband for her if I had never met Ethel. You didn't tell me what kind of girl your daughter was."

"Well, for the love of Mike, what kind of girl is she?" demanded Hoyt, in exasperation. "I know she has some fool ideas, but—"

"Of course you wouldn't know," Ernie interrupted. "A father couldn't. But you do know that a man very often cares for one woman one way and another in an entirely different fashion."

"Yes; I suppose that is so."

"Of course it's so! You like one because she's sweet, another because she's beautiful, still another because she is responsive. But once in a while you find some one who just gets you where you live, who makes you willing to tear down barriers, to lie, to cheat, to commit physical violence in order to be with her. You can't explain what it is. Your daughter is like that. She has been spoiled, but I love her. She's a tyrant, but I love her. She'll make life miserable for any man she ever gets under her thumb, but I can't live without her."

"Hm," Hoyt deliberated, somewhat aghast at the storm of drama which ebbed and flowed over him. "All very well; but you are engaged."

"No, but I'm not. That's the horrible thing that I've done. I've broken my engagement. I wish I could say that the girl jilted me. But I can't. It was a dreadful thing to do, because the other one cared, too. But it seemed like the only square way out of a terrible muddle. I care more for Ethel, and I told my fiancée so. I feel mighty sick about it."

William Hoyt considered the situation soberly.

"What are we going to do now?"

"All you have to do," said Ernie truculently, "is to listen to my announcement that I am going to marry Ethel to-morrow. I trust it will be with your consent, but it's coming off with or without. She has caused too much unhappiness already, and I don't intend to trust her at large any longer without a brand."

"We'll see what Ethel herself says to that," declared Hoyt, rising from his chair.

"She says, 'I'm the happiest girl in the world.'" Ethel entered the room with that slightly hackneyed statement. "Hill was listening outside the door, but I sent him away."

"And listened yourself?" Her father laughed.

"It was my privilege." To Ernie, "Did you mean what you told daddy?"

"Lord, yes!"

"Then tell it all over again to me." She pushed him back into her father's big leather chair and seated herself on his lap.

Ernie held her slim young body defiantly to him as if challenging her father and all the rest of the world to take her from him.

Hoyt, with a funny ache in his heart at seeing his daughter sitting in that chair with a man other than himself, looked disapprovingly at Ethel's costume. She still had on the lavender pajamas, but she had discarded the woolly bath-robe in favor of a negligée that had nothing whatever to recommend to a practical mind.

"Don't you think you'd better dress," he suggested.

"I ought to," Ethel admitted, "but, daddy dear, I'm afraid he'll vanish if I leave him for a moment. Besides, he's mine, and it doesn't make a bit of difference, anyway, because we're going to be married to-morrow just as soon as our minister has had his breakfast."

Hoyt felt himself psychically shoved out of the room. The same force made him close the door between him and the flesh and blood that he was surrendering. It had to be. He couldn't keep her happy, couldn't repress the turbulence of emotion that complex modern young womanhood was stirring up in her, but he fumbled for his handkerchief and blew his nose violently as he stumbled down the hall to find his wife.

"Well?" said aforesaid wife, looking up inquiringly from the drawn-thread handkerchief she was wasting fifty dollars' worth of time on. "I suppose you fixed everything up, made Ethel stop crying, and put an end to all her troubles forever."

He glanced at her sharply to see if there was a tinge of sarcasm in her expression. There was.

"I've done just exactly that," he announced complacently.

While he was explaining what he meant, it transpired that, inside his den, a nymph clad in lavender thistle-down was holding the face of a mortal between her fairy hands, and with dark eyes, recently wept out of, was questioning his soul.

"Why do you love me," she asked, "and how much?"

He laughed as he drew her close enough to whisper.

"Only God himself could answer your questions, dear, and he isn't writing my part this season."

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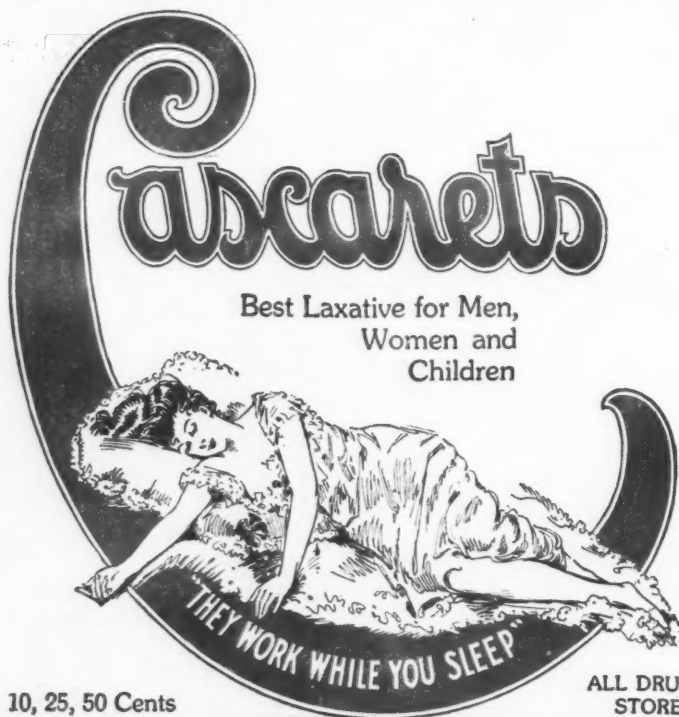
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The Rockhound

(Concluded from page 64)

Her color heightened.

"I'm glad," she said, with a shy glance up at him, "that we didn't wait to find out about the well before we got married; for—suppose, now, the well doesn't come in."

Atwill laughed happily.

"Then you and I start life together owing Meeks seventeen thousand dollars."

He turned to the driller.

"You sent word the drill was on the sand?"

"That's right. Got some show of oil, too. Of course that don't mean anything. But a few feet more'll tell the tale when we start drilling again."

Atwill's lips were set to a thin line; his look was eager.

"Good enough!" he exclaimed. "You may fire when you are ready, Grid—but well, I mean."

The driller went to the engine-levers. The pumps began their put-put-put; the chain rattled on the hoist; the rotary began its revolution, grinding the two thousand feet of casing and the drill down into the sand below.

Another motor was crawling up the slope. Atwill glanced toward it. Others, apparently, had heard that they were on the sand, for the occupant was Weld. The promoter got out and stood near the well, speaking to no one.

Atwill looked back again. The water flowing through the sluice into the slush-pit had grown black with oil. Oil was welling upward round the turning-pipe. The driller stopped the engine.

"Great God!" he shouted. "What are we tapping here? An ocean? Look out! She's going to blow herself in! She's going to spout!"

They ran back from the derrick. Oil was dripping, then flooding from the derrick floor.

"Oil!" Atwill shouted at Weld. "Oil, Weld! You see it?" He caught Alida in his arms and kissed her. "There's your well!" he exulted to her. "Your well!"

"Your well," she answered. "Our well!" Her expression softened; her eyes were bright. "Maybe we ought to call it Fred's well."

Atwill looked beyond her. He was not ready to tell his young wife yet that this was not her brother's well; only recently he had learned that that well had been called the "Lucky Boulder." He stared warning at Weld.

The promoter watched for a moment the black wealth which was soaking the sands; then he swore under his breath and turned back to his motor.

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The Profiteers

(Continued from page 44)

"And kept you waiting all that time?"

"That is nothing. Let me explain something before I conclude. Before the war, I had an Austrian maid, a woman whom I turned out of the house, and whom my husband at that time did not dare ask me to reinstate. He had not then spent quite the whole of my fortune. Besides an undoubted intrigue with my husband, I heard afterward that she only escaped imprisonment as a spy by leaving the country hurriedly just before war was declared. Tonight, my husband, having kept me waiting three hours while he dined with her in Soho, brought her back to the house, announcing that he had engaged her as his secretary. Naturally," she continued, "I declined to sleep under the same roof. The woman remained—and here am I."

"You are here," he repeated. "Thank God for that!"

"It was perhaps imprudent of me," she sighed, "to choose this hotel, but I had a curious feeling of weakness. I felt that I must see some one to whom I could tell what had happened—some friend—before I slept. So I came to you. Did I do wrong?"

"The wrong would be if ever you left me," he declared passionately.

"Dear friend!" She patted his hand.

"The room, I will arrange for in a minute or two," he promised. "That is quite easy. But to-morrow—what then?"

"I shall telephone home," she replied.

"If that woman is still in the house, I shall go down into the country, and from there I shall write my lawyers and apply for a separation."

"I can suggest something a thousand times better."

She hesitated for a moment. A woman of curiously strong virginal instincts, she realized, perhaps for the first time, the approach of a great change in his attitude toward her. Yet she could not keep from her lips the words which must bring his avowal.

"What do you mean?" she faltered.

"That you end it all," he advised firmly;

"that you do not return to your husband."

"Not return?"

"That you come to me," he went on, bending over the side of her chair. "Needless, wonderful words; but I love you! You were the first woman in my life. You shall be the last. I have been silent, as you know. I have waited for something like this, and I think the time has come."

"The time can never come!" she cried despairingly.

"The time has come, at least, for me to tell you that I love you more than any woman on earth," he declared, "that I want to take care of you, to take you into my life, to build a wall of passionate devotion round you, to keep you free from every trouble and every harm."

"Ah, dear friend, if it were but possible!" she murmured, holding his hands tightly.

"But it is possible," he insisted. "All that we need is courage. You owe nothing to your husband. You can leave him without remorse or a moment's shame. I want you, Josephine. God knows how I want you!"

"You have my friendship—even my love. There—I have said it! My love," she repeated, with a little sob.

His arms were suddenly round her. She shrank back in her chair. Her terrified eyes invited and yet reproached him.

"Remember—oh, please remember!" she cried.

"What can I remember except one thing?" he whispered.

She held him away from her.

"You talk as though everything were possible between us. How can that be? I have no joy in my husband, nor he in me, but I am married. We are not in America."

He rose to his feet, a strong man trembling in every limb.

"Let me tell you," he began, "why our divorce laws are so different from yours. We believe that the worst breach of the Seventh Commandment is the sin of an unloving kiss, the unwillingly given arms of a shuddering wife striving to keep the canons of the prayer-book and besmirching thereby her life with evil."

"If you and I were alone in the world!"

"If you are thinking of your friends," he pleaded, "they are more likely to be proud of the woman who had the courage to break away from a debasing union. Everyone realizes what your husband is. He has been unfaithful, not only to you but to every friend he has ever had."

"Do I not know it?" she moaned. "Isn't the pain of it there in my heart, hour by hour?"

His reasonableness was deserting him. Again he was the lover, begging for his rights.

"Wipe him out of your mind, sweetheart," he begged. "I'll buy you from him if you like, or fight him for you, or steal you—anything sooner than let you go."

"I don't want to go," she confessed, afraid of her own words.

"You never shall," he continued, his voice gaining strength with his rising hopes.

"You've opened my lips, and you must hear what is in my heart. You are the one love of my life. My hours and days are empty. I want you as I have wanted nothing else in life—not only for my own sake, for yours. I want to chase all those lines of sorrow away from your face."

"My poor, tired face!" she faltered.

"Tired?" he repeated. "It's the most beautiful face on earth."

The smile which suddenly transformed her quivering mouth made it seem so.

"You are so foolish, dear; but go on," she pleaded.

"I want to see you grow younger and lighter-hearted. I want you to feel what real love is—tender, passionate, lover's love."

"My dear, my dear!" she cried. "I do not dare to think of these things; yet they sound so wonderful!"

"Leave the daring to me, sweetheart," he answered. "You shall have nothing to do but rest after these horrible days—rest and care for me a little."

"Oh, I do care!" she exclaimed, with sudden passion. "That is what makes it all so wonderful."

"You love me? Tell me so once more!" he begged.

"Dear, I love you. You must have known it, or you couldn't have said these things. And I thought I was going to die without knowing what love was."



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"Never fear that again!" he cried joyfully. "You shall know what it is every hour of the day!"

Her eyes shone. The years had fallen away. She rose tremblingly to her feet. Her arms stole round his neck.

"John, you dear, wonderful lover," she whispered, "why, it has come already! I am forgetting everything. I am happy!"

The clock on Wingate's mantelpiece struck one. He drew himself gently away from the marvel of those softly entwining arms, stooped, and kissed Josephine's fingers reverently.

"Dear," he said, "let me begin to take up my new responsibilities. We must arrange for your stay here."

She laughed happily, rose, and, with a woman's instinct, stood before the mirror, patting her hair.

"I don't recognize myself," she murmured. "Is this what love brings, John?"

He stood for a moment by her side.

"Love?" he repeated. "Why, you haven't begun yet to realize what it means—what it will bring to you."

Once more she set her hands upon his shoulders. Her eyes drooped for a moment.

"Dear," she begged, "you won't ever be sorry, will you, and—does this sound selfish, I wonder—you won't mind waiting?"

He smiled down at her.

"I shall never be sorry," he declared firmly. "And I think that, with hope, I can hold out a little longer."

He went over to the telephone and spoke for a few moments. Then he laid down the receiver and returned.

"A boy is bringing up the key of your room at once," he announced. "You will be in the south block, a long way away, but the rooms there are comfortable."

"Thank you, John dear," she said.

"Just one thing more," he continued.

"I want you to remember that this miserable, tangled skein of unhappiness which you have called life is finished and done with. From to-night, you belong to me. I must see you sometime to-morrow—if possible at Dredlington House—and we can make some plans then. But you are to worry about nothing. Remember that I am here, and I love you. Good-night!"

Once more she rested for a moment in his arms. The seconds sped by. Then he took a quick step backward. They both stared at the door. It was closed now, but the slam of it, a moment before, had sounded like a pistol-shot.

"Who was that?" she asked, in a terrified whisper.

"That idiot of a boy with the key, I expect," he replied. "Wait, dear."

He hurried outside, through the little hall and into the corridor. There was no one in sight. He listened for a moment and then returned.

"Who was it?" she repeated.

"Nobody."

"But some one must have looked in."

"It may have been the outside door," he suggested.

She shook her head.

"I closed it behind me."

"You mustn't worry, dear," he insisted.

"In all probability, some one did look into the room by mistake, but it is very doubtful whether they would know who we were. It may have been Sparks, my man, or the

night valet, seeing a light here. Remember what I told you a few minutes ago—there is no trouble now which shall come near you."

She smiled, already reassured.

"Of course, I am rather absurd," she said, "but, then, look at me! It is past one o'clock, and here am I in your rooms, with that terrible dressing-case on the table, and without a hat, and still looking, I am afraid," she concluded, with a final glance into the glass, "a little tumbled."

There was a knock at the door. A page entered, swinging a key in his hand.

"Key for the lady, sir," he announced. Wingate nodded.

"Quite right, my boy. Listen: Did you meet anyone in the corridor?"

"No one, sir."

"You haven't been in here before without knocking, have you?"

"No, sir," was the prompt reply. "I came straight up in the lift."

Wingate turned to Josephine with a little shrug of the shoulders.

"The mystery, then, is insoluble," he declared cheerfully, "but remember this, sweetheart," he added, as the boy stepped discreetly outside: "in small things as well as large, the troubles of this world for you are ended."

"You don't know how wonderful it sounds to hear words like that," she sighed, as they stood hand in hand.

"I sha'n't seem very selfish, John, shall I, if I ask for a little time to realize all this? I feel that everything I have and am ought to be yours at this moment, because you have made me so happy, because my heart is so full of gratitude. But—alas—I have my weaknesses. I am a very proud woman. Sometimes I am afraid I have been a little censorious—as regards others."

He stooped and kissed her fingers.

"If you knew what it felt like," he whispered, as he held open the door for her, "to have something to wait for!"

XVII

PETER PHIPPS, in his private office, might have served as the very prototype of a genial, shrewd, and successful business man. The room was plainly and handsomely furnished. The documents which cumbered his desk were arranged in little methodical heaps. His manager stood by his side, with a long slip of paper in his hand. The two men had been studying it together.

"A very excellently prepared document, Harrison," his employer declared graciously. "Capitally prepared and very lucid. A good many million bushels, that. We are creeping up, Harrison."

Mr. Harrison bowed in recognition of his master's words of commendation. He was a worn-looking, negative person, with a waxlike complexion, a furtive manner.

"The totals are enormous, sir," he admitted, "and you may take it that they are absolutely correct. They represent our holdings as revised after the receipt of this morning's mail. I should like to point out, too, sir, that they have increased out of all proportion to outside shipments during the last four days."

Phipps touched the *Times* with his forefinger.

"Did you notice, Harrison," he asked, "that our shares touched a hundred and eighty yesterday on the Street?"

"I was advised of it, sir."

"My fellow directors and I," Phipps continued, "are highly gratified with the services of our staff during this period of stress. You might let them know that in the counting-house. We shall shortly take some opportunity of showing our appreciation."

"You are very kind indeed, sir," the manager acknowledged, without change of countenance. "I am sorry to have to report that Mr. Roberts wishes to leave us."

"Roberts! One of our best buyers!" Phipps exclaimed. "Dear me: how's that? Is it a matter of salary?"

"I am afraid not, sir."

"What then?"

"Mr. Roberts has leanings toward socialism, sir. He seems to think that the energies of our company tend to increase the distress which exists in the North."

The great man leaned back in his chair. "God bless my soul!" he exclaimed.

"What on earth has that to do with Roberts? He isn't the conscience of the firm. He draws a matter of a thousand a year for doing as he is told."

"I tried to argue with him on these lines, sir," Harrison replied. "I am sorry to say I found him obdurate."

Phipps shrugged his shoulders.

"He can be replaced, I suppose?"

"With some difficulty, sir," Harrison felt compelled to admit. "There is, as I dare say you are aware, sir, a certain feeling against us in the various exchanges. The best men are warned against accepting employment with us."

The chairman of the B. & I. sighed.

"We will pursue the subject later, Harrison," he said. "In the mean time, do your best to fill Roberts' place adequately."

"Very good, sir."

Dredlington lounged into the office a few minutes later. Phipps welcomed him without any particular enthusiasm.

"It happens that you are just the man I want to see," he declared. "Sit down."

Dredlington sank a little wearily into an easy chair.

"Why do you want to see me?"

"What happened last night?" Phipps asked, a little abruptly.

"I obeyed orders," Dredlington told him.

"I told her ladyship that I should be home to dinner and probably bring some friends. I was a little late, but she waited."

Phipps smiled maliciously.

"She didn't dine with Wingate, then, or go to the theater?"

"She did not," Dredlington replied.

"I put the kibosh on it, according to orders."

Peter Phipps handed a cigar across the desk to his companion.

"Try this before you enter upon the labors of the day," he invited, "and just see what you think of these figures."

Dredlington glanced at the papers carelessly at first and then with genuine interest.

"Marvelous!" he exclaimed.

"Marvelous indeed," his chief assented.

"Now listen to me, Dredlington: Why are you sitting there, looking like a whipped dog? Why can't you wear a more cheerful face? If it's Farnham's check you are worrying about, here it is," he added, drawing an oblong slip of paper from the pigeonhole of his desk, tearing it in two, and throwing it into the waste-paper



"Good Bye, Boys"

"Today I dropped in for a last word with the boys at the office. And as I saw Tom and Dave there at the same old desk it came to me suddenly that they had been there just so the day I came with the firm four years ago."

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Dredlinton crossed and uncrossed his legs nervously. His eyes were bloodshot and his eyelids puffy.

"I am nervous this morning, Phipps," he confided. "Had a bad night. Everyone I've come across, too, lately seems to be cursing the B. & I."

"Let them curse," was the equable reply. "We can afford to hear a few harsh words when we are making money on such a scale."

"Yes; but how long is it going to last?" Dredlinton asked fretfully. He drew a letter from his pocket and handed it across the table. "Read that," he invited. "It's the fifth I've had within the last two days."

Phipps glanced at the beginning and the end and threw it carelessly back.

"Pooh! A threatening letter!" he exclaimed. "Why, I had a dozen of those this morning."

"That one of mine seems pretty definite, doesn't it?" Dredlinton remarked nervously.

"Some of mine were uncommonly plain-spoken," Phipps acknowledged, "but what's the odds? You're not a coward, Dredlinton; neither am I. Neither is Skinflint Martin, nor Stanley. Chuck letters like that on the fire, as they have, and keep cheerful. The streets of London are the safest place in the world. No cable from your friend in New York yet?"

"Not a word," Dredlinton answered. "I expected it last night. You haven't forgotten that Wingate's due here this morning—that is, if he keeps his appointment?"

"Forgotten it? Not likely!" Phipps replied. "I was going to talk to you about that. We must have those shares. The fact of it is the Monarch Line has played us false, the only shipping company which has. They promised to advise us of all proposed wheat cargoes, and they haven't kept their word. If any information is correct, and I expect confirmation of it at any moment in the cable I arranged to have sent to you, they have eleven steamers being loaded this very week. It's a last effort on the part of the Liverpool ring to break us."

"What'll happen if Wingate won't sell?" "I never face disagreeable possibilities before the necessity arrives," was the calm reply. "Wingate is certain to sell. He won't have an idea why we want to buy, and I shall give him twenty thousand pounds profit."

Dredlinton knocked the ash from his cigar.

"Look here, Phipps," he said: "You can never reckon exactly on what a fellow like Wingate will do or what he won't do. It is just possible I may be able to help in this matter."

"Good man!" the other exclaimed. "How?"

Dredlinton hesitated for a moment. There was an ugly smile upon his lips.

"Let us put it in this way," he said: "Supposing you fail altogether with Wingate?"

"Well?"

"Supposing you then pass him on to me, and I succeed in getting him to sell the shares? What about it?"

"It will be worth a thousand pounds to you," Phipps declared.

"Two?"

Phipps shrugged his shoulders. "I don't bargain," he said, "but two let it be—that is, of course, on condition that I have previously failed."

Dredlinton's dull eyes glittered. "I shall do my best," he promised.

There was a knock at the door. A clerk presented himself.

"Mr. Wingate is here to see you, sir," he announced.

"You may show him in," Peter Phipps directed.

XVIII

PHIPPS received his visitor with a genial smile and an outstretched hand.

"Delighted to see you, Mr. Wingate," he said heartily. "Take a chair, please. I do not know whether you smoke in the mornings, but these Cabañas," he added, opening a box, "are very mild."

Wingate refused both the chair and the cigars, and appeared not to notice the outstretched hand.

"You will forgive my reminding you, Mr. Phipps," he remarked dryly, "that my visit this morning is not one of good will. I should not be here at all except for Lord Dredlinton's assurance that the business on which you desired to see me has nothing whatever to do with the British & Imperial Granaries."

"Nothing in the world, Mr. Wingate," was the prompt declaration. "We would very much rather receive you here as a friend, but we will, if you choose, respect your prejudices and come to the point at once."

"In one moment."

"You have something to say first?"

"I have," Wingate replied gravely. "I should not willingly have sought you out. I do not, as a matter of fact, consider that any director of the British & Imperial Granaries deserves even a word of warning. But since I am here, I am going to offer it."

"Of warning?" Dredlinton muttered, glancing up nervously.

"Precisely," Wingate assented. "You, Mr. Phipps, and Lord Dredlinton and your fellow directors have inaugurated and are carrying on a business, or enterprise, whichever you choose to call it, founded upon an utterly immoral and brutal basis. I have spent a considerable portion of my time since I arrived in England, studying the matter, and this is the conclusion at which I have come."

"My dear Mr. Wingate, one moment," Phipps intervened. "The magnitude of our operations in wheat has been immensely exaggerated. We are not abnormally large holders. There are a dozen firms in the market buying."

"Those dozen firms," was the swift reply, "are agents of yours."

"That is a statement which you cannot possibly substantiate," Phipps declared irritably. "It is simply Stock Exchange gossip."

"For once, then," Wingate went on, "Stock Exchange gossip is the truth. I am here to warn you—both of you," he

added, including Lord Dredlington with a sweep of his hand, "directors of the British & Imperial Granaries, that unless you release and compel your agents to release such stocks of wheat as will bring bread down to a reasonable price, you stand in personal danger. Is that clear enough?"

"You are misled as to your facts, Mr. Wingate," Phipps expostulated. "I can assure you that we are conducting a perfectly legitimate undertaking. We have kept all the time well within the law."

"You may be within the law of the moment," was the stern reply, "but morally you are worse than the most outrageous bucket-shop keepers of Wall Street. Legislation may be slow and Parliament hampered by precedent, but the people have never wanted champions when they have a righteous cause. I tell you that you cannot carry this thing through. Better disgorge your profits and sell while you have a chance."

Phipps did his best for peace. This was his enemy with whom he was now face to face, but the final issue was not yet. He spoke suavely and persuasively.

"Come, come," he said; "I am an Englishman, and it is not my desire to add to the sufferings of my fellow countrymen."

"You don't care a damn about any one's sufferings," Wingate retorted, "so long as you can make money out of them. I have delivered my warning; I am only sorry that you will not take me more seriously. I am now at your service."

"In plain words, then, I want to purchase your holding in the Monarch Steamship Company, a holding amounting, I am told, to one million, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. An Asiatic power has offered me an immense commission if I can arrange the sale to them of the Atlantic fleet of the Monarch Line."

"For what purpose?"

"Trading between Japan and China," Phipps explained. "The quickest way of bringing about the sale and earning my commission is for me to acquire a controlling interest in the company. I have already a certain number of shares. The possession of yours will give me control. The shares to-day stand at a dollar and an eighth. That would make your holding, Mr. Wingate, worth, say, one million, four hundred thousand dollars. I am going to offer you a premium on the top of that, say one million, six hundred thousand dollars at to-day's rate of exchange."

Wingate reflected.

"A very fair offer, Mr. Phipps, I have no doubt," he said, at last. "On the other hand, I am not a seller."

"Not a seller?" Not at a quarter premium?"

"Nor a half," Wingate replied, "nor, as a matter of fact, a hundred-per-cent. premium. You see, I don't trust you, Phipps. You may have told me the truth. You may not. I shall hold my stock for the present."

"Mr. Wingate," Phipps exclaimed incredulously, "you astonish me!"

"Very likely," was the unconcerned reply. "I won't say that I may not change my mind a little later on, if you are still a buyer. Before I did anything, however, I should have a few inquiries to make. If this concludes our business—"

Dredlington waved a nervous hand toward him.



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"One moment, please," he begged. "I have just a few words to say to Mr. Wingate."

The latter glanced at the clock.

"I hope you will say them as quickly as possible," he enjoined. "I have a busy morning."

Dredlington leaned over Phipps' chair. "Leave me alone with him for a moment," he suggested. "Perhaps I may be able to earn that two thousand pounds."

Phipps rose at once from his chair and made his way toward the door.

"Lord Dredlington wishes to have a word with you, Mr. Wingate," he said.

"I shall be on the premises in case you should decide to change your mind."

XIX

DREDLINTON sank into Phipps' vacated chair and leaned back, with his hands in his trousers pockets.

"So you don't want to sell those shares, Mr. Wingate?"

"I have decided not to."

"Any particular reason?"

"None," Wingate acknowledged, "except that I am not very anxious to have any business relations with Mr. Phipps."

"And for the sake of that prejudice," Dredlington observed, "you can afford to refuse such a profit as he offered you?"

"I have other reasons for not wishing to sell," Wingate declared. "I have a very high opinion of Mr. Phipps' judgment as a business man. If the stock is worth as much as that to him, it is probably worth the same amount for me to keep."

Lord Dredlington glanced for a moment at his finger-nails. He seemed wrapped in abstract thought.

"I wonder if I could induce you to change your mind," he said.

"I am quite sure that you could not."

"Still, I am going to try. You are a great admirer of my wife, I believe, Mr. Wingate?"

Wingate frowned slightly.

"I prefer not to discuss Lady Dredlington with you," he said curtly.

"Still, you can't mind going so far as to say that you are an admirer of hers?" the latter persisted.

"Well?"

"You are probably her confidant in the unfortunate differences which have arisen between us?"

"If I were, I should not consider it my business to inform you."

"Your sympathy is without doubt on her side?"

Wingate changed his attitude.

"Look here," he said: "This subject is not of my choosing. I should have preferred to avoid it. Since you press me, however, I haven't the faintest hesitation in saying that I look upon your wife as one of the sweetest and best women I ever knew, married, unfortunately, to a person utterly unworthy of her."

Dredlington started in his place. A little streak of color flushed up to his eyes.

"What the devil do you mean by that?"

"Look here," Wingate expostulated: "You can't threaten me, Dredlington. You asked for what you got. Why not save time and explain why you have dragged your wife's name into this business?"

Dredlington, in his peculiar way, was angry. His speech was a little broken; his eyes glittered.

"Explain! My God, I will! You are one of those damned frauds, Wingate, who pose as a purist and make capital out of the harmless differences which sometimes arise between husband and wife. You sympathize with Lady Dredlington, eh?"

"I should sympathize with any woman who was your wife," Wingate assured him, his own temper rising.

Dredlington leaned a little forward. He spoke with vicious distinctness.

"You sympathize with her to such an extent that you lure her to your rooms at midnight, and send her back when you've—"

Dredlington's courage oozed out before he had finished his speech. Wingate had swung round toward his companion, and there was something terrifying in his attitude.

"You scoundrel!" he exclaimed.

Dredlington drew a little further back and kept his finger upon the bell.

"Look here," he said viciously: "You may as well drop those heroics. I am not talking at random. My wife was seen in your arms, in your rooms at the Milan Court, with her dressing-case on the table, last night, by little Flossie Lane, your latest conquest in the musical-comedy world. She spent the night at the Milan."

"It's a lie!" Wingate declared, with cold fury. "How the devil could Flossie Lane see anything of the sort? She was nowhere near my rooms."

"Oh, yes, she was," Dredlington assured him. "She just looked in—one look was quite enough. Didn't you hear the door slam?"

"My God!" Wingate muttered, with a sudden instinct of recollection.

"Perhaps you wonder why she came?" the other continued. "I will tell you. I followed my wife to the Milan—I thought it might be worth while. I saw her enter the lift and come up to your room. While I was hesitating as to what to do, I met Flossie. Devilish clever idea of mine! I determined to kill two birds with one stone. I told her you'd been inquiring for her—that you were alone in your rooms and would like to see her. She went up like a two-year-old. Jove, you ought to have seen her face when she came down!"

"You cad!" Wingate exclaimed. "Your wife simply came to beg my intervention with the management to secure her a room in the—"

"Chuck it!" Dredlington interrupted. "You're a man of the world. You know that I can get a divorce, and I'm going to have it—if I want it. I am meeting Flossie at midday at my solicitor's. What have you got to say about that?"

"That if you keep your word, it will be a very happy release for your wife," Wingate replied dryly.

Dredlington leaned across the desk.

"You are a fool," he said. "My wife wants to get rid of me—you and she have talked that over, I have no doubt, but not this way. She is a proud woman, Wingate. The one desire of her life is to be free, but you can take this from me: If I bring my suit and gain my decree on the evidence I shall put before the court—don't forget Flossie Lane, will you?—she'll never raise her head again. That is what I am going to do, unless—"

He paused.

"Unless what?" Wingate demanded.

"Unless you sell those shares to Peter Phipps."

Wingate was silent for a few moments. "Dredlington," he said, at last, "I did you an injustice."

"I am glad that you are beginning to appreciate the fact," the other replied.

"I looked upon you," Wingate continued, "as only an ordinary, weak sort of scoundrel. I find you one of the filthiest blackguards who ever crawled upon the earth."

Dredlington scowled for a moment and then laughed.

"I can't lose my temper with you, Wingate—upon my word, I can't. You are so delightfully crude and refreshing. Shall I draft a little agreement that you will sell the shares to Phipps? Just a line or two will be sufficient."

Wingate made no reply. He walked across to the frosted window and gazed out of the upper panes up to the sky. Presently he returned.

"Where is your wife?" he asked.

"She telephoned from the Milan this morning, discovered that the young lady to whom she had such unfounded objections had left, and returned in a taxi just before I started for the office."

"Supposing I sell these shares?"

"Then," Dredlington promised, "I shall endeavor to forget the incident of last night. Further than that, I might indeed be tempted, if it were made worth my while, to provide my wife with a more honorable mode of escape."

"You're wonderful!" Wingate declared, nodding his head quickly. "What are you going to get for blackmailing me into selling those shares?"

"Two thousand pounds."

"Get along and earn it, then."

Dredlington wrote in silence for several moments. Then he read the document over to himself. He touched the bell. Phipps entered almost at the same moment.

"I am pleased to tell you," Dredlington announced, "that I have induced Mr. Wingate to see reason. He will sell the shares."

"My congratulations!" Phipps ventured, with a broad smile, "Mr. Wingate has made a most wise and acceptable decision."

"Will you make out a check for ten thousand pounds as a deposit?" Dredlington continued. "Mr. Wingate will then sign the agreement I have drawn up on the lines of the memorandum you left on the desk."

"With pleasure," was the brisk reply.

Wingate took up a pen, glanced through the agreement, and was on the point of signing his name when a startled exclamation from the man at his side caused him to glance up. The door had been opened. Harrison was standing there, looking a little worried. His tone was almost apologetic.

"The Countess of Dredlington," he announced.

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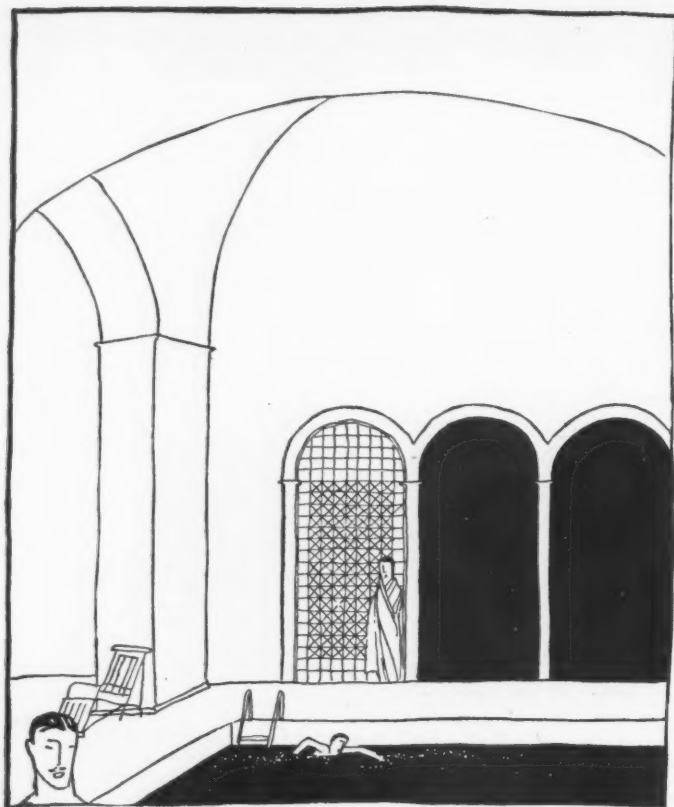
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THIS PICTURE was painted by Norman Rockwell for the Piso Company. The original intention was to use it solely for advertising purposes — combining it with a large picture of the bottle and considerable reading matter concerning "Piso's for coughs and colds." However, the sheer beauty and "human interest" of the composition induced us to reproduce it as shown here, believing that the interest reflected to Piso's will be sufficient to induce many to try a bottle, should the need arise.



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